

SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

5/31/67

SAC, LOUISVILLE (100-789) (RUC)

DONALD LEE WEST, Aka
SM - C
OO: BA

see 155

*100-5353 **
157-0-128
4 mem
refs

Re Baltimore letter 3/23/67 bearing caption "Southern
Conference Educational Fund, Inc. (SCEF), IS-C; ISA, 1950"
Bufile 100-596.

Further reference is made to the report of SA GEORGE W.
HUTCHISON, 3/31/67, at Louisville, bearing the SCEF caption,
copies of which were furnished Baltimore and Pittsburgh. This
report contains information concerning DONALD LEE WEST and
the Appalachian Associates on Pages 15, 16, 33-35. Most of
the information contained in this report was previously
furnished Baltimore by airtel dated 3/16/67.

A review of Louisville files located only the following
information, which has not been furnished one or another of
prior OOs concerning WEST:

b2
b6
b7C
b7D

On 3/17/67 [redacted] protect -
reliable), advised that while she was at SCEF Headquarters,
3210 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky., on [redacted] ANNE BRADEN
mentioned DON WEST's address as Post Office Box 5, Pineville,
West Virginia. Original location of this information is
[redacted]

*Call Louisville for
info*

If incorporated in a communication for dissemination
it is suggested that the following information from bank
source be reported as paraphrased below:

*Re assignment
Warden
RM*

On 4/1/67 [redacted] Bank of Louisville-Royal, Louisville, Ky. -
protect - reliable) advised that the SCEF gave Appalachian
Associates a \$200 grant in March, 1967 (Location LS 100-197-1A (84)).

- 2 - Baltimore *RM*
 - ② - Pittsburgh *RM*
 - 2 - Louisville (1 - 100-197)
- GWH/mjr
(6)

*Pls review attached
references to check
100-5353-2
100-5353-2
100-5353-2
100-5353-2
100-5353-2*

100-15680-1

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JUN 2 1967	
REGISTERED	

RM

DESTROYED

*non-hull SCEF report. Review this
logical to handle*

LS 100-789

b6
b7C

(The above information came from a cancelled check dated 2/27/67 on a SCEF General Account maintained at the above-named bank. The check was endorsed by the payee and the "Appalachian South, [redacted] P. O. Box 4104, Charleston, West Virginia.")

On 5/1/67 the above source advised that a second \$200 had been given Appalachian Associates in March, 1967, by SCEF as an "April Grant." (Location LS 100-197-1A(86))

(The above information also came from a cancelled check endorsed "Appalachian Associates, D. L. West, and the Kanawaha Valley Bank, Charleston, West Virginia.")

The Bank of Louisville-Royal, Louisville, Ky, permits monitoring of the SCEF General Account maintained at that bank reluctantly and is extremely concerned of possible legal action against the bank if the fact they permit monitoring of the account should ever become known. An officer of this bank has been assured that the information will be used for intelligence purposes only. It is suggested that the above information, if incorporated in a communication to be disseminated, have no reference made to a subpoena duces tecum in the body of the report, but only on informant pages.

b6
b7C

On 1/1/43 [redacted] then of [redacted] Lexington, Ky. and employed at the Avon Signal Depot, Lexington, advised that in 1936 or 1937 he had been recruited by DON WEST to go to Spain with a group being sent by the Abraham Lincoln Brigade for service in the Loyalist Army during the Spanish Civil War.

LEAD:

THE PITTSBURGH OFFICE

AT PINEVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

Attempt to locate, determine activities of, and verify address of DONALD LEE WEST.

Furnish results of investigation to Louisville in LS file 100-197 (SCEF), in addition to the OO in this matter.

WEST, DONALD

26-7

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-23-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

WEST, DONALD

8/53

25-10088*

WEST DONALD

100-1764-1 P 40

WEST, DONALD

~~94-772-199 p181~~

NID

2/59

100-0-26830

91-2200-2397

WEST, DONALD

5/66

Possible Suspect

WEST, DONALD

NID

8-66

~~87-1134~~
87-11389x

WEST, DONALD L. (REV.)

5/56



b2
b7D

c/o The Southerner, Dalton, Georgia

WEST, DONALD LEE (REV.)

100-1695

BUNTINGTON FILE

[100-3066] PG

HT

100-0-2210

100-1764-1(47)

destroyed

WEST, DONALD LEE

2-57

100-0-26296

NID

(Title) _____

(File No.) _____

- 1) magazines 1. "Poverty of Appearance" 2. "The Appalachian South" Vol 1 #1
3. "The Appalachian South" Vol 1 #3 12/20/67
- 2) 2-page V.C.N.P. literature 3/28/68
- 3) Copy of "The Appalachian South" Vol 2, # 2 4/3/68
- 4) Copy of "The Action News" not dated 10/31/68
- 5) Shooting Card of Donald West 10-13-68
- 6) Pamphlet "Take Warning"
- 7) Photos neg of Donald West
- 8 1 copy of ea. 1. People's Cultural Heritage in Appalachia 12/12/71
2. The Universal Christian
3. The Appalachian South
- 9 photo of Donald West
- 10 photo of Donald West

Disposition:

1 A 7 1 photo sent NY 9/12/72 Jx

100-15680-1A

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED <i>PN</i>	FILED <i>PN</i>
O 1967	
FBI - RICH	

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JM

File No. 100-15680-1A1

Date Received 11-20-67

From

[Redacted]

Piperstown W. Va.
(Address of Contributor)

By

[Redacted]

b6
b7C

To Be Returned Yes ()
No ()

Description:

- 1. "Poverty of Affluence"
- 1. "The Appalachian South"
- 1. "The Appalachian South" Vol. 1

YM P53 Room 201

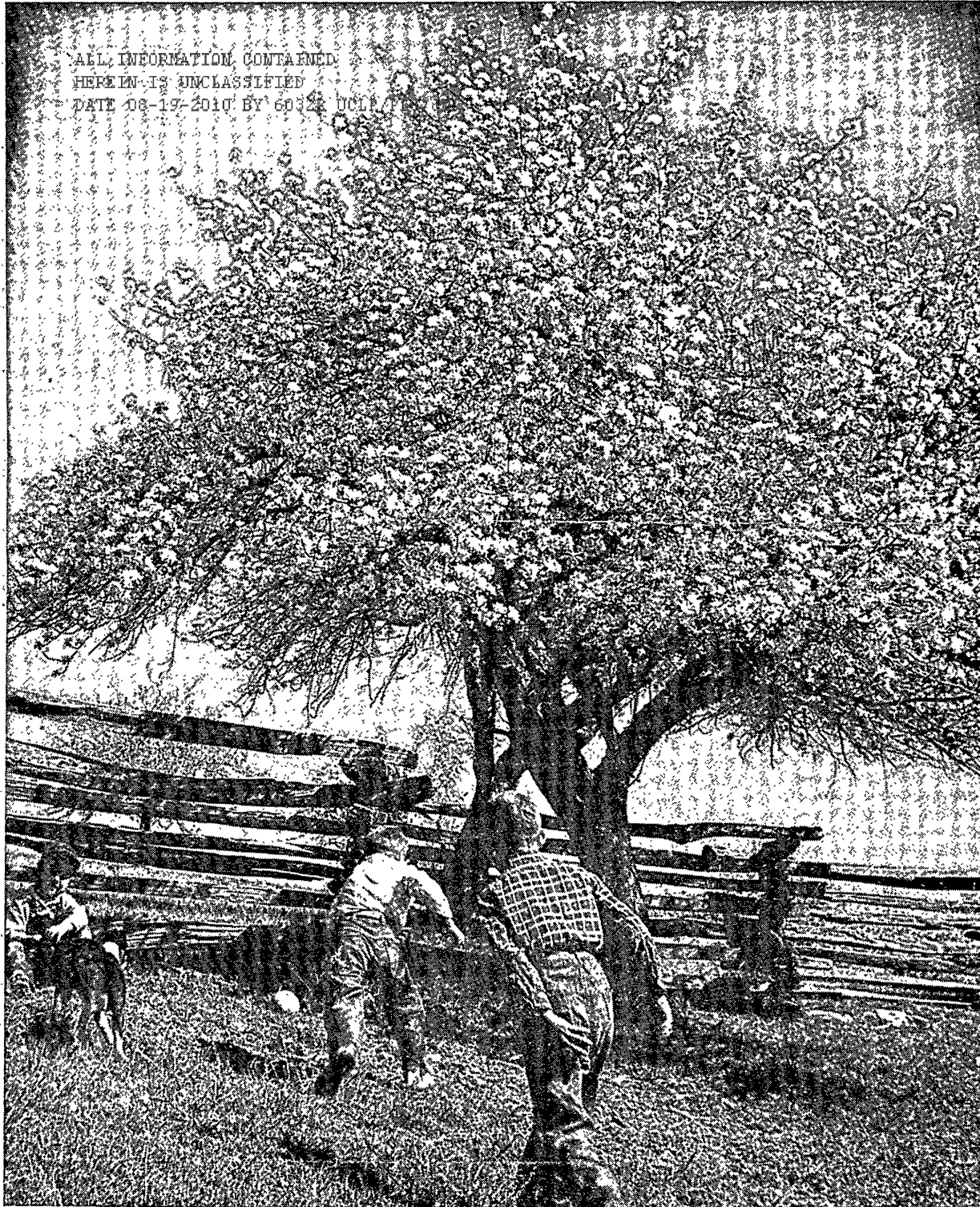
The Appalachian South

Cultural Heritage - Folklore, Song, History, People

Volume 1

Spring and Summer, 1966

Number 3



It's springtime again and a new and leafy green beauty touches our valley. Winter's bonds are broken and here are the children at play amidst sun-kissed blossoms! Photo by Earl Palmer.

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Appalachian South

Published by Appalachian Associates, Inc.

P. O. Box 4104
 Charleston, West Virginia

Contributing Editors

Ann Williams, Ernest Austin, Floyd Buckner, Harry Caudill, William D. Covell, Bruce Crawford, E. S. Fraley, Tom Gish, May Justus, Lowell Kirby, Cratis Williams, Jean Buckner, and Dr. James L. Hupp.

four issues

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Contributors in This Issue

● **FLOYD BUCKNER** is a native of East Tennessee and member of our advisory editorial board.

● **HARRY M. CAUDILL**, the well known author of "Night Comes to the Cumberland," is an attorney at Whitesburg, Ky. He is a regular contributor and a member of our editorial board.

● **KITTY FRALEY** is a housewife, former school teacher, and native of Virginia. She lives at Bristol. Her poem, The Yoke, was inspired one day when her husband was burning an old ox yoke beyond repair.

● **DR. JAMES L. HUPP** taught for 19 years at West Virginia Wesleyan College. He is now Director of the Department of Archives and History for the State of West Virginia, Secretary-Treasurer of the Antiquities Commission, and of the West Virginia Historic Commission, and Executive Secretary of the West Virginia Historical Society. In 1963 he delivered the Valley Forge address on West Virginia and contributes regularly to the Statesman Yearbook published in England.

● **MAY JUSTUS** whose story, "Cherries for Sale," in our first issue won many compliments, is a "mountaineer born and bred," and a well known author of children's books. She lives on the Cumberland Mountain near Tracy City, Tenn., and has written over forty books with mountain settings. The folksongs used in "Luck for Little Lihu" is from her own collection, "a version sung by my neighbors and kin in the mountains of Tennessee," she writes.

● **LEE PENNINGTON** is a native Kentucky mountain poet who teaches at the University of Kentucky, Southeastern Center, at Cumberland.

● Sandra Duffel Kean, Linda Garber, Susan Martin, Linda McGonigal, Paige Martin, Peggy McHenry, Hope Tuerman, Patricia Stover, and Patricia S. Webber are all Virginia college students.

The Appalachian South

WHY POVERTY ?

AN EDITORIAL

This is a great and wonderful land. Her resources are bountiful. The potential surpasses the imagination. No material need is beyond our ability to supply in super abundance for all our people. These are known realities.

But why are some people poor — some forty millions — and a few rich? Is it because the poor are lazy, good-for-nothings? Is it a poor man's fault if he is not rich? Are people poor because of some inner quality. Or are they poor because they have refused to work?

Appalachia's poverty has been well publicized in recent times. It is a well known fact that great fortunes have been and are being drained out of the mountains. Harry Caudill has documented and emphasized this fact, and that Appalachia is still a vast storehouse of natural wealth. He has also stressed that while great wealth has been drained out and piled up in Northern cities by absentee owners, poverty and waste have piled up and blighted the mountains.

When at the turn of the century these vast natural resources were discovered under the mountains, and outside speculators and corporations grabbed up the mineral rights for a song, those great future fortunes were only potentials. The coal and gas were still under the ground. The tall virgin trees still topped the mountains.

A lot of labor had to be put out before they became spendable fortunes in Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago or Boston. The coal would stay there till doomsday and the trees would only continue to conserve wildlife and water unless labor power was expended. The coal and gas, those massive forests, became real spendable wealth only after a lot of people took pick, shovel, ax and saw to dig and chop and saw. Others laid pipe and railroads to carry the raw materials to the great cities.

Who dug the coal? Who went under the ground, got killed, crippled and blackened with coal dust till it was ingrained in the very pores of the skin? Who chopped the trees? Who laid the tracks, strung the wires and laid the pipes. Was it the absentee owners who got rich from the process?

The answer, of course, is no!

The people who did all that work are the very people, or their descendants, who today are the poor of Appalachia. They are those on DPA, who live in shacks up the hollows unfit for animals, the "fathers" work gangs, the "muskrats," or the even less fortunate thousands who, with no jobs, or welfare, barely eke a miserable existence from stingy hillside patches — the poor mountain whites, the "hillbillies."

But why? If these are the people, or their descendants, who tore the coal from the mountains, chopped down the great virgin forests, strung wires and laid the tracks for great fortunes to ride out on, why are they now poor? Why aren't they rich?

Somebody ought to come up with an answer.

Somebody ought to tell us why this poverty in the most affluent, the richest nation of all history. And somebody ought to present a program to cure it.

Of one thing we are sure, and that is that sedatives such as the so-called "War on Poverty" is not really going to end it. The disease eats deeper than a sedative can reach. Obviously a new and different treatment is needed.

We don't claim to have the answer, but we do have some strong notions. First, we think it is time to stop blaming the poor for their poverty. Since they are the ones who have labored and sweated to produce the great fortunes it is certainly not due to their failure to work that they are poor.

It is time for the poor themselves to quit being ashamed of being poor. We don't mean they should be placid or satisfied with poverty. But there should be no stigma attached to it, nor to receiving welfare aid when no jobs are available.

Those who lay the cause of poverty to some peculiar characteristic of the poor overlook reality. They seek to "psychologize" poverty out of existence. But it rises from social conditions and not from characteristics peculiar to its victims. The mountaineer's plight cannot be explained in terms of his own inadequacy. To effectively treat his problem demands removing or changing the conditions that caused it.

To aim at changing the poor rather than conditions that shape them and their poverty is merely to continue the old routine of treating results rather than causes. It is an effort to psychologize poverty rather than seeking and treating its causes. This has been the role and remedy of certain agencies in the Southern mountains for years. That such groups may now wield a strong hand in directing the "War on Poverty" does not alter this truth. The fact that poverty grew progressively worse in spite of their sedative treatment is further proof of the fallacy.

Actually, we believe, nobody is going to do anything that really counts for the poor. The "War on Poverty" itself can become merely a sop-like sedative unless the poor themselves and their allies get organized with a voice and power to speak and act for their own interests.

Organization is the great need in Appalachia. We mean democratic organization of the poor themselves

and not some welfare or missionary effort from the outside even though ever so well-intentioned. Harry Caudill's article in this issue has a unique approach to the kind of organization that might solve our plight. There are also other forms.

It is our strong belief that if the "War on Poverty" is not to degenerate into a mere sop, dulling and discouraging more effective action, the poor must be encouraged to organize. As long as they have no voice or power to speak and act unitedly, the causes for their

poverty will never be eradicated. In the absence of such organization the poverty program will continue to be a weak, half-hearted gesture dominated by courthouse politicians.

Eventually, we believe, we must come to face the reality of automation. We must have a guaranteed annual wage for everyone. Our productive machinery is certainly capable of doing this. It remains for social vision to work it out. Because the poor have no strong, united voice, this vision is dimmed.

EDITORIAL

We Congratulate Kentucky

For months the embattled mountaineers of Clear Creek in Knott County, Kentucky stood firm against the destruction of their homes. But they seemed to wage a losing battle. Giant corporations, seemingly protected by law and courts, continued their bulldozer strip mining. Some homes literally had the mountains shoved down on them. Great stones came smashing into houses with destruction. One woman sat down in front of a bulldozer about to destroy her home. She was arrested and spent last Thanksgiving in jail.

From individual protest the Knott Countians organized for united action. They demonstrated, held mass meetings, sent protests, went to picket the State House in Frankfort.

Such united action eventually helped get positive results. Add to these actions such spokesmen for the wider Eastern Kentucky area as Tom Gish and Harry Caudill of Whitesburg, Everette Tharp, Norman Gurney and others of Hazard, and we have the kind of influence that cause politicians to listen.

The recent new law passed by an overwhelming majority of the Kentucky Legislature to control strip mining is the response. The Charleston (W. Va.) *Ga-*

zette termed it "the strongest law yet enacted by any state to control strip mining of coal."

While we congratulate and commend the Legislature and Governor Edward T. Breathitt, Jr., for their action in opposition to a powerful coal lobby, we can't forget that great credit goes to the Clear Creek citizens, Harry Caudill, Tom Gish and the others who have long labored for such a law.

We say again, as we have before, that this kind of united action is the way things get done. When people are so concerned for common grievances that they unite for common action, they get results.

There is no real reason why West Virginia shouldn't have a law just as good. And if, as one of the large Kentucky strip miners complained, the new law will put them out of business, what's the loss? Many thousands of people want to see the end of the destructive strip mining process. The mountaineers of Knott County have shown the way.

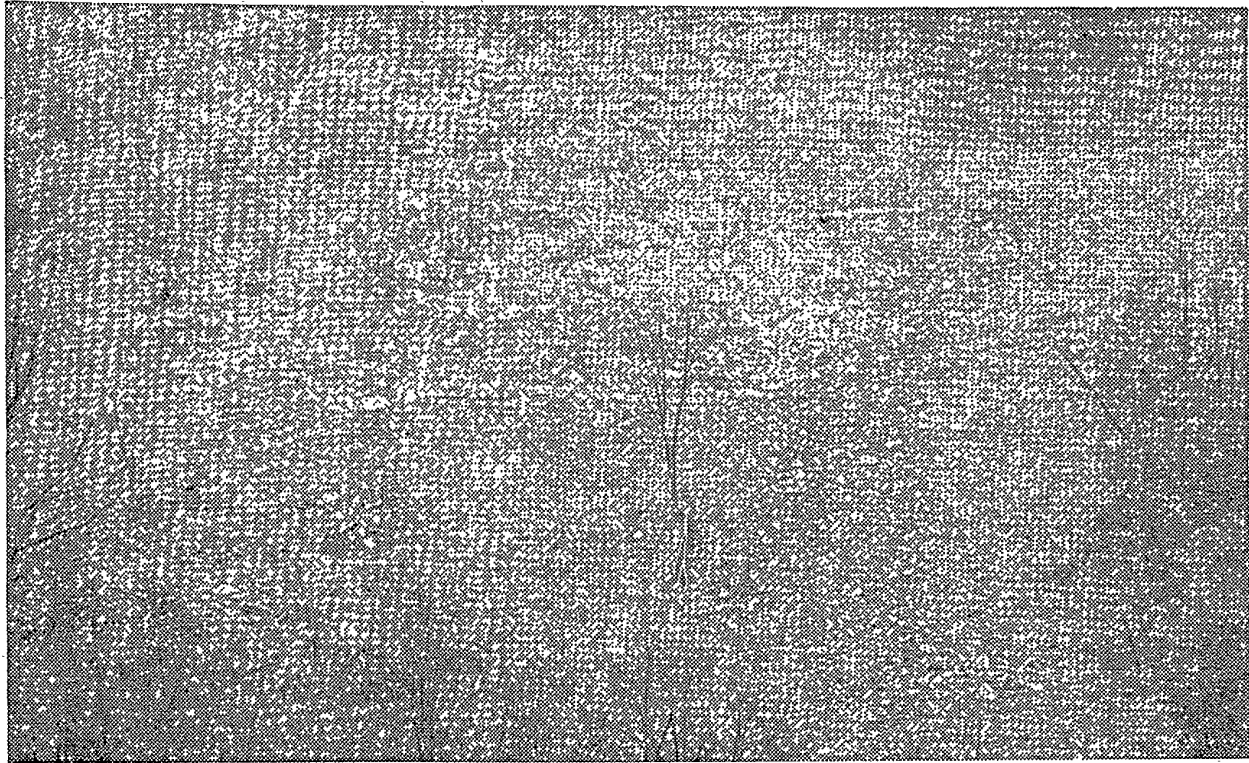
So notorious had become the Knott County situation that national attention had been attracted. In the December, 1965 RAMPARTS Dave Welsh had a revealing story under the heading "Death In Kentucky." We print below a small part of that story as historical background.

Death in Kentucky

(Where the Mellons and other Prominent Magnates count their Gold, thanking the Good Lord for the Boundless Charity of the President-of-All-the-People)

It all started around the turn of the century, when spectators from New York began buying up mineral rights in the Appalachian hills for 25 and 50 cents an acre. Deeds to the land gave them the right, with stipulations, to extract all minerals below the ground. These "land companies," as they were called, would in turn lease portions of a coal seam to the operators, re-

ceiving a royalty on each ton of coal mined. Today their holdings in the area are worth an estimated \$7,200 an acre in coal royalties alone. One land company, the Virginia Iron & Coal Co., with offices in Philadelphia and extensive holdings in the Appalachian coal fields, is the most profitable large corporation in the United States according to Dun's Review of



**APPALACHIAN
MOUNTAINS
BEAR THE
WOUNDS OF
UNCONTROLLED
STRIP-MINING**

Photos Courtesy
The Charleston Gazette,
Charleston, W. Va.



Modern Industry (April, 1965). Its net profit is 61 cents on the dollar, compared with 10 cents for General Motors.

Land companies, which because of depletion allowances, operate virtually tax-free (they are taxed at roughly the same rate as an auto worker), have built up reservoirs of capital enabling them to acquire huge interests in industry, railroad and power companies. Pittsburgh-Consolidation Coal Corp., the nation's largest bituminous coal producer and a land company in its own right, recently became a major stockholder in both Chrysler and U.S. Steel. Controlled by the Mellon family of Pittsburgh, through the Mellon National Bank and Trust, it also acquired more than 100,000 shares of American Electric Power, a holding company for six Appalachian utilities. The president of American Electric is Donald Cook, a close friend of President Johnson. Through Pittsburgh-Consolidation, the Mellons are major stockholders in the merged Norfolk & Western—Virginian railways, which recently carried 76 per cent of total domestic bituminous coal shipped from the mines. Moreover, they benefit from a tax break tantamount to a government subsidy.

Coal, rails, utilities—the biggest defenders of the status quo in Appalachia, and those incorrigible Mellons have their fingers in them all. But the Mellons are not the whole story. Within 50 miles of Clear Creek are holdings of U.S. Steel, Midland Steel, Bethlehem Steel, International Harvester, Virginia Iron & Coal: some of the most prosperous companies and some of the poorest people, statistically, in the nation.

Most residents of Clear Creek own strips of land running from their houses in the valley to the hill crest. But the coal beneath is owned by the Kentucky River Coal Co., a land company that recently declared dividends of 45 cents on each dollar of sales volume (Dun's Review). It leases the coal rights to Kentucky Oak Mining Co., a nonunion strip and auger operation and the creation of the biggest operators in the Hazard coalfield, William B. Sturgill and Dick Kelly.

In strip mining, bulldozers literally lop off the top of a mountain, trees and all, to get at the coal seam. Machines then strip off the coal and load it into trucks. In auger mining, a huge drill, or auger, bores into the side of a seam and sends the coal shooting back out for loading. Stripping and augering are much cheaper ways of extracting coal than deep mining, and a sharp drop in the price of coal in recent years did much to encourage their spread. The work is almost invariably nonunion, paying \$1.25 an hour or less. Markets, too, have stimulated company growth: Detroit Edison, Consumers Power and other utilities in Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois are the Hazard strippers' best customers.

But much of their coal goes South, where the Tennessee Valley Authority is in continual quest of cheaper sources of power. When the Sturgill-Kelly combine

Page Six



The Charleston Gazette

puts to work its \$1 million worth of equipment to despoil the mountain, poison the stream and throw a family out of its meager cabin, it is to fulfill a more than \$50 million coal contract with TVA. The price per ton paid by TVA is so low that in general, only a strip or auger mine (and a scab one at that) could fulfill the contract and still make the healthy profit to which the operators are accustomed. The Tennessee Valley, once itself an exploited region, has indeed joined Detroit, Cincinnati and Cleveland in the ranks of the exploiters. With their ready supply of cheap electric power, the prosperous cities of the Tennessee Valley grow even more prosperous while the Kentucky mountain poor get poorer. One can hardly escape the conclusion that TVA, that great government agency, has become an accomplice in the destruction of eastern Kentucky.

THE 1966 WEST VIRGINIA STATE FOLK FESTIVAL
will be held in
GLENVILLE, W. VA., JUNE 16 THRU 19

The Appalachian South

A MARK TWAIN "EDITORIAL" ON WAR

(From "The Mysterious Stranger.")

The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for war. The pulpit will—warily and catiously—object—at first, the great hulk bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war and will say earnestly and indignantly, "It is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it."

Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity.

Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform and free speech strangled by hordes of furious men who in their hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth, and presently such mouths will cease to open.

Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked; and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

Likes The Mountains

My brother, Bruce Crawford, sent me a copy of the *Appalachian South* which I have enjoyed tremendously.

I was born in Lansing, W. Va., but the family moved soon after to Norton, Va., where I grew up; went on to William and Mary; taught a few years; married and have lived in or near New York ever since.

I have been through Kentucky and Tennessee, have loved the deep mountains of West Virginia. Since I am of Scotch-Irish descent, I enjoyed the stories in your magazine of the early settlers; of the origin of ballads. This is a wonderful record that you are compiling. My best wishes to you . . .

Virginia Crawford Kozlay
Chatham, N. J.

Enclosed find M.O. of \$5 for a subscription. Here's hoping it attains great success.

J. J. Bailey
Ridgeley, W. Va.

Spring and Summer, 1966

EDITORIAL

Faces Show Character

The articles and pictures in *The Appalachian South*, particularly the pictures of the mountain people, portray strength and character. In every seam and line in the people's faces a story is told of will and determination. The innate, perhaps stubborn, independent spirit of the mountain people lives in these pictures like a physical presence.

These are not the faces of a people who have learned to dissemble. Good, or bad, or indifferent—they stand up as they are. Many people seem to think that the mountain people are wrong-headed. Perhaps they are, but their opinions are their own, formed from observation and reflection on the people and circumstances that have helped shape their lives. In this age of the fast buck and the big deal, when most of us seem to look to Hollywood and Madison Avenue for our manners and morals, the mountain people use their own judgement. A man's integrity of character is considered more important than glibness of tongue or the size of his bank account. A friend is a friend, not someone to be cultivated and used to "get ahead."

It has been suggested by various writers that the mountaineer will never amount to anything until he drops this kind of "quaintness" and becomes an "American." This kind of advice to the people of Appalachia is the equivalent of suggesting to a victim of pernicious anemia that he can gain robust health if he will merely leave his bed, don some borrowed finery, and attend a banquet to which he hasn't been invited. The mountain people are not suffering from poverty because they are "quaint." The primary cause of poverty in Appalachia was and is the exploitation of the region's wealth by absentee owners. The causes and cures of Appalachian poverty are not to be found in sociological studies and advice, but rather in understanding, controlling and changing the political and economic forces that have exploited the immense wealth of this vast area for the enrichment of a few and the impoverishment of the many.

May *The Appalachian South* continue to portray the mountain people as they are. Such a true picture is needed to offset the distortions of mountain life by certain inane TV programs and the drivel written for some of the popular magazines by professional mountaineers. The people of Appalachia are far from perfect; but there are qualities of steadfastness and courage among our people that no one should discount in this frenzied age.

—Floyd Buckner

Page Seven

West



Virginia

WONDERLAND

BY WILLIAM C. BLIZZARD

To Believe Impossible Things

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said: "one *can't* believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. . ."

The White Queen in Lewis Carroll's famous fable must have spent her childhood in West Virginia. For the Mountain State is indeed a Wonderland similar to that traveled by Alice, a mirror world where everything is upside down and backward.

Everything? No. There are many positive virtues in West Virginians and many positive aspects of West Virginia. But is it not impossible for a rich state to be a poor state? Is it not impossible for West Virginia politicians to boast of their sympathy for the common man while at the same time imposing the most regressive system of taxation in any of the 50 states?

Is it not impossible for most wage earners to overwhelmingly support a Democratic party which recently piled still more overwhelming sales taxes upon their already heavily burdened backs? Is it not impossible for highly educated school administrators in the West Virginia Education Association to advocate and become parties to the passage of such taxes, knowing their regressive and unjust nature, when teachers are supposed to inculcate in the young the virtues of fairness and justice?

Is it not impossible for newspapers and businessmen to complain that West Virginia is run by labor leaders (it used to be John L. Lewis exclusively), when the power of the coal operator in the Mountain State has for more than 50 years been undisguised, unashamed, and supreme? Is it not impossible for a governor of West Virginia to be reviled by West Virginians because he advocated a severance tax to retain some of the wealth of West Virginia for some of those very same West Virginians?

None of the above six conditions is impossible. If the White Queen had spent her childhood in the

Mountain State, she might have easily believed them before breakfast. For they are perfectly true. If modern Alices or Als need practice in believing the impossible, they should step through the looking glass into West Virginia.

Rich Area, Poor People

The problems of other states of Appalachia may not resemble those of West Virginia in detail, but it is probable that residents of such other states may find enough parallels to be instructive. For, as Harry Caudill and others have pointed out (not in these words), common miseries inflamed by common causes make common bedfellows.

West Virginia has been and may yet well be one of the richest areas in the world in natural resources. Since about 1931 it has led the nation in bituminous-coal production. The late Jesse V. Sullivan, of the West Virginia Coal Association, once estimated that if all the coal in the mountain State were stacked into a monument one acre square, it would make a sort of pylon for astronauts 17,526 miles high.

West Virginia once held first or second rank in the nation in natural-gas and petroleum production. Both industries have been declining for 50 years, but Paul Benedum, of the famous oil family, has stated that three-fourths of West Virginia's original oil deposits are still underground, waiting to be tapped.

Immense sand deposits enable West Virginia to rank second in the United States in glass manufacture. West Virginia timber production once placed the state among national leaders in that field, although production is now about one-third of its peak.

It is evident, without further elaboration, that West Virginia is a rich state. Yet it is also obvious that West Virginia is a poor state.

Colonial Type Exploitation

This paradox is more easily understood if the situation is described a little differently: Much wealth has been extracted from West Virginia natural resources, but little of that wealth has remained in the hands of

West Virginians. The reason for this, of course, lies in the exploitation of Mountain State natural resources by outside capital.

The resemblance of West Virginia (and much of the rest of Appalachia) to the colonial domains created by Great Britain and other powers during the 19th century imperialist era has been pointed out by several writers. That is, outside capital in both cases milks its victims of natural resources while dominating the native government and treating the natives as contemptible, expendable, and a source of cheap labor. The fact that such capital may serve, willy-nilly, an ultimately progressive end does not alter its essentially aggressive, brutal character.

The situation has not changed, basically, in West Virginia today. The coal industry, obviously, has been the principal architect of the Mountain-State economy, and, as such, has dominated state government. In recent years (since Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal), labor unions, particularly the United Mine Workers of America, have had some influence on legislation and legislators, but the coal industry and its allies yet dominate the state.

On occasion, it is true, the natives have rebelled, as they have rebelled in all colonial areas. These rebellions, after being harshly suppressed, are usually pointed to by some politicians and economists as examples of the "unfavorable labor climate" which, they cry, is ruining the state.

By Manipulating Tax Structure

In fashioning the economy of the Mountain State, the coal industry and its allies have necessarily given much attention to taxes. When a single coal company may own thousands of acres of property in a single county, this concern is understandable, as is the concern of the coal company with the health, welfare, and attitudes of the local assessor.

Stated in the simplest terms, it has been to the interest of the coal industry to keep its own taxes low or nonexistent, so that the wealth coming from the hills of West Virginia benefits those not from West Virginia; conversely, it has been in the interest of West Virginians (or would be) to tax the coal industry rather heavily, so as to retain at least a portion of West Virginia's wealth in West Virginia.

In this continuing war, small-income West Virginians haven't had a chance. Key battles on behalf of the West Virginia taxpayer have invariably been generated by organized labor, and the fight has sometimes been impressive. But the tax structure in West Virginia remains largely as the coal industry wants it.

This structure is most interesting, and, from the point of view of the wage-earner, small businessman, and white-collar worker, most revolting. Before examining this system as it is, it might be well to comment on tax systems generally. Any good encyclopedia will amplify the following brief information.

Spring and Summer, 1966

Economists classify taxes as progressive if they are based on the ability of the taxpayer to pay; they are regressive if they are a flat rate on rich and poor alike, without regard to the ability to pay.

An example of the progressive tax is the graduated income tax. An example of a regressive tax is the sales tax on consumers or on gross business. Although taxing in accordance with the ability to pay seems most fair and equitable, the principle is widely disregarded.



William C. Blizzard comes from early Appalachian pioneers. He is from a long line of coal miners and fighters for a better life through union organization. Both of his grandfathers were miners. So was his father, the fearless "Bill Blizzard," noted for heroic leadership in pioneering union struggles on Cabin Creek and elsewhere. In those days union men faced both the company gun thugs and treason indictment in the courts. "Bill Blizzard" was a part of the leadership in the famous armed march against the coal operators in September, 1921. He was tried for treason. (We plan a feature story on him in a later issue).

At the age of 70 William C. Blizzard's paternal grandfather quit mining because of ill health. He and his wife started a restaurant on Cabin Creek which became a landmark as "Mother Blizzard's Restaurant." Striking, hungry miners were never turned away from its doors. The restaurant is now run by a Blizzard uncle.

William C. Blizzard is a West Virginia University graduate with English literature major. He studied at Columbia in journalism and did further studying in photography. He is now on the staff of the State Magazine of the Charleston GAZETTE and MAIL as photographer and feature writer.

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Nowhere is it more widely disregarded than in West Virginia.

Thirty-three states, West Virginia among them, levy consumer sales taxes. West Virginia in addition has a gross sales tax, levied not on the net income of a business, but on gross sales (even if there is a net loss). It is a highly classified tax which falls with unequal force upon different businesses, and it penalizes most heavily the small businessman and the man just getting started. The state also has special sales taxes on cigarettes, liquor, soft drinks, and other items which are obviously not absolute necessities.

The combination of these three sales taxes, plus similar local taxes, makes West Virginia taxes the most regressive of any in the nation. The consumer also gets hurt by the shifting of taxes imposed on businesses, but this standard markup as part of the cost of doing business is general everywhere, and not specifically a Mountain State problem. State Senator Paul Kaufman points out:

"West Virginia collects about 45 per cent of its general revenue from gross sales taxes, 30 per cent from consumers' sales taxes, and 10 per cent from sales taxes on specific commodities such as cigarettes and liquor. These figures are inexact . . . but in any event we collect approximately 85 per cent of our total general revenue from sales taxes (*none* of which are based on 'ability to pay') as compared to Kentucky's 26 per cent and Illinois' 44 per cent, for example."

No Corporate Income Tax

There is no corporate income tax in West Virginia, although Senator Kaufman has introduced a bill providing for such a tax in the current session of the legislature. There is no severance tax on natural resources, an omission in West Virginia comparable to a failure to tax coffee in Brazil. There is a property tax—and coal companies own much of the surface area of West Virginia—but this tax is light.

A 1954 report of the Governor's Commission on State and Local Finance concluded: "In West Virginia, property is valued erratically; taxed lightly; and distributed unevenly." The Commission further reported: ". . . the total assessed value of all real estate in West Virginia in 1953 was \$105 million *less* than it was before 1932 (*my italics.*)"

It is no doubt true that the tax on coal company personal property is often absurdly light. A friend of mine in Clay County once told me that he knew for a fact of a coal company locomotive that was assessed at less value than his old-model car.

The gross sales tax applies to the coal industry, as it does to chemicals and metals. But in the January 23, 1966, issue of the Charleston Gazette, columnist George Lawless made this point: "Theirs is largely a resource-based raw-material industry, as is coal, and they do not pay a state tax on point-of-sale transactions at distant markets—where real profits are

made." In contrast to the large, high-profit industries, the low-margin businessman is hurt badly, at times, by the gross sales tax, for it taxes total volume whether or not a profit is made. That is, the low-profit man, which means the little man and the beginning business man, often takes a loss but must still pay a tax on his gross.

Tax Burden on Little People

Just to add insult to injury, the West Virginia sales-tax law exempts sales of machinery and supplies to be used or consumed in the business of manufacturing, transportation, communication, and production of natural resources! The law is careful, however, to collect one penny on each six-cent purchase (through 35 cents) from a widow living on a welfare check. This amazing feature of the Mountain State sales tax is a tribute to the thoroughness of coal-company tax experts. No one knows how much money repeal of this exemption could mean in tax dollars, but estimates range to \$30 million.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the primary consumer aim is the replacement of a regressive tax system by a progressive one, not amending of the gross sales tax to include those deliberately excluded.

In short, the coal-industry-dominated government of West Virginia has created a tax structure which has shifted nearly the entire tax burden to the consumer and small businessman. In so doing, it has ignored a principle of taxation set forth by Adam Smith in "Wealth of Nations," namely, that each taxpayer should pay in proportion to his ability.

It has adhered to a taxation principle attributed to Colbert, the finance minister of Louis XIV: "Pluck the goose so as to obtain the most feathers with the least squawking."

The inequity of the sales tax, for the benefit of those yet unconvinced, was described by the noted economist E. R. A. Seligman before the Senate Finance Committee of the 67th Congress as long ago as May, 1921:

"But when you come to a general sales tax you are dealing with a tax on necessities, inasmuch as the great mass of sales are sales of necessities. . . . Therefore, as the French writer in the Middle Ages pointed out, a general sales tax is a sort of upside down income tax. Instead of taxing the man with a higher income a little more, or much more, as we do, you tax the man with the smaller income not only relatively as much, but relatively more. It is this instinctive reaction of the common man to the proposal of a sales tax which is responsible for the opposition to it manifested from the time of the Romans under Tiberius all the way down through the Middle Ages, when the riots took place, down to modern times, as in this very country, where the laboring classes are now up in arms against it.

"No civilized country before the Great War has ever succeeded in maintaining a general sales tax."

Seligman, needless to say, would not be happy with the present West Virginia tax structure.

Organized Labor Opposed Unfair Tax

He would not be alone in his unhappiness. The West Virginia AFL-CIO has consistently tried to rectify the lopsided tax structure. Small business has found a voice in Sen. Paul Kaufman and others. Ordinary West Virginia taxpayers complain, but it is unlikely that they, as a whole, understand to what extent they are being bilked. A purpose of this article is to inform that understanding.

Administrators and politicians in state government are becoming more and more alarmed about an obvious fact: West Virginia revenue is insufficient, in this modern age, to provide adequate state services. This is true even though a 1960 Tax Study Commission report revealed that West Virginia ranks first among 12 selected states in per-capita taxes as a percentage of income—although the same study showed that in most cases West Virginians have less per-capita income to pay it out of.

"Bad Taxes Drive Out Good People"

West Virginia educators have been yelling for a long time about lack of funds for buildings, teachers, and administration. There is no doubt whatever that West Virginia has for years been training teachers who have promptly moved out of the state to lower hills and higher pay.

Other professionals are also leaving, and are difficult to recruit from other areas. The president of the W. Va. Medical Association recently pointed out that only 20 of the first 150 graduates of the West Virginia University Medical School are practicing in the state.

This general exodus of trained professionals is an example of what might be called Taxation's Coal-Dust Law: "Bad taxes drive out good people." The well-known exodus of former coal miners from West Virginia is another matter, a movement based not so much on a search for higher pay, but for any pay at all. As I have written before, all workers should observe the plight of the coal miner in Appalachia and beware. That highly automated, electronic bell tolls for thee, and automation will come to all job classifications and all industries.

Educators Help Make Temporary Sales Tax Permanent

It was largely in response to demands of educators that Gov. Hulett Smith and the 1965 Democratic legislature made a "temporary" three per cent sales tax permanent. Since 1933, the tax has been two per cent (beginning at one penny on six cents) on the dollar until upped by Democratic Gov. W. W. Barron in 1961 to three per cent. Barron, in asking for the increase, explained that it was to finance a work and training program for the unemployed, and was to last for only seven months. A Charleston Gazette editorial

of January 14, 1961, told West Virginians: "As we said, this is a temporary measure. The extra tax which will be collected Sunday will expire August 31. . . ."

Because there was no untoward squawk from the plucked geese, this tax did not expire, but was extended no less than four times. Encouraged by the lack of organized opposition to the added sales tax, the Hulett Smith administration made the "temporary" tax permanent. It would be bad manners to suggest that the hoopla about the tax being temporary was a strategic hoax on the public.

To close students of Mountaineer fiscal history, or even to a casual student like me, the ploy of a "temporary" tax being made permanent sounded and looked like West Virginia tax history repeating itself.

Small Time Politicians Exploit Roosevelt Memory

The original West Virginia consumers sales tax was passed under the leadership of Democratic Gov. Herman Guy Kump, a small-town mayor, banker and politician. Kump scooted in with the Roosevelt landslide of 1932, a landslide so complete in West Virginia that every branch of state government belonged to the Democrats for the first time in 40 years.

The Democrats have been in power ever since, although the Republicans did manage to elect Cecil Underwood as governor in 1956. The Democrats regained their complete grasp of state government with the election of Gov. W. W. Barron in 1960.

A major reason for the continuous Democratic power in the Mountain State is the high percentage of unionized workers and their trust in and affection for Franklin D. Roosevelt and his memory. Yet one of the first acts of the West Virginia Democrats, who rode to power on the coattails of FDR, was to pass a consumers sales tax, the sort of tax which FDR publicly denounced at every opportunity. This is not to say that the common man should desert the Democrats for the Republicans.

A Donkey or An Elephant?

It is to say that the coal-operators and their allies would just as soon ride a donkey as an elephant—and they do. They are too shrewd to place blind faith in party labels, and the ordinary consumer would do well to become as shrewd.

To revert to Kump's original, two percent sales tax, it also was enacted, in 1933, as a "temporary" revenue measure to aid public schools. And it also was later made permanent, in 1937, under a succeeding Democratic governor, Homer Adams Holt. It seems that the Barron-Smith tax ploy was merely a copy of the earlier Kump-Holt strategy.

In 1941, the legislature exempted certain foods from the sales tax, and in 1943 another law abolished that amendment, but eliminated the tax on the first 50 cents spent for foodstuffs. These slight, temporary gains for the West Virginia consumer were wiped out in 1951. Today there are no food or drug exemptions of any

kind and you start paying a penny tax on a six-cent purchase, if you can find anything to buy for six cents.

A Penny Tax on Six Cents Purchase

West Virginians now pay a penny sales tax on commodities costing six cents through 35 cents; two cents from 36 to 70 cents; and three cents sales tax from 71 cents through one dollar.

In levying a penny tax bite on six-cent purchases, West Virginia may be the world's champion sales-tax collector from the small-income taxpayer, particularly in view of the fact that West Virginia exempts no food or drugs. West Virginia begins its sales tax at a lower level than any other state.

Despite this increase, there are indications that state officials and legislators are looking desperately for additional sources of revenue. Howls of educators have not ceased. On January 24, 1965, a team of Concord College officials warned that West Virginia higher education is slipping fast and "in real danger" because of inadequate funds provided for colleges and universities.

The West Virginia Welfare Department recently told the House Finance Committee that unless more funds were provided in the 1966-67 budget, 10,000 poor would have to be stricken from the rolls of the ADCU (public works and training) program. This was the program instituted by Gov. Barron, to be paid for by the "temporary" one per cent sales tax increase. The fact that this added sales tax has been made permanent is apparently not enough, today, to keep the welfare program going.

State School Superintendent Rex M. Smith told the same Finance Committee: "I think it will be impossible to take care of the (educational) needs of the state under the present revenues." Dr. Leonard C. Nelson of West Virginia Tech was also grim about higher education under present legislative budgets. He pointed out that the proposed budgets were based on an expenditure of about \$650 per pupil, while the national average is about \$950.

Another hole in the West Virginia tax sock was a recent adverse decision by the State Supreme Court concerning a transportation privilege tax levied against gross income (for the most part) of various transportation media. The State Supreme Court held last summer that certain aspects of the tax were unconstitutional.

But the tax is still being collected, the state taking the position that the matter is still in litigation, pending a possible appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. Although this may make tax receipts look a little better, it is likely that up to \$20 million will have to be refunded to transportation companies, and more than \$2 million of tax revenue a year will be lost.

An ironic footnote is that a statewide property reappraisal program, which optimists hoped would improve the West Virginia tax picture, may have to be

abandoned unless the state budgetary agency, the Board of Public Works, gives reappraisal officials more money to work with. The reappraisal program, in existence for seven years, has been completed in 36 of 52 counties.

In order to help out the school system, Gov. Hulett Smith is trying to get the current legislature to prepare a constitutional amendment to make school-bond levies possible by a simple majority vote. At present, 60 per cent of those voting must approve a bond issue. Sometimes bond issues are desirable, but they are expensive (in interest charges) substitutes for an adequate tax system.

As an example of how expensive bond issues can be, I'll quote a letter to the Charleston Gazette from E. E. McMurray of Ravenswood. McMurray points out that the original amount of a Jackson County school bond issue passed in 1960 was \$2,676,000, with an interest rate of four per cent, to be paid off by 1984. In 1966, according to McMurray, the principal remaining is \$82,000, and the interest is \$90,000.

Plucked Goose Beginning to Squawk

In short, West Virginia state government in 1966 needs more money, and needs it badly. It has gone about as far as it can go with sales taxes, for the goose is beginning to squawk.

This is evidenced by the introduction in the 1966 legislature by Senator Paul Kaufman and Delegate Kenneth Auvil of a bill to tax corporate income. Quite predictably, the bill is opposed by the West Virginia Chamber of Commerce, the West Virginia Coal Association, and the West Virginia Manufacturer's Association.

It is interesting that Kaufman, who is leading the fight for the bill, is not merely introducing specific legislation, but is arguing for a different philosophy of taxation in West Virginia—a philosophy endorsed by Adam Smith—based on the ability to pay. Kaufman desires to eliminate the gross sales tax and reduce the most glaring inequities of the consumers sales tax.

Marland Fought for Severance Tax

It is possible that he will eventually work for a severance tax, although there will be many a legislative skirmish before this main battle can take place. Making headway against the coal operators and their allies is no easy task in West Virginia. But in the realm of taxes in West Virginia, one thing is sure: More revenue must be derived from some source, and the consumer is going to resist mightily any additional burden.

With small businessmen and small consumers squawking like a whole gaggle of geese, the legislature will be forced to attempt to impose taxes on the large corporations doing business in West Virginia, and the



Above Governor William Marland signing bills at his desk at the Statehouse in 1957. His fight for a severance tax on natural resources brought down the ire of press and coal operators upon him. In 1965 he was found driving a taxicab in Chicago. When he died a little later, his ashes were brought back, at his request, and scattered by plane over the hills of his beloved West Virginia.

attempt will be interesting to watch. It has been tried before.

A noteworthy attempt, the most noteworthy in West Virginia tax history, was made under the administration of the late William C. Marland, West Virginia governor from 1953-57. Marland, a Democrat, proposed and fought for a severance tax on natural resources. But before examining Marland's interesting tax proposal, let us look, very briefly, at a few more tax facts in West Virginia, and review a few previously mentioned.

Before the second decade of the 20th century, West Virginia was predominately an agricultural state. The principal tax base was property, and this remained true until 1933, when a Tax Limitation Amendment drastically curtailed existing and potential revenue from that source.

Since 1933, sales taxes have been the principal source of state revenue. The consumers sales tax remained at two percent from 1933 until the raises mentioned above in 1961 and 1965. The gross sales tax began at only one-tenth of one per cent for all in-

dustries, but over the past 30 years has increased from 20 to 70 times that amount, depending upon the industry taxed.

Nevertheless, the gross-sales-tax burden on West Virginia manufacturers is not nearly so great, relatively, as the sales-tax burden on consumers. Vance Q. Alvis, associate professor of economics at West Virginia University, is authority for this in a special study of the gross sales tax. "Although most states," says Professor Alvis, "do not levy a gross receipts tax, the tax upon manufacturers does not appear to constitute an unduly heavy tax burden in the states which do. To the extent that the tax is shifted to West Virginia consumers, it is light by comparison with the consumers sales tax rates."

Unions For Progressive Tax

The West Virginia AFL-CIO, Senator Kaufman, and a few others, plan to replace the gross-sales tax, eventually, with progressive taxes such as a corporate income tax and a personal state income tax. No corporate income tax exists at this writing, but a personal income tax does, enacted by the 1961 legislature. The legislature did not, unfortunately, ease the personal tax burden by lightening the consumers-sales-tax load, so the West Virginia consumer in 1961 found himself with yet another tax burden, as he does today, only more so.

From the point of view of the consumer, the worthy tax aim in West Virginia today is to abolish regressive, inequitable taxes, and establish taxes based on the principle of ability-to-pay. From the point of view of the coal industry, other extractive industries, and large manufacturers, the desirable tax aim is to keep matters pretty much as they are (more sales taxes on consumers being almost out of the question).

But if more state revenue is needed, and indications are that it is desperately needed (even the matching of federal funds on a magnificent 90-10 basis is becoming difficult), tax revenue must be increased. It appears that the time is fast approaching when what may loosely be classed as "Big Business" in West Virginia must be taxed.

How heavily it will be taxed, and the tax relief granted the "little man," will be determined not by good or bad intentions but by the political strength of the contending parties.

As was mentioned, Gov. William C. Marland had the temerity to propose, in coal-industry-dominated West Virginia, a severance tax on natural resources. On January 23, 1953, Marland, in the conventional introductory message to the legislature, proposed his most unconventional (in West Virginia) tax to raise \$18 million a year.

Except for an "inner circle" which almost surely was consulted, his proposal came without warning to friend or foe. The natural-resource industries, headed by coal, immediately declared war. Marland in turn

called in all available allies, an array which was outwardly impressive.

In the first place, Marland's severance tax had the support of the United Mine Workers of America, an organization which then had 115,000 members in West Virginia, and was a powerful political force. The AFL-CIO added its endorsement.

West Virginia educators publicly supported the severance tax (although in the light of their support of a heavier sales tax, it is probable that desperate Mountain State teachers will support any tax measures which will contribute to teacher salaries and general school aid). State School Superintendent W. W. Trent said he favored the tax "without qualification," and Phares Reeder, Executive Secretary of the W. Va. Education Association, also voiced his support.

All but one member of the entire West Virginia national congressional delegation—two U.S. senators and five representatives—voiced approval of the severance tax. The lone dissenter was Republican Representative Will C. Neal of the fourth district.

These seven senators and representatives not only voiced their approval of the severance tax, but all or nearly all actually journeyed from Washington to Charleston to argue for the bill in public hearings. One U.S. Senator, the late Matthew M. Neely, had much of his argument for the tax printed in the February 18, 1953, issue of the Charleston Gazette.

Battle Between Absentee Owners and People

His argument concluded as follows: "The battle raging over the pending question is largely between absentee captains of industry on the one hand and the men, women, and children of West Virginia on the other. It is what Lincoln described as a contest between the God-made man and the man-made dollar. In such case, count me on the side of the God-made men, women and children every time."

At the state legislative level, House Majority Leader Martin C. Bowles, who was also an AFL-CIO attorney, was for the severance tax. In 1953, there were almost three times as many Democrats as Republicans in the W. Va. house, and more than twice as many Democrats as Republicans in the senate.

Both the Speaker of the house and the President of the Senate were Democrats, which meant that important committee chairmanships (often vital in the passage of legislation) were in the hands of the party of Governor William C. Marland. If voting had been along party lines, Marland would have gotten his severance tax without a struggle.

But voting on the severance tax was not, of course, along party lines. Just what did motivate the legislators who killed the proposed legislation will not be suggested by this writer, inasmuch as it is considered impolite to question the motives of politicians. I shall merely show the deployment of forces.

It is almost superfluous to point out that the forces against the severance tax were led by the coal operators and their varied associations in West Virginia, ably backed by the other natural-resources industries which the bill would have taxed.

Press Opposed Severance Tax

The West Virginia press was almost unanimous in its opposition to the severance tax. The Charleston Gazette, the state's largest paper and not so liberal in 1953 as it is today, may be said to have led the fourth-estate fight against Marland and his tax. The Gazette ran many editorials and many cartoons, some of them quite clever, purporting to prove that John L. Lewis was threatening to take over West Virginia.

Above the signature of the late Frank A. Knight, then managing editor of the Gazette, appeared this dire warning: "John L. Lewis, as the real mastermind, will get control of the West Virginia coal industry, of the state police, of the Workman's compensation fund, and of the unemployment compensation fund, making it a strike fund."

Governor Marland reacted by mailing a "letter to the editor" to the Gazette, writing that "it would seem only fair to the readers to inform them . . . that a distinguished member of your editorial board is Mr. Carl Andrews, Secretary of the West Virginia Coal Operators Association."

Although it is never wise to underestimate the role of the press in shaping public opinion, that role has been complementary rather than decisive in West Virginia. Marland's severance tax was defeated in the legislature, or, rather, by maneuvers which were manifest in later actions of the legislature.

In retrospect, it is evident that the severance tax never really had a chance, despite the impressive outward strength of the pro-Marland forces. The bill did get out of the House Finance Committee, as amended, but without recommendation, on March 3, 1953. On March 5, the house voted by a majority of 56 to 41 to postpone indefinitely further consideration of the bill. The senate version had been killed two days earlier in the Senate Finance Committee, so the battle was ended.

Said Senate President Ralph Bean (who had opposed the tax) a few days later: "The 1953 legislature has been independent in its thinking and actions; it has not been controlled by any one person, group, or faction." And who could *prove* him wrong?

West Virginians who yet favor a severance tax—and many do—might study in detail the 1953 battle for such a tax which I have outlined so briefly. The basic opposing forces have not changed. They are the coal industry and its allies on the one hand and consumers represented by organized labor and more-or-less organized consumer groups on the other.

Even a cursory study indicates that changing the tax philosophy and tax structure in West Virginia involves first changing the legislature, and this is a political task not likely to be accomplished quickly.

Practically, it means work within the dominant Democratic party to strengthen its liberal and progressive segment and wrest leadership from the now-powerful conservative faction. This means increasing attention to candidates in primary elections, inasmuch as the Democratic nomination is so often tantamount to election.

Progress is not apt to be easy or rapid, nor is the West Virginia press, generally, likely to change its coal-dust spots and inform ordinary West Virginians concerning their best tax interest. It is also true that the UMW has in the past decade lost political influence, if only because it has lost so many members, and, with politicians, votes count, or even potential votes.

This means that a once-powerful advocate of the severance tax in West Virginia has been weakened since 1953. Also, it seems evident that the UMW leadership, at least on a local level, no longer feels so strongly about such a tax.

On the positive side, it is probable that the AFL-CIO will grow in West Virginia. This is by no means certain, however, as national events and national politics only indirectly related to labor can have a pronounced effect, pro or con, on the Mountain State labor climate. It is certain that tax reform in West Virginia depends a great deal upon AFL-CIO growth,

assuming that the union does not deviate from its excellent past record on tax reform.

Regional Problem

It also depends upon the growth of independent consumer organizations of a local or regional nature, or both. A regional outlook seems logical, for the states within Appalachia are plagued by many common problems.

Although taxation in a single state, in detail, is an extremely complex animal, it is possible to pick out its major bones and thus get a better idea of the nature of the whole beast than if the creature is studied bit by bit in its enormous, living detail.

Fossil experts thus recreate the detailed appearance of giant animals that once strode the earth. I believe that an examination of the bones of the West Virginia tax structure reveals a sort of fiscal *Tyrannosaurus Rex* astride the backs of ordinary Mountaineers.

But this great toothed reptile can, in time, be turned into a harmless chameleon. On a short-term basis, some of its fangs can be pulled: Does this sound impossible? Perhaps so, but I prefer to believe it. Like the White Queen in her youth, I sometimes believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast. It makes life not only bearable, but hopeful, in a looking-glass world.

FOR PEACE

LOUISVILLE, KY. — Another civil-rights organization has joined in the demand for an end to the war in Vietnam.

The board of directors of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF) took this action at their annual meeting, in mid April in Knoxville, Tenn.

The text of the board's resolution was released at SCEF headquarters in Louisville by the Rev. Fred L. Shuttlesworth, president of the organization.

Mr. Shuttlesworth is also secretary of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), which voiced opposition to the war at a meeting in Miami, Fla., last week.

SCEF is a Southwide organization devoted to ending segregation and discrimination. Its special role is to involve Southern whites in the civil-rights movement.

The SCEF board said: "We believe that the civil-rights movement in the United States cannot remain indifferent to the human tragedy being inflicted upon a people of color in Southeast Asia.

"We are opposed to the resort to violence today in many varied parts of the world. As citizens of the United States, we feel especially our responsibility to condemn the use of U.S. resources by the U.S. Government in the strategic bombing, the napalming, the gassing, the defoliation—in short, the wholesale destruction of people and property in Vietnam.

"We believe there is a close relationship between the use of violence and repression in Vietnam and the use of violence and repression in our own country, and particularly in the South, to maintain things as they are.

"We join the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC), the Southern Christian Leadership Conference, and other groups in condemning war as an improper means of solving social problems. As the SCLC says: 'Mass murder can never lead to a constructive and creative government or to the creation of a democratic society in Vietnam.'

"We urge the Administration to stop the killing now, in order that a climate for negotiations may be secured."

The SCEF leadership also endorsed "the call by SNCC and Rep. Julian Bond of the Georgia Legislature to widen the Selective Service law so that young men classified as conscientious objectors by their draft boards may do their alternative service working for civil-rights and peace organizations."

The board voiced concern about the increase in violent actions by right-wing groups throughout the United States, accompanied by expansion of the Ku Klux Klan into Northern and Western areas. Bombings and hoodlums' attacks on peace and civil-rights workers were cited. The board urged more diligent action by the federal and state governments to stop the violence.



HARRY M. CAUDILL

An “Operation Bootstrap” for Eastern Kentucky

Harry M. Caudill
Whitesburg, Kentucky

Since the publication of my article *Poverty and Affluence in Appalachia* in the Fall and Winter issue of *The Appalachian South*, a number of people have written to express agreement with my contention that absentee ownership is one of the major causes of Appalachian poverty. None took issue with my claim that the draining away of Appalachia's great mineral wealth by eastern corporations is our primary difficulty and that it has produced a remarkably poor people in an extremely rich land.

Is There Any Plan?

However, some of them have demanded to know whether I have in mind any plan by which this chronic malaise can be cured. One woman declared that I had made a good diagnosis but had left the patient as sick as ever. She wrote, “It doesn't do much good to tell us mountaineers what is wrong with us unless you can help us find a remedy. What is your solution for East Kentucky's economic illness?”

The question is a fair one and ought to be answered. In the first place, those of us concerned with the problems have talked and written too much about our present plight and past history and have not devoted enough of our thinking to the future. The Appalachian dilemma is not insoluble. The solutions can be found by men of good will, determination and the courage to undertake drastic and far reaching innovations.

In the same issue of the *Appalachian South* Mr. Edgar S. Fraley of Bristol, Virginia came close to the mark when he suggested that the Federal Government should buy up the coal lands from their present owners and turn them over to the counties, the companies to be compensated by county bonds. Under Mr. Fraley's proposal the counties would retire the bonds out of coal royalties and use the balance of such income for schools and other public services. “This,” Mr. Fraley

declared, “would break the colonial relationship now existing between the New York corporations and the Appalachian counties — the kind of relationship that existed between Great Britain and India.”

Mr. Fraley admits that his scheme is unlikely to receive any serious consideration, and in this he is, unfortunately right. It is certain that his proposal will be ignored by Washington. After two years of intensive study of the Appalachian imbalance the master minds in that city could think of nothing more effective than a \$1,100,000,000 “development” program with 80 per cent of the money going to roads. The remainder, too small to be really effective, will be devoted to a number of other purposes. This effort at Appalachian revitalization — the Appalachian Development Act of 1965 — is comparable to a one-spoonful blood transfusion for a man who has bled extensively from deep wounds until he has collapsed. The infusion of new life is not really big enough to restore the patient and unless the wounds are closed it will be dissipated through continued bleeding.

Knott County An Example

Washington is not likely to do anything more for Appalachia than is envisioned in this anemic effort and it may be that absolutely nothing can be expected from the State Legislatures. The State Houses have long been in the grip of the coal companies — a grip that may prove too strong to break. Still, the people of Knott County, Kentucky have proved in recent months that The People can howl down the special interests and their rich lobbies when they are sufficiently aroused. Angered by the ravages of strip mining on their mountain slopes the inhabitants of that remote county went to Frankfort, told their troubles to Governor Edward T. Breathitt, and aroused him and the State Legislature to the most determined attack on the coal barons ever mounted in the history of the state.

The truth is that eastern Kentucky could solve its problems without federal aid and without help in any real sense from the state. Kentucky mountaineers could build a viable economy and a great and abundant society for themselves and their descendants without cost to the taxpayers and without resort to any radical or untried scheme. To do so they would need only a few pages of state enabling legislation, a modicum of imaginative leadership and the strength of will (translate: guts) to overcome the Mellon empire and its local retainers in a hard fight. And the same tools could be used by the people of western Virginia, West Virginia, northern Alabama, eastern Tennessee and western Pennsylvania to accomplish as much for themselves.

An Example In Washington State

In the 1930's much of the state of Washington was cut-over timber-land and other large tracts were semi-desert. After the logging companies had logged out, the forest fire swept through the bark and other wood residues leaving the earth blackened and naked. Erosion did immeasurable harm, but slowly the land healed its wounds with thickets as nature struggled to restore her forests. Many of the people moved away from the blighted counties and those who remained were forced to a realization that they must abandon the territory or rebuild their economy along new and diverse lines.

They stumbled upon a novel, but thoroughly practical approach. The Legislature authorized the forming of Public Utility Districts as bodies corporate and politic with the right to own real estate and to exercise the right of eminent domain. They were empowered to sell bonds, generate and sell electricity and devote the proceeds from such sales to public purposes. A PUD could consist of a few voting precincts or of one or more counties.

In the last generation Chelan County, Washington (1960 population: 40,744) has sold bonds for more than \$325,000,000 and invested the money in hydro-electric dams and generators. A sinking fund was provided for debt retirement and revenues from power sales are used to retire the bonds. More than a million dollars per year are contributed to the county and municipal governments. This money finances schools, hospitals and libraries, land reclamation, reforestation and other essential public services and facilities. Total power sales amount to about \$27,000,000 annually. An abundance of cheap power has begun to attract new industry. Good schools and a growing economy are drawing people into a county once threatened with wholesale abandonment. A "depressed area" has transformed itself into a thriving and dynamic region. The same miracle of development, diversification and growth has occurred in Grant County. Last year that county had a population of only 46,477 people but income from electric power sales exceeded \$20,000,000. Impressive sums are being plowed into the development of plant sites and other facilities calculated to spawn new economic muscle. The power is being car-

ried by extra-high-voltage transmission lines into the Puget Sound area and, when needed, will flow through the west coast power grid into Los Angeles.

A Key For Appalachia?

This pioneering effort can hold the key to eastern Kentucky's future. Let us suppose the same methods were to be applied to the state's eastern counties which, as a whole, claim the national championship for human poverty. I propose that the General Assembly pass an enabling act creating the Eastern Kentucky Development District consisting of all the forty-four eastern counties lying wholly or in part within the mountains. The District would be corporate and politic, its board of directors to be appointed by the governor and to consist of the ablest men and women available. The EKDD would have the right of eminent domain, the right to own property essential to its purposes, to generate and sell electric power, and to acquire, own, develop and utilize land, water and mineral resources for the public welfare. Due provision would be made to assure sound fiscal policies on the part of the agency and it would assume responsibility for the long range, overall land and human resource development of the entire territory.

Such additional inventories of the region's wealth as are needed would be promptly made and a comprehensive development plan would be drafted. The Agency would then offer its tax-free bonds on the market. The demand for such debentures is strong and there is every reason to believe that hundreds of millions of dollars worth could be sold. The money so obtained would then be used to buy the great tracts of mineral owned by Fordson Coal and Land Company, The Kentucky River Coal Corporation, Virginia Iron Coal and Coke Company, Virginia Coal and Iron Company, The Big Sandy Corporation and other non-resident owners.

These companies would be compensated fairly for their properties. They have filed with the county tax commissioners sworn statements of their values and, in truth, they have fixed such values at modest levels. In many instances prices could be satisfactorily negotiated but in the event condemnation should prove necessary, jurors and courts could be relied upon to assure payment of just compensation.

The District would then design and build dams at strategic places over the territory. The lakes so created would have to be large in order to impound water for hydro-electric power generation. Too, they would provide cooling water for giant coal-burning thermal plants. The combined output from hydro-electric and steam generators would be carried to market by extra-high-voltage transmission lines in the manner now contemplated by the Yankee-Dixie Power Association.

Thus eastern Kentucky's abundant coal and water resources would be translated into cheap and abundant electricity — a product for which the demand is so vast that the Edison Electric Institute has estimated that \$175,000,000,000 worth of new generating capacity will

be required by 1980. Boundaries of coal would be leased on equitable terms to mining companies, with safeguards for the land written into the contracts. Gas, oil, and limestone rights would be let out to other companies or, perhaps, to co-operatives organized for the purpose of extracting and selling the minerals. All royalties would be paid into the District treasury. Thus the tens of millions of dollars now flowing so quietly and so easily out each year would be ensnared by an agency of, by and for the Appalachian people. Billions of dollars will be required, eventually, to build the dams and power plants, the sewerage systems, schools, hospitals, libraries and housing, and to replant the forests which true development would involve.

But with wise management the potential is available for whatever prodigious sums the task may necessitate. All the region would share in this "Operation Bootstrap." The headwater counties are rich in minerals, but have few suitable lake sites. The foothill counties with their wider valleys lack minerals but are ideally suited for the primary impoundments. As development progressed, smaller dams would be built farther up-stream. Coal for power production would be carried by railroads from the mines to the plants, — usually no more than fifty miles in any direction.

All the region's minerals are in great demand. Numerous oil and gas strikes were brought in last year and the booming national economy guarantees an expanding demand for these products, too. A golden flow of royalties for generations to come could be anticipated.

A major objective of EKDD would be the rehabilitation of the timber stands. As the scarred and devastated hillsides turn green with new stands of pine, poplar and oak, wood-using industries would seek the cheap electricity and the abundant timber.

Some of the income would be used for plant-site development, thus hastening industrial diversification. It is probable that no more than a third of all income would be required by the sinking fund. Eventually the bonded indebtedness would all be paid off, but for decades thereafter the generative stream of revenue would continue. The severance and sale of natural wealth would beget regional rejuvenation on a scale far beyond anything we can now visualize.

Thirty years ago James Farley expressed the opinion that the United States consisted of 47 states and the "Soviet of Washington." Conservatives will not like my scheme any better than the cautious Farley liked the Washington experiment when it was new. But the system has worked on the West Coast and many counties lived which otherwise might have died. Washington opted for life and turned its back on death. Kentucky mountaineers have a far brighter prospect than their fellow citizens in the western valleys could ever claim because their land is so much richer. I have no doubt that if this plan were followed it would attract the best minds in the nation. It is the kind of dream to which the Lilienthals of every generation

will turn, and such people can build an Appalachian Switzerland — and a grand new order beyond the Swiss concept — when a dream has been kindled in their hearts.

Can the Appalachian people kindle such a dream?

Can they put aside their preoccupation with petty courthouse politics and use a constructive political device as the tool for their deliverance?

Can they force themselves to see beyond the present mire and formulate a grand design fit for descendants of the heroes of Kings Mountain?

Can they come to deserve true greatness?

Only Time and the People can answer these questions.



CROATOAN

BY LEE PENNINGTON

*Staggering from the stink of ships —
Months sailed — loaded with supplies
For those in distance a year,
Now perhaps an eternity or
Something less. Men with packs
On their backs sank each
A record of footprints soon lost
To shifting ocean currents.*

*The forest dripping at the mouth
Like foamy saliva of mad dogs,
And men set down their packs —
Felt their bodies raise a bit
From not-so-pressured sand.
For a moment, they stood. Later,
After staring into nothingness,
Wiped mist from their faces —
Commented on the nothing again.*

*Blank-eyed Englishmen dragged
Themselves through the trees,
Gathering saliva on their necks —
Saliva from trees and mad-dog cobwebs.
(Cobwebs too heavy to be gossamers)
Webs destined to be only parasites
On traveling men, curious men.*

PIPEMAKER OF PIPESTEM

Robert Vivian Vest lives at Pipestem, West Virginia. He was born there and was for over thirty-six years a public school teacher. He comes from a Scotch-Irish, German, French, English mixture. Now retired, he makes souvenir corn-cob pipes, using the shoots of the meadow-sweet bush for stems.

You may never have heard of Pipestem. Some map makers fail to spot it. But it is there on Route 20 in the beautiful Blue Stone Dam area a few miles from Athens and Concord College. Once long ago Pipestem was a noted spot frequented by many of the dusky native Americans. They came seeking the shoots of the bush called Meadow Sweet for their peace pipes. From this the community gets its name.

About this bush Mr. Vest says: "Here in this valley about a mile and a half long and a half mile wide is where the only true and natural pipestems grow. The plant grows about 4 to 5 feet high and the shoots are about the size of a twenty penny nail with a natural hollow channel the entire length. Research has shown that this plant will not grow anywhere else in the United States. Both Indians and white men used it for their clay or cob pipes. It is not a reed but a very hard wood. The scientific name for the bush is Cornus Amomum or Stolonifera." *Spiraea alba*

There are many highly interesting stories told of the background of the Pipestem area. At one time the old Indian trail from New River wound through the Community. Such items as salt were scarce and at one time salt was mined on the New River. A large metal plaque stands today by Route 20 at the intersection of the old Indian Trail and Salt Well Road.

About the present community Mr. Vest says: "The sturdy, energetic, hardworking mountaineers carved a most desirable community, and now have a centralized model classified elementary school, good homes and several churches."

Mr. Vest sees some promise for his area's future. "The future for this section of the Appalachian South seems very promising," he says. "The ten million dollar Pipestem State Park is being constructed here and will be one of the leading playground attractions and recreational centers in the eastern United States."

Robert Vivian Vest is more than a retired school teacher or pipe maker. He is a warm hearted, hospitable man with deep interest in the native crafts and lore. He is a folk musician who sings the old songs and plays the four string-dulcimer. He takes part in folk festivals and cultural or religious community affairs.

"I have always loved the folklore and folk music," he says. "I have participated in many festivals which I have always enjoyed. After all, these old songs are the true expressions of our mountain people." He has a



Robert Vest with his four-string dulcimer

sensitive appreciation for the authentic, and his dulcimer and song have lightened the hours of many a neighborhood gathering as well as festivals directed by Dr. Patrick Gainer, the noted folklorist of West Virginia University.

When we visited the Pipestem community and Mr. Vest our impression was one of an industrious, hard working and friendly farmer folk. Many farms are of rolling meadow land with fields fenced by ancient chestnut rails. Off in the distance one may see a panorama of mountain ranges. Pipestem is not a coal mining community. The Blue Stone River is not polluted. The lake has thousands of acres of clear mountain waters for boating and fishing. We are inclined to agree with Mr. Vest that the area has a good future.

—Staff Reporter

IN YOUR HEART

BY H. PAGE MARTIN

What is love, my child?

It is a warm thought on a cold night.

It is the sparkle in your eyes when he comes in sight,

A sense of oneness whether near or apart,

An incessant ticklish feeling around your heart.

Where is peace?

You say you seek peace in the next election?

You say you look for it in a Civil Rights Bill?

You say you search for peace on a Vietnam battle field?

Peace is in your heart, my friend.

Can you find it?

Square Dancing AT SPEEDWELL

BY LAWRENCE EDWARDS

You can't hardly find a square dance these days at Speedwell; they just don't do it any more, it seems. But back then (about 1920's) lads and lassies would be asweatin and astompin. And the fiddle would be crying and the banjo would be doing it a good second.

All week long the word would be passed: "Dance on Sattidy night ats, ors; come and bring everybody in your settlement." That would be the word, and everybody would get the word, and nearly everybody would be there, too.

In our settlement, the Moyers' settlement, there would be dresses a-ironin and shoes a-polishin and folks a-buzzin around plenty, getting ready for the dance on Saturday night. Looked like Saturday night would never come! But it would and did, finally, and people came out of the houses and down the lanes and into the Big Road. It was a sight to see: everybody going to the dance. There would be Pearl Moyers with Claude Edwards maybe, arming her along; Nelle Moyers, maybe with Elbert Teague or Lloyd Hall feeding her the chin-music; Nelle Leach, Velma Edwards, Fannie Dunn—each with a beau of some size and condition. Many others would fall in along the way, and by the time we all got "there," it would be easy to see that an all-night affair was in the making. But where was "there"?

It might be almost anywhere in a radius of four miles, in anybody's house, in the biggest room, from which all furniture had been removed for the occasion—except two chairs, one for the fiddler and one for the banjo picker.

I remember one dance especially, at Henry Ausmus's, in the Holler. Some called it Ausmus Holler and some called it Russell Holler. The name made little difference. It was a holler and fairly centrally located. Some of the dancers came from down around Davis Creek Church neighborhood; more came from back on Powell

River; and some from the Moyers settlement. There were enough to dance and rest all night long.

Bill Lambert and Ches Hunter were there with the Owens girls who later became their wives. Jim Boy Owens, Curt Ausmus, Charlie Lambert, and many other Black Valley boys were there, too. In fact there were more people in the yard than in the house; there was not a square inch of space in the house unoccupied, and not much to spare in the yard.

Hey listen! The fiddler was drawing his bow, he was tuning up. And the banjo picker was touching his strings. It was about time to get the dancers on the floor. I peeped in at the door, couldn't get inside, and there I saw red-faced Curt standing up with a girl, and he was calling for others to join him.

"Come on Chillon; let's rack!" said Curt, and two or three couples joined him and his girl.

"One more couple, come on!" urged Curt.

Soon there were eight couples, enough to crowd the room. The musicians were crowded into a corner next to the outside door, where they could get a little air, for it was about to be a hot time, with all the sweatin and stompin that was about to begin.

"Join hands and circle left," called Curt.

"Swing your partner and right hand around." And when each dancer came back to his partner, Curt gave the call:

"First couple off and cage the bird."

I don't know how Curt determined who the first couple were, but I believe he pointed to the couple on his left.

When that couple had gone all around the ring dancing the figure with every other couple in the ring, Curt called: "Next couple off and lady round the lady." This was a figure which everybody knew well. In fact, every dancer there knew every figure that was called and only needed the caller to keep all in unison.

"Lady round the lady, gent so so; lady round the gent but the gent don't go," said Curt, his face red enough to bleed, partly because his work was causing him to perspire, partly because the white lightning was telling on him, and partly because he was Ausmus on both sides (his mother was the daughter of Bill Ausmus and his father was John Ausmus, nephew of Bill). When that couple had gone around, dancing lady-round-the-lady, Curt called: "Third couple off and cheat or swing."

This was an interesting figure. The man of the lead couple set the pattern. If he wanted to swing his opposite, he would; but if he wanted to kid her, he would "cheat," that is, just stand before her and buck dance. Then on around the circle, cheat-or-swing until the lead couple were back home, that is to their proper position in the circle.

NOTE: Lawrence Edwards came from an East Tennessee coal mining community near Cumberland Gap. In early years his family moved to Speedwell, a little farming community where Lawrence grew up, attending a one-room elementary school and later graduating from Powell Valley High School in a class of 15 in 1926. After teaching two years in Claiborne County, he went on to college at L.M.U. "And there," he writes, "I became acquainted with such boys and girls as Jesse Stuart, Don West, Jimmie Still and Julia Yenni." Lawrence is now a teacher at Appalachian State College, Boone, N. C., and author of GRAVEL IN MY SHOE, a book of folklore and personal experiences from his beloved Cumberland Mountain area around Speedwell, Tennessee.

When every couple had led off and gone around the ring dancing the figure Curt called for them, Curt jerked out his bandanna, wiped his red face, and called: "Ladies to seats and gents out of doors!" There was no room for the men in the house; there were barely enough seats for the ladies. Besides, the boys wanted outside to smoke and visit the fruit jar.

Then a new set of dancers took the floor, and another caller took Curt's place. When that set was finished, the caller called: "Rest the fiddler." And during this intermission somebody passed the hat to take up a collection for the musicians, but there was very little money in the crowd, and musicians were lucky if they got a dollar each.

After the dance was over, the country boys armed their sweethearts home, but not before going around to Henry and his wife, Lela, to thank them for letting them dance. It was a lot of trouble to remove the furniture for the dance and then put it back where it belonged after the dance.

Many people would not permit dancing in their homes, not because they disapproved of dancing but because they did not want to be bothered with moving the furniture. It was really an imposition, and some people felt no obligation to furnish recreation to the young people, while others didn't seem to mind the trouble they were put to in arranging for a dance.

Those who were willing to give dances, however, were often imposed upon and would try to get out of it if they could. I remember that the Back Valley boys often pestered Lee Miracle, trying to get him to promise them at Saturday night dance, and one occasion he managed to put them off, at least temporarily. Peg was at the local high school gymnasium to see a basketball game, and the boys were around him begging: "Peg promise us a dance for next Saturday night, please," they begged. The referee had the ball and had his whistle in his mouth; the game was about to begin, and Peg wanted to see the tip-off. With a wide sweep of the arm, he waved the boys out of his way, saying: "Git on away, now; I can't git my mind on it." He wanted to see the game, but he knew that after the game he would tell them, "all right, come on, if you can git the girls to dance with ya."

Among the best callers back then were the following (I'm sure there were many others, but these are the ones I remember): I have mentioned Curt "Wesbang" Ausmus, but even better than Wes was a tall fellow with a deep strong voice named Tillman Hall. Till wore a big black hat, indoors and outdoors; he wore this big hat pushed back on his head when he called the set. Nobody had difficulty seeing the caller when Till called; he was the tallest man on the floor and that hat made him look even taller. He always danced with the same girl, Maud Harmon, the girl he married. She was short, but Till danced with her so much that they danced together very well.

"Fuzzy" Jim Edwards was another good caller. He always danced with Hattie Owens, his constant com-

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panion and the girl he married. "Fuzzy" was Till's first cousin and he was nearly as tall as Till. Their mothers were sisters, daughters of Joe Ausmus and Polly Ann Hunter, dancing stock on both sides. "Fuzzy" was a kind of leader among the Back Valley boys. They all liked to dance when he called.

On one occasion there was a July Fourth picnic and dance in the Ausmus Holler which lasted three days. Such picnics were common then, and for the occasion a platform was built in the open air along the branch that flowed (still flows) down Ausmus Holler, under the big Oak trees that grow there. People from miles around came from as far away as Middlesboro, Kentucky, and the mining camps in that neighborhood. Some excellent dancers came, too, from those places. But the Back Valley boys sometimes resented the way the people "from off" took over the platform and shut out the local lads and lassies sometimes for hours at a time.

"Fuzzy" likes to tell how on one occasion when the platform was temporarily vacated by this mining crowd, he and several of the Back Valley boys led their partners onto the platform and danced without interruption for two solid hours while the outlanders stood and looked on. It gave the Back Valley boys great pleasure to show the miners that other people could dance too—if they got the chance.

The Back Valley boys danced with a kind of flair all their own. Anybody who had ever seen Back Valley boys dance could recognize the stance if he ever saw it again, even years later! They danced with elbows at about a 45 degree angle from the body and with what most people would have called a kind of stoop. Then—how they managed it I was never able to say—they would stomp in unison. It was a pleasure to see them cut the pigeon's wing, for they seemed to be dancing together and liked to form their own sets at the outdoor picnics.

It has been years now since the last July Fourth picnic and dance at Ausmus Holler, and most of the participants in those dances are now tripping the light fantastic on the Streets of Gold; but I feel sure there are those still alive who would love nothing better than to attend one of those picnics again if the same spirit could be felt that then pervaded the old Holler affairs.

LAWRENCE EDWARDS



The Movement for . . .

WEST VIRGINIA STATEHOOD

BY DR. JAMES L. HUPP

*Director, West Virginia Department of
Archives and History*



The movement for West Virginia statehood had its origins in differences between eastern and western Virginia that existed long before June 20, 1863. One of the most striking of these differences lay in conditions of geography. The Tidewater and Piedmont regions of eastern Virginia were comprised of lowlands and gently rolling hills, which together with a mild climate and rich soils, made them excellent for the growing of tobacco and other plantation-type crops. The Allegheny and Trans-Allegheny parts of Virginia, on the other hand, were often hilly regions with poor, thin soils and extremes of climate. Here the small diversified farm prevailed. A second major difference appeared in people themselves. The inhabitants of eastern Virginia were largely English in origin, whereas those of the western part of the state were primarily German and Scotch-Irish. Eastern Virginians were often Anglican or Episcopalian in their religious ideas, but dissenting sects such as Methodists, Baptists and Presbyterians predominated in western Virginia almost from the beginning.

As time passed, other differences began to appear between eastern and western Virginia. These included conflicting views on such questions as education, internal improvements, taxation and the basis for representation. The western parts of the state complained that they were neglected in education and internal improvements. On the other hand they maintained that they were under-represented in the Virginia Assembly and bore an unfair share of the taxes. In the Constitutional Convention of 1829-1830 the West demanded an extension of the suffrage, the election rather than appointment of county officers, and a redistribution of

seats in the Virginia legislature which would reflect the growing population of the west.

The demands of the westerners were only partially met by the new constitution. The legislature was still chosen on the basis of apportioning the number of delegates by sections, which left the west in an unfavorable position. The western contention that voting should be on the basis of "one man, one vote" rather than a mixed basis of white population and direct taxes also failed to become a reality. The Convention of 1829-1830 left the westerners with a feeling of bitterness that was often manifested in agitation for separation from Virginia and the formation of a new state.

The failure of the Convention of 1829-1830 to achieve a solution of the state's problems that would satisfy both easterners and westerners led to a second major effort to bring about constitutional change. In 1850 representatives from eastern Virginia appeared more willing to make concessions to the western part of the state. Changes in the constitution now provided that the representation in the House of Delegates was to be on the basis of white population. The suffrage was extended to all males over twenty-one years of age and a large number of state and county offices became elective. On the other hand, there were disadvantages for the west in that it now became unconstitutional to pledge the credit of the state for the construction of internal improvements, such as roads and canals and to use lotteries as a means of raising money, even for educational and religious purposes.

In spite of the concessions made to the west, there still remained many sources of friction between the

eastern and western parts of the state. Throughout the 1850's these differences plagued the Old Dominion. The breaking point came in April, 1861, when Virginia, fearful of the election of Lincoln as President and responding to the firing upon Fort Sumter, passed an ordinance of secession and cast her lot with the Confederacy. This action was a great shock to delegates from western Virginia, two-thirds of whom voted against secession. After waiting two or three days in hopes of a "more happy turn of events" the West Virginia delegates left Richmond and returned to their home counties. Already John S. Carlile of Harrison County had hurried home to promote Unionist sentiment. As a result of Carlile's efforts, a convention was held in Clarksburg on April 22, 1861. At this convention plans were made for another meeting on May 13 to which each county of northwestern Virginia was asked to send five of its ablest men. The Clarksburg convention condemned the secession ordinance and indicated that the Trans-Allegheny region was not prepared to follow Virginia out of the Union.

The convention set for May 13 met at Wheeling. Altogether 436 delegates representing twenty-six west Virginia counties and Frederick County now in Virginia were present. These delegates were elected by various means, some of which were irregular. As a consequence, many of them looked upon the Wheeling convention as a mass meeting, while others maintained that it was empowered to take legal action. Furthermore, the delegates themselves were not in full agreement as to the course they should pursue. Carlile favored an immediate proclamation of a new state. Other, more moderate leaders, such as Waitman T. Willey, Francis H. Pierpont and John J. Jackson, opposed hasty action, preferring to wait until the people of Virginia could vote upon the ordinance of secession. This moderate group prevailed. Should the people approve the secession ordinance, the counties of western Virginia and others were asked to send delegates to another convention to meet at Wheeling on June 11. In the interim, affairs were to be placed in the hands of a "Central Committee," headed by Carlile.

Accordingly, following the ratification of the secession ordinance, a second convention met at Wheeling on June 11. The second Wheeling Convention was made up of delegates representing thirty-four counties. Fifteen west Virginia counties, embracing about one-third of the area of the state, sent no delegates. One of the most important actions of the Second Wheeling Convention was the adoption of a "Declaration of Rights" which branded the Virginia secession ordinance as illegal. This was, in effect, a declaration of independence by western Virginia from the Old Dominion.

A second major action of the convention was the passage of a resolution calling for the reorganization of the government of Virginia on the basis of loyalty to the Union. Upon the passage of this resolution Francis Pierpont was chosen governor and Waitman T. Willey and John S. Carlile were named to fill the two Senate

seats vacated by Robert M. T. Hunter and James M. Mason, who had cast their lot with the Confederacy.

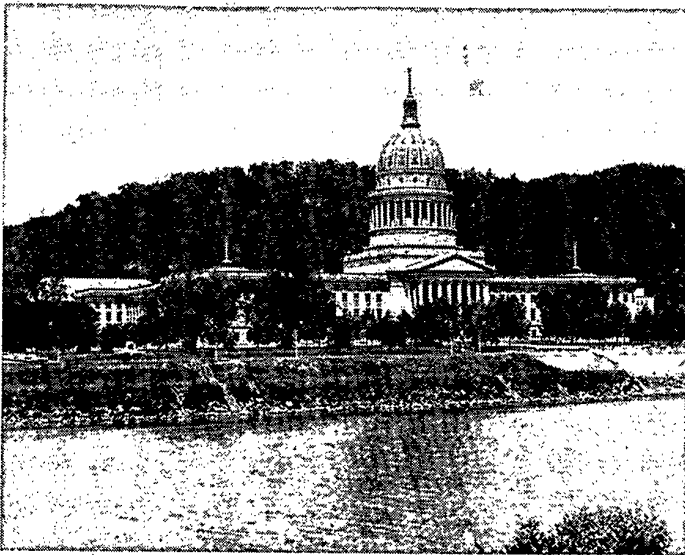
From August 6 to August 21, 1861, the Second Wheeling Convention met in adjourned session. It was at this time that the first steps were officially taken to create a new state in what is now West Virginia. Carlile favored a much smaller state than that which was eventually formed and would have included only those counties west of the Alleghenies. Other delegates, particularly Daniel D. T. Farnsworth, favored boundaries approximating those of present-day West Virginia. These differences were settled in a compromise which permitted the counties of the Eastern Panhandle, together with Greenbrier and Pocahontas, to decide for themselves whether they should join the new state. With this thorny problem temporarily settled, the convention on August 20, 1861, by a vote of 48 to 27, passed an ordinance to create the new state of "Kanawha" which would include thirty-nine western counties.

Now that the preliminary approval had been indicated by Virginia, a convention assembled at Wheeling on November 26, 1861, to draw up a constitution for the proposed new state. The first session, with a membership of fifty-three persons, lasted from November 26, 1861, to February 18, 1862. A recalled session with fifty-six members lasted from February 12 to February 20, 1863. Neither Webster nor Monroe counties was represented in either session. Other counties, such as Pendleton, Pocahontas, Greenbrier and Morgan were represented only in the recalled session. Still other counties, such as Calhoun, Clay, Fayette, Logan, McDowell, Mercer, Wyoming and Nicholas, had somewhat irregular representation because of the unfavorable military situation which then prevailed. The representatives to the constitutional convention were largely native West Virginians. Most of them were farmers or ministers by occupation. The Methodists were particularly well represented giving rise to the oft-repeated assertion that "the Methodists made West Virginia."



DR. JAMES L. HUPP
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In taking up the question of a name for the new state the convention ultimately rejected the name "Kanawha" and chose "West Virginia" instead. This change in name was justified on the grounds that there was already a Kanawha County and a Kanawha River and further use of that name might make confusion.



West Virginia's Beautiful Capitol Building at Charleston

The boundaries of the new state were to include the original thirty-nine counties named in the dismemberment ordinance, but provisions were now made to include as many as thirty-one more counties. This latter group was to include the rich counties which lay along the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, those counties lying along the main ridge of the Alleghenies, and those which would enable the state to control the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The new constitution, as might have been expected, made most state offices elective. It provided for a governor who would serve a two-year term and be eligible to succeed himself. The legislature was to meet annually with sessions to last forty-five days. Suffrage was on the basis of white male population. A "Yankee" innovation was the creation of townships of which there were to be from three to ten to each county. Through these township meetings a system of free schools was to operate. One of the interesting features of the constitution lay in its failure to provide for the abolition of slavery. Instead slavery was indirectly recognized by providing for the taxation of all property at its true and actual value.

With the questions of a name for the new state, its boundaries, and its constitution out of the way, the next major step was to secure the official consent of Virginia for the formation of the new state of West Virginia from territory within her borders. At this time, however, Virginia had two governments. First, there was the government at Richmond which had given its support to the Confederacy. Secondly, there was the Reorganized Government at Wheeling under

Francis H. Pierpont, which had given its loyalty to the Union. Since the sympathies of the proposed new state of West Virginia would favor the Union, it was but natural that the leaders of the West Virginia statehood movement should seek permission from the Pierpont government. On May 13, 1862, Pierpont called the Virginia General Assembly into session and on that day it gave its consent for the partition of the state and the formation of West Virginia.

Other obstacles still lay in the path of West Virginia statehood. The action of the Virginia Reorganized Government must yet be approved by the United States Congress and the President. In Congress, the West Virginia Statehood Bill was referred to the Senate Committee on Territories. Since John S. Carlile was now chairman of this committee, it might seem that there would be no serious difficulty for the bill. However, at this time Carlile engaged in actions which even yet are difficult to understand. After several delays, he amended the West Virginia Statehood Bill so that it would include fifteen additional counties, only three of which had been mentioned in the constitution for the proposed state. Furthermore, he added to the bill an enabling act which authorized the proposed state to call another constitutional convention. When this second constitution had been ratified by the people and approved by the Virginia Assembly, the statehood measure would then go directly to the President for his signature if, in the meantime, the new state had taken steps to abolish slavery.

At this time when the whole statehood movement seemed in jeopardy, Waitman T. Willey offered a com-



First Carbide Chemical Plant at Clendenin.

promise solution providing for gradual emancipation of slaves in West Virginia. The Willey Amendment, as his plan was known, provided that all slaves under twenty-one years old on July 4, 1863, would become free upon reaching the age of twenty-one. In addition, other Negro slaves were not to be brought into the



West Virginia Mountains

state. After great debates in both houses of Congress, the Willey Amendment was adopted by a vote of 23 to 15 in the Senate and by a margin of 96 to 55 in the House of Representatives.

The question of West Virginia statehood now rested with the President, Abraham Lincoln. After careful reflection and consultations with his Cabinet, Lincoln signed the Bill whereby West Virginia was added to the Union as a new state. Lincoln's action was based on two major premises. First, he considered the Reorganized Government to be the legal government of Virginia and, therefore, capable of approving the formation of West Virginia. Secondly, his decision was based upon expediency in a belief that West Virginia could do more good in the Union than outside the Union.

Lincoln's approval was made upon the condition that the people of West Virginia accepted the Willey Amendment. The recalled session of the West Virginia Constitutional Convention met and, after hearing pleas by Senator Waitman T. Willey, approved the Willey Amendment on February 17, 1863, by a vote of 54 to 0. On the following day the constitution as a whole was approved by a vote of 52 to 0. On March 26, 1863, the constitution, together with the Willey Amendment, was submitted to the people of West Virginia for ratification. In spite of efforts of Carlile and other opponents to prevent its ratification, the people of West Virginia by a vote of 27,749 to 572 gave overwhelming approval to the constitution.

On April 20, 1863, President Lincoln, believing that constitutional points had been settled, issued a proclamation stating that sixty days from that date West Virginia should enter the Union. Accordingly, on June 20, 1863, West Virginia took her place as the thirty-fifth state in the Union.

The Pierpont government now left Wheeling and established itself beyond the borders of West Virginia at Alexandria, Virginia, within the shadow of the national capitol. At Wheeling, a new government took

office under the leadership of Arthur I. Boreman, the first governor of West Virginia.

The development of the state gained some impetus through an exhibit of its coal, iron, timber, and other resources at the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876. Soon after the state had shown to the world the vastness and variety of her resources. New mines were opened, new saw mills were built and new people came in. In 1892, West Virginia exceeded all other states in the building of railroads.

Thus was launched the new state, the "Mountain State," which in the year 1963 commemorated its hundred years of statehood.

THEY LEAVE US HERE

BY HOPE TUREMAN

*Now they leave to fight a war
(Though bullets are not kind)
They leave a kindred, sheltered shore
For vermin dust where blood resigned.*

*They leave with bodies straight and tall
(Knowing bullets are not kind)
Into a land of jungle wall
With bloodless lips to men reclined.*

*They leave us here, who do not know
Why now we're so resigned
To make a dusky, deadly foe
For no bullets are kind.*

SITTING ALONE

BY PATRICIA S. WEBBER

*Warm happiness is flowing into me
I accept it timidly
And then
A chilling fear
A doubt of myself in myself
Causes me to withdraw
Mostly I am cold.
My fingers are nearly frozen
And the bones ache
But inside the warmth is waiting
To spread glowing outward
Toward any warmth outside.
I don't need much
Sometimes a gesture will do it
But I need something.
I am afraid
Someday the warmth in me
May have to wait
Too long . . .*

Folk Heros and PROTEST

Every land, age and people have their folk songs and heroes. Some make indelible tracks and survive—in folklore, myth or history. The people create them—from dreams, hopes, aspirations, hungers. Some of the heroes may not have understood the social-cultural developments necessary to meet the people's needs, but they all have a common courage and steadfast loyalty to the people's cause.

Samson's power smote the enemy of the Hebrew people. Spartacus led the slave gladiators in revolt. Jesus took up the cause of the poor—"Blessed be ye poor," but "Woe unto you who are rich."

In old England Robin Hood took from the rich and arrogant to feed the poor. In the early United States, Jesse James, hating the railroad barons, robbed trains and shared his loot with the needy. Jesse gave the poor widow money to pay off her mortgage, then waylaid the greedy banker to take it back. "He had a heart and a hand and a brain."

Such tales root deeply in folklore. It makes no difference that the real Jesse James—or any of the others—may not have been hero stuff. The myth gives them hero qualities. It is these that matter. They were good; the folk tale made them so.

The legendary John Henry is a hero of another sort, as was Johnny Appleseed, but still a people's hero. He was all man, the kind the old Maker wasn't fooling around on when he made. A harbinger of automation, a protest against crass materialism that grinds the poor and lays the mountains of a whole region waste by strip and auger mining, John Henry—won—and lost—and goes on living to win again. Death didn't finish him; his spirit went on into a song that wouldn't die (despite the Smothers Brothers).

Likewise Mother Jones became a legend and a folk-song among the miners of West Virginia. She who feared neither the Devil nor operator gun thugs, inspired the early union efforts of both the independent West Virginia Miners Union and United Mine Workers.

Not many poets make it, but Joe Hill did. Not many pacifists, but Johnny Appleseed did. Granted, these two are not so well known. But what about the peace-loving Jesus? He made it, too—in spite of ikons and organized respectability; in spite of brimstone shovelers and hell-fire thumpers. None of them was able to steal the real Jesus or make him into a toll-taking task master.

The Southern mountaineer also has more than John Henry. He has his railroad engineer who drove fearlessly to his death with brave heart and hand on the throttle.

The Negro people have their heroes, too. In the old South were the Nat. Turners, the Gabriels and

John Brown's men. One of these was the white Virginian, John Kagi. There are many others, named and unnamed. The Negro protest song of pre-Civil War vintage sheds revealing light. Much not found in history books is here. The false myth of happy slaves content with their bondage is exploded. Sparked often by ironic humor, the song bears a meaning message.

After 1840 when the slave states clamped an iron lid on anti-slavery, abolitionist thought and activity, prevalent particularly in Southern Appalachia, both Negro and anti-slavery whites turned attention to the Underground Railroad. From such a background comes the song, "Nigger Bill." (We use this word fully conscious of its ugly nature, because it is of Negro folklore). In something of the John Henry spirit, "Bill" went looking for the freedom way.

*He's wild Nigger Bill
Frum Redpepper Hill
He neber bowed down
And he neber will.*

*He don' killed de Boss
He knocked down de hoss
He eat de raw goose
Widout any sauce!*

*He's runaway Bill
He knows dey mout kill
But Mossa ain't cotch him
An' he neber will!*

The slave understood something of the poor white's plight, too. In some ways the non-slaveholding poor had less security than the slave. This point is made in the old song, "I'd ruther be a Nigger."

*My name's Ran, I wuk in the san'
But I'd ruther be a Nigger dan a po' white man*

*Gwinter hitch my oxes side by side
An' take my gal for a fine big ride.*

*Gwinter take my gal to de country sto'
Gwinter dress her up in calico.*

*You take Kate an' I'll take Jo
Den off we'll go to de party-O*

*Gwinter take my gal to de Hullabaloo
Whar deys no rich whites in a mile or two.*

*He don' like whiskey but he jus drinks a can,
I'd ruther be a Nigger dan a po' white man.*

Another version of this song has these lines:

*You can't make a livin' in sandy lan'
D'ruther be a Nigger dan a po white man.*

Freedom was always a half-awake dream for the Negro, a hope fed not by slave-holder promises but by tales of the Underground Railroad or the many uprising efforts. With conductors like Harriet Tubman or the fabulous white Virginian, John Fairfield, who reportedly aided refugees to freedom from every slave state, thousands annually traveled on that freedom road.

*My ole Missus promise me
When she die she set me free
She live so long dat her head got bal'
Den she give out'n de notion ob dyin' a-tall.*

*My ole Missus say to me
"Sambo, I's gwine ter set ye free."
But when dat head git slick and bal'
De Lawd couldn' a kilt her with a big green maul.*

*My ole Missus never die
Wid her nose all hooked an' skin all dry
But my ole Missus, she's somehow gone
An' she lef' dis Uncle a hillin' up cawn.*

*Ole Mosser lakwise promise me
When he die, he set me free
But ole Mosser go an' make his will
Fer to leave me a-plowin' ole Beck still.*

*Yes, my ole Mosser promise me
But his papers didn' leave me free
A dose of pizen he'ped him er long
May de Devil sing his funer'l song.*

*Den I struk out an' run erway
Run all night an' slept all day
I foun' de trail to de hilly lan'
Never no mo' will I wuk in san'.*

For sheer dogged and bitter determination it is hard to surpass "Die in de pig pen fightin'."

*Dat ole sow said to de barrer
"I'll tell ye what let's do
Let's go an' get de broadaxe
An' die in de pig pen, too.*

*"Die in de pig pen fightin'
Yes die, die in de wah!
Die in de pig pen fightin'
Yes, die wid a bitin' jaw!"*

A Georgia mountain version of "Run, Slave, Run" is used by Hedy West in one of her Appalachian folk-song albums (Vanguard, N.Y.) Traditionally self-reliant and independent, the mountain people had few slaves and looked with disfavor upon the lowland slavers. Especially were the manhunters from the lowlands unwelcome in the mountains. Refugee slaves, on their way to Canada, were frequently sheltered by the hill people. Beginning in North Georgia, the Underground Railroad itself ran up through the Appalachians. Cabins and barns of the mountaineers were frequently stations on this road. "Run, Slave, Run," comes from such a background.

CHORUS

*Run, slave, run, de patter-rollers'll ketch you
Run, slave, run, you better git away!*

*De slave he runned, de slave he flew
De slave he tore his shu't in two*

CHORUS

*All over dem woods and froo de paster
De patter-rollers shot, but de slave run faster.*

CHORUS

*O de slave he whir'l'd, de slave he wheel'd
De slave tore up de whole cawn fiel'!*

CHORUS

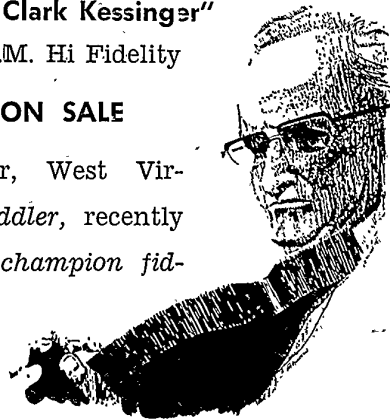
—D. T.

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PAID IN FULL

BY BRUCE AYERS

Poss Whiteaker was a tall man—tall like the trees and said to be as limber as a willow shaking wildly in a violent storm. His large, brown eyes set far back in his head and his long awkward looking arms hung loosely along the seams of his poorly-fitting overall trousers.

There was a smile on his face and a care free manner to his walk as he made his way up the dirt path in Insull. Insull—Poss was born here, raised here, schooled here (what little he got), married here and now, at 37, was making his living working in the coal mine here, and he knew that his chances of dying here were damn good.

As he walked along, he kicked cans from his path, patted little boys on the head and tipped his worn brown cap respectfully to old ladies.

When the Company Commissary came in sight, Poss's pace quickened and there was an apparent eagerness that seemingly came over him. He saw a long line of miners, men he knew and worked with, waiting outside an office that had the word "PAY-MASTER" neatly stenciled in paint, that had once been red, but was now faded to a dirty looking orange. The building, too, looked old and worn. It was a large, wooden, one story structure that had probably not been built to last the forty-five years that it had stood. The paint had peeled and the large front porch, that had once been ever so strong, was now walked across in apprehension in fear of falling through one of the many rotten boards. Poss's eyes moved from side to side, the smile still firmly fixed upon his face. Suddenly they stopped, resting on a small, hunched-back man that stood away from the rest of the crowd. He stood out like a snowball against a black-top background, failing miserably to assume the inconspicuousness that he evidently wanted. He was small, with long, untrimmed hair that flung carelessly across his wrinkled, yet hardened face. His small, beady, black eyes looked as though they could pierce the hardest steel. He looked at Poss, pointed a long, knotty cane in that direction and spoke:

"Well, Whiteaker, I thought you might be here. Now don't you forget me."

Poss looked at him and his eyes seemed to convey fully the feeling of hatred that had suddenly built up within him. Hell, he thought, how can I forget the old crook. He's always here on pay day, hounding the miners for "his" money. He called it his money, anyway. He loaned a fellow \$1.00 and demanded \$2.00 in return, and since he was the only man in the mining camp with money, he always got what he asked. He wasn't the best liked man in Insull. As a matter of fact, Poss couldn't think of anybody, anywhere, that liked Lewis Strooch.

Strooch had loaned Poss \$25.00 two weeks ago, and Poss had reluctantly agreed to pay \$50.00 in return. Hell, he had no alternative. He remembered how sick Rickey, his youngest son, had been and how desperately he needed a doctor's care. Damn, Poss thought, I'd promised myself a thousand times I'd never borrow another penny from that miser, but I guess I didn't have no choice this time.

"Lewis, I'm going to pay you," Poss said, "but let me pay you only that \$25.00 I borrowed. My family's got to eat, you know."

"Now, Poss, you know right well the terms of our agreement. You got \$25.00 from me when that boy of yours was sick, and said you'd pay me back \$50.00. Now I got this paper here that says you borrowed \$50.00, not \$25.00. Now I'm an old man and I'll have to have my money."

Poss turned and spit at old Lewis' feet. "Hell, you've got half the money ever made in this mine, and damn you, you ain't spent ten cents of it. I don't care what that paper says, I ain't paying you one red cent more than I borrowed."

Lewis' eyes became balls of fire and he struck at the porch floor with his long, black cane.

"Now listen to me," he bellowed, "I'm going to have my money one way or the other. You're going to pay me in full."

Poss knew only too well what Lewis meant. It was known for many miles that when one failed to pay Lewis that which was stipulated to in "the agreement," he often found himself the unfortunate victim of a vicious beating from one of Lewis' thugs that he used for collectors. Poss thought; he realized he didn't want to be next.

"Lewis," Poss said, "I'll pay you. I'll pay you in full."

It was a cold, wintery morning and the snow was falling ever so softly onto a frozen, dormant earth. The smoke climbed lazily from the mining camp houses only to disappear into a dark, cloudy sky. Poss had arisen at 5:30 this morning. After eating breakfast, he walked the quarter mile to the mine. That day he loaded twelve tons of hard, black coal. He had earned his twenty dollars. Now, at 5:00, he walked dog-tired from the shaft into the snowy evening.

"Poss, I want to talk to you," someone hollered.

Poss looked and saw the county sheriff leaning against his old Ford coupe. His tin star shown brilliantly, complementing beautifully the falling snow.

"Yeah, Jim," Poss answered, "What on earth you want with me."

"Just want to question you a little is all. Come on over here and sit down in my car."

Poss moved slowly, but deliberately, around a line

of staring miners and made his way to Jim Mayne's car. He opened the door and sat down in the seat that was covered with dust from the industry.

"Now, Jim," Poss spoke "What's this all about."

Jim Mayne turned and spoke eagerly, "Lewis Strooch's body was found in the creek this morning, over by the bridge. It was the darnest thing I've ever seen. He was laying there, face down, with a sack of nickels tied around his neck. The damn things must have weighed a ton."

"Well, I ain't going to pretend I'm sorry," Poss said "but what's this got to do with me."

"I'll tell you," Mayne said. "I figure the old tightwad was trying to carry that money to his shack, and got that string caught around his neck and then just fell off that bridge into the creek. But somebody heard you and him quarreling the other day, and I felt it was my duty—if you know what I mean—to ask you if you knew anything about it. Now all I want is your word, one way or the other, and I'll be satisfied."

"Sure I argued with him, Jim," Poss said, "but I sure as hell didn't kill him, if that's what you mean."

"That's good enough for me" the sheriff said. "I'm as glad as the next man that the old buzzard's dead. You know they counted them nickels. There was forty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents worth of them. I guess his greed killed him."

"Yeah," Poss said, "I guess it did."

It wasn't a big funeral, just a few people were there. No flowers, but there was a card of condolence. It sort of puzzled the "mourners." On a 3 x 8 white card was a nickel firmly attached with scotch tape. At the bottom, written in a coal miner's hand, was the following:

"PAID IN FULL"



BRUCE AYERS

Bruce Ayers was born June 25, 1943 in Cincinnati, Ohio, and was reared and schooled in the coal fields of Eastern Kentucky. He joined the U.S. Marine Corps in 1960 and was released from active duty in 1964 as a Corporal (E-4). Presently a sophomore, English major at the University of Kentucky, Southeast Community College. Editor of the college paper, the Southeasterner; President of the student council and a member of Phi Theta Kappa.

Spring and Summer, 1966



Photo by Earl Palmer

The peelin' of the apples is an all day affair and neighbors from miles around gather around to lend willing hands. There to liven the festivities is the neighborhood banjo picker, whose spritely tunes starts every foot a-tappin' and the peelings a-flyin'.

GUS WILSON

To some Georgia mountain folk who were kids on the Licklog in the early part of the century, the name, "Gus Wilson," conjures up memories of frolics and a tall man with homemade banjo who set toes to tapping and rafters ringing.

Nobody knew much about him. He was a quiet sort, lonesome-like and cheerful, too. Like a bird of passage, he didn't stay anywhere long, and seemed to go everywhere. Nobody knew the trails he trod. At sorghum making time he'd be on Turkey Creek livening up the Kim Mulkey stir-offs, Corn-shuckins at John Whitakers barn seldom ended without Gus and his banjo. And down on the Cartecay below Sebe Burrell's store, Rufe Morris' mill stones seem to hold the banjo ring long after Gus had gone on his way.

If he had kinfolks nobody knew. But wherever Gus went the latchstring was hanging out.

When Harlan Tabor and Lizzy Larmon married they moved to a cabin Harlan built by a spring at the foot of big Piney Spur Mountain. It was a lonesome spot, miles from neighbors. But it was convenient for Harlan's purpose. He always made a right smart little tad of corn liquor in the fall. The revenooers hardly ever got up that far. But Gus did. Lizzy herself knew many an old song and could hist a fetching tune, lonesome or lively. Gus slept down on a pallet by the hearth stones.

Once in the dead of night folks heard Gus playing and singing on top of the Piney Spur. Nothing but

Page Twenty-nine

whippoorwills, owls, foxes and wild catamounts used up there. The music floated down to Turkey Creek on one side and the Licklog on the other. Folks just said Gus was getting rid of some botherment, playing his troubles away. He'd do that way, they said.

But when the music came crawling through the cracks of their cabin Harlan and Lizzy got up out of bed and tromped the trail to the mountain top. There they sat on a log listening till the break of day.

Old folks good-naturedly said Gus "warn't much good, but thar warn't no harm in him." Young folks had different views. When word passed that Gus was walking on the Licklog they hurried to get night things done up to go a looking. For wherever Gus was there was always a little more life tinkle to sweeten a body's feelings after a hard days work.

At times he tickled the banjo strings in such fanciful light-heartedness that even the old folks moved out on the floor to shake a leg. Other times he might be real sad like, and then he'd usually sing. He sang the

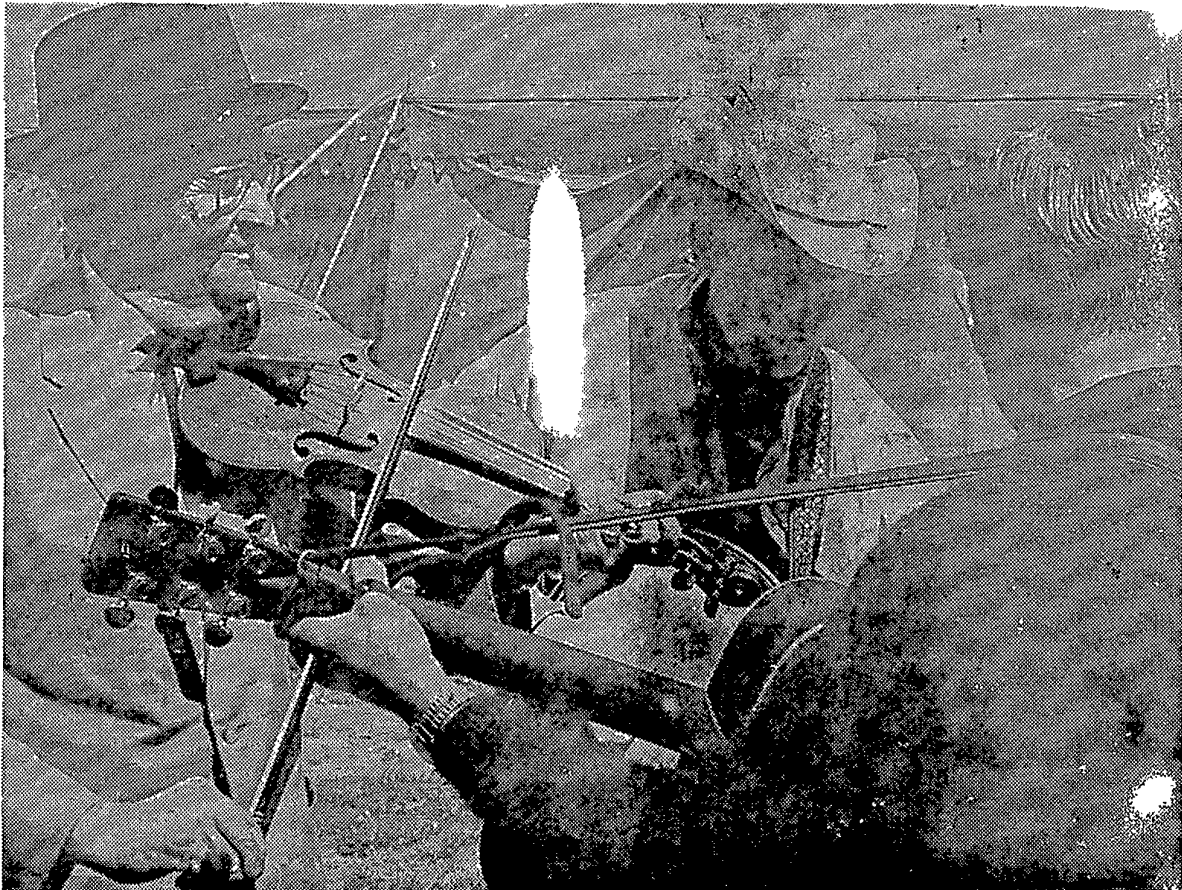
old songs so feelingly that listeners lived along in the singing. His favorite song was *Pretty Saro*. Some said the song meant something personal to Gus. But if he ever had a sweetheart she was on some other creek. None of us ever knew about her.

Whatever happened to Gus?

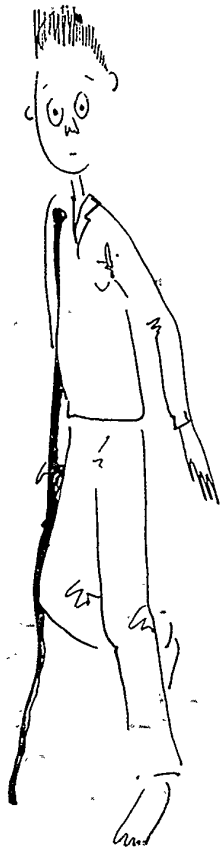
Who knows? There's no certain record. Some say he went west with Jim Sparks and Lum Ledbetter, two other mountain musicians. Some say he went to work in the copper mines at Ducktown, Tennessee and was buried in a cave-in. Others say he's been seen walking across the Mat Mulkey Gap on Piney Spur by Harlan and Lizzy's place not long since. There was a report that he'd been seen tromping over the Licklog hill. And there are those who say an unmarked grave by the falls on Owl-Town Creek may be Gus.

So much moving out of the mountains. Harlan and Lizzy went, and Harlan died. It's hard to keep up with folks and graves and things like that anymore.

—D. T.



Fiddler Clark Kessinger performs at the 42nd annual Old Time Fiddlers Convention at Union Grove, N.C., with band mates Wayne Hauser (center) and Gene Meade. The 71-year-old St. Albans man won the "World's Fiddling Championship" at the festival.



Luck For Little Lihu

BY MAY JUSTUS
A Story

The Linders lived in the biggest house in No-End Hollow. It had started out with two large rooms and a dogtrot in between. As the family grew, several more rooms had been added, and then a number of lean-to's had been built onto them.

There were thirteen in the family at the time of this story, counting from Grandpaw Linders who was ninety, to Little Lihu who was ten. In between, there were Pappy, Mammy and nine other children besides Little Lihu. I could tell you all their names, but never mind. This is Little Lihu's story, and the luck that happened to him.

You know that some folks consider thirteen a very unlucky number. Some of the Linders' neighbors were always reminding them that Little Lihu was the thirteenth one in the family, and likely to meet misfortune if his folks didn't take special care and look after him.

The Linders listened to all these friendly warnings for Little Lihu's welfare. They tried to look after him in every possible way. They were always cautioning him with some old saying or sign. They saw that Old Man Trouble never had much chance to slip upon him, morning, noon or nighttime.

Don't put your left shoe on first.

Don't look over your shoulder at the moon when it's new.

Never touch a toad.

If you meet a black cat, turn and walk three steps back.

It was hard to remember all the do's and don'ts. Sometimes Little Lihu did remember—sometimes he forgot.

This wasn't all. Mammy was so afraid he might be a little puny, she was always dosing him with herb tea just to keep him from getting sick.

That herb tea! It was bad tasting stuff. Just the sight of the black herb kettle setting on the kitchen hearth sent Little Lihu into a fit of mullygrubs. The kettle content was made from different roots, dried

leaves and berries. But no matter what was in it, the tea never tasted good.

He thought he'd *rather* be sick than to drink a dose of that bitter brew. How he hated it!

Mammy dosed him anyway, whenever she thought it needful. It is easier to *stay* well than to *get* well," she would say.

Then she would add: "I'm taking no chances with my youngest child—the thirteenth one in the family, too. I've got to look out for him."

In spite of everything, though something bad did happen.

One day Little Lihu started to walk under a ladder which was leaning up against a side of the house. Pappy who was mending the roof, looked down and saw him. "Don't do that," he yelled. "Don't walk under the ladder. It's bad luck!"

Little Lihu heard and started back. He was so scared he was awkward. He tripped a foot in the ladder and fell flat.

Poor Little Lihu was crippled for a week thereafter and had to hobble about on a homemade crutch for a good while after that, with his foot done up in a pine tar plaster.

"What did I tell you?" Pappy said. "This will make you remember to look out for bad luck from now on. Take no more chances."

Bad luck this was, for a fact. And it seemed worse to Little Lihu because now Mammy had a good excuse to dose him with herb tea. "Just to build up your strength," she said. She made it fresh every morning and kept it steaming all day long. Little Lihu had to drink it morning, noon and night and at odd times besides. Yes, it was a bad spot for a boy to be in.

One day Uncle Ed Holder rode up to invite the Linders—men and boys, of course—to go on a big bear hunt. A large bear had been seen on the other side of Little Twin Mountain, and all the menfolks round about were going after him.

"He's the varmit that caused so much excitement here lately," said Uncle Ed. "Reckon you've heard tell o' him."

"No," said Pappy, "we've been right busy with the crops here lately. We've had little time to gad about and pick up news about a bear or anything else. What about this hunt? Bear hunting is against the law in these mountains since they've been turned into a government park."

"Not this kind of bear hunting," Uncle Ed answered. "This bear is one that's escaped from the Bluff City Zoo. Special pet, I reckon he is. They've offered a big reward for him—fifty dollars cash money, so I've heard."

"Do tell!"

"Great forever!"

"Jumping grasshoppers!"

These words of wonder went up from the Linders' clan which had gathered now, from Grandpaw down to Little Lihu.

"Let's go after the critter right away!" Grandpaw yelled.

Grandpaw usually led the way in any big undertaking, and the rest of the Linders family usually followed him.

Now there was more excited talk of how the bear could be captured without harm to man or beast. Grandpaw Linders explained how a bear trap should be built. Uncle Eben Holder, who had once been a cowboy out west, had a plan for lassoing him.

Little Lihu propped himself on his crutch and listened to the others, wishing sadly that he could go with them.

Bad luck had come sure enough from walking under that ladder. He might as well not be a ten year old boy if he had to stay home with the women folk and have no fun.

So with darksome looks and darker thoughts he watched the hunting party go down No-Hollow trail—men, boys and dogs. Some of his big brothers called back:

"Behave yourself, Little Lihu! Don't cripple yourself again."

"We'll bring you a handful o' bear fur."

"If we get the reward, we'll get you a poke of peppermint candy!"

These farewells didn't make Little Lihu feel any better. He got his banjo and hobbled off to play away his mullygrubs. Out the front yard gate he went and through the orchard where he filled his pockets with apples from the old sheepnose tree. All about him the

air was sweet with the smell of clover blossoms. All around he could hear the happy hum of the bees. Little Lihu had another thought. When he had finished his apples, he would play himself a tune or two. Then he would have a treat. They had robbed the bees a few days ago and stored the honey on the shelves of the springhouse a little way up the creek. Pappy wouldn't care if he helped himself. His mouth fairly watered at the thought of eating a big hunk of honeycomb. And then he would have a drink of cool milk. Mammy wouldn't mind at all. Yes, he would have a fine treat by and by.

Now he laid his crutch on the ground, picked up his banjo, tuned it and started to play and sing this merry old song:

Chickens crowing on Sourwood Mountain

Hi, ho, did-dle-dum-dee-ay!

Get your dogs and we'll go a-hunting!

Hi, ho, did-dle-dum-dee-ay!

Jaybird out on a hickory limb, sir,

Hi, ho, did-dle-dum-dee-ay!

My old gun will sure get him, sir,

Hi, ho, did-dle-dum-dee-ay!

Big dogs bark and little dogs bite you,

Hi, ho, did-dle-dum-dee-ay!

Big girls court and little ones slight you,

Hi, ho, did-dle-dum-dee-ay!

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When the song was done, Little Lihu felt like having his treat. With his crutch under one arm and his banjo under the other, he started for the springhouse, hobbling along as well as he could. It wasn't far off. He could see it through the trees, a little low-roofed log cabin at the head of the creek. It was a sweet, cool place used for keeping milk, butter and other things.

As he drew near he saw with surprise that the door was open. Somebody had been mighty careless, Little Lihu thought. What if a stray pig or calf got in and gobbled up the milk and butter in the cooling crocks! Then he heard something that made him catch his breath. Crash — smash! It was the sound of crockery breaking against the rocks of the springhouse floor. Little Lihu tried to go faster. Farther and farther along he tried to swing his crutch. If he didn't get there in a hip-and-hurry, everything would be ruined. Maybe it was already, but he couldn't stop or slow up to think about that. Not even if his foot was hurting worse and worse with every dragging step.

Smash! Crash! There went another crock. But he simply couldn't hurry along any faster. With a painful gasp of breath he finally reached the springhouse and peered through the door.

What he saw inside made him reel back and sent his crutch flying. It was no pig or calf that was doing the mischief there, but a big black bear. At the very moment Little Lihu saw him he was doing his best to climb the wall and reach the honey on the shelf. A big paw toppled the ten-gallon can and it rolled over and over on the stone floor beneath with a loud bang. At the same time Little Lihu swung the door between him and the bear. But where was the bar that held it in place? There it lay on the ground, broken, close to his crutch. The crutch—it would do for a door bar! Little Lihu grabbed it up and shot it into place. The crutch would hold—it was made of hickory.

Inside, the bear was lunging around with the can of honey. He seemed to be having some trouble getting the lid off.

Little Lihu found a peep hole in the chinking of the springhouse, and put his eye closed to it to watch the antics of the bear who had now found himself shut up and was trying to break the door down. He did not see or hear the folks coming up behind him, till all of a sudden somebody yelled, "Hey, there!"

He turned to see the hunting party, his own folks and many others. It looked like all the men and boys on Little Twin. Grandpaw Linders was in the lead, and Pappy close behind him. They had tracked the bear up the creek to this place, they explained.

Little Lihu left his peep hole so that the others could have a sight of the big black bear. He had to tell again and again what had happened.

"Reckon," said Uncle Eben Holder, "this old run-away bear is the Linders' prize."

Spring and Summer, 1966

"You've got another guess," said Grandpaw. "This is Little Lihu's bear—leastwise the prize money will go to him."

"Whoopee!" yelled Little Lihu. "Good luck for me at last."



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Dr. Aguilar was born October 20, 1919 in Mexico City but grew up in the city of Monterrey on the Northeastern corner of Mexico, where he finished high school. At the end of 1938 he transferred to the University of Mexico, where he took pre-medical and medical school, graduating in May, 1945.

His practice started in a desolate section of Baja, California, as a mine doctor, remaining there until the end of 1948. He writes: "Then I was transferred to another mining camp in the State of Guanajuato in Central Mexico, working there until December of 1952.

"Then I started a Residency in Surgery at the Laird Memorial Hospital in Montgomery, W. Va.; after finishing, I remained as a staff physician with the same hospital until December, 1961. Then I entered private practice in partnership with another colleague and together we operate the Hillside Clinic as well as other offices in Montgomery.

"In May, 1946, three days after graduation from Medical School, I married Sallie Hunter. We have five children, one girl and four boys, ranging in ages from 19 to 6.

"Caring for a busy practice does not leave much time for hobbies; however, in the past few years I have taken up skiing and flying; when the weather is bad, we go skiing and when it is fair, we go flying. In the summer we like swimming and Sallie has taken up tennis."

"Are We Creating a Society of Psychosomatic Cripples?"

BY DR. ENRIQUE AGUILAR

Our present system of welfare assistance seems to point that way, a system which I believe is creating a host of "mental invalids."

Take J. D., who at 47, after working in the coal mines since he was 18 suddenly finds himself unemployed due to a shutdown or automation. During his whole adult life he has done nothing but mining, after a meager fourth or fifth grade education; he has had no further learning except watching television or reading the newspaper. So when he finds himself unemployed, he has no qualifications whatsoever for any other kind of work. But he still has a family of six or seven children to support, between 18 and four years of age and precisely at the time when his obligations are greater is when he finds himself out of work.

After a few weeks, his unemployment compensation has run out and whatever savings he may have accumulated (usually none) have been consumed. In this desperate situation and unable to find a job he finds that he has no other place to turn but to the Welfare Department. Here he may be employed on the Aid to Dependent Children Program at \$1.00 per hour or else, he may apply for complete support on the grounds of total disability due to failing health. If he obtains work on the ADCU program, where he can barely exist until the unlikely event that he finds a more remunerative job, he may be given some kind of work detrimental to his health; during his lifetime in the mines he may have incurred some sort of partial disability due to accident or incipient pneumoconiosis, rendering him underpar for certain chores without completely disabling him. In other words, he may be assigned to some type of labor that he cannot easily

perform and which forces him to seek full support claiming total disability, although he is still far from being totally disabled.

The Welfare Department issues him a form to be completed by a physician after an examination to determine if he is incapacitated and therefore, a candidate for assistance. The realization dawns on him that his family's well being and support now depends on the result of the "physical examination." If he is not "sick enough" his family will suffer, so it behooves him to develop all sorts of complaints to insure his "passing." The most common complaints are dizziness, back aches, syncopes, numbness "all over," cramps, dyspnea, "stomach trouble," chest pains, etc., all of them of a subjective nature, impossible to prove or disprove.

If the Department of Welfare turns him down on the grounds that he can still perform some kind of a job, then he turns to the Social Security Administration and the same process repeats itself all over again: Medical form, physical examination, and rejection or acceptance. If he is consistently rejected, it is amazing the persistence of some candidates, going from one doctor to another with more and more complaints, hoping to find one doctor that will eventually declare them totally incapacitated. The sad part about it is that after a few months of forced idleness and real or imaginary complaints, they really become incapacitated, a sort of "psychosomatic incapacity."

This condition was found to be true after an extensive research program conducted in Charleston, West Virginia with middle-aged men who had been unemployed and idle for several months or years. Their condition had deteriorated to such an extent that many

were declared hopeless, although their physical condition was far from being incapacitated.

To find support for his family, he can also desert the household and abdicate his responsibilities or else, pretend to "desert" his family; that way, the abandoned wife can qualify for relief from the State.

Another example is the miner who, at the age of 51 begins to suffer from vertigo and even syncope. Physical examination reveals a "bruit" in the carotid artery and arteriography confirms the presence of atheroma. After endarterectomy he has considerable improvement with only a few dizzy spells here and there. However, his work at the mine was rather strenuous and he is justifiably reluctant to resume his previous duties; but his employer advises him that there is no other lighter work for him, so he has to be finally discharged on the grounds of total incapacity.

Here we have a man who is still useful and only partially disabled. However, he is justified in refusing to return to his former job because of the strenuousness of it, but on the other hand there is no other job to be had. Again he is 51, has at least a wife and quite often children to support, and again has no training whatsoever for other kind of work. Consequently, he has no other recourse but to apply for disability pension on the grounds of "total incapacity." His incapacity has to be "total" or his pension will be refused on the argument that he is still able to perform some kind of work. However, there is no other kind of work that he can perform and consequently, here we have another individual who is only partially disabled, who is more than willing to perform some kind of work commensurate to his ability but who has to be declared totally incapacitated in order for him to obtain his livelihood.

In these two cases the adage of "Too old or sick to be hired; but too young for Social Security applies." But in the meantime he cannot be placed in "cold storage" until he reaches 62. He still has to be fed, clothed and sheltered.

Another example, Mrs. J. Doe, with a sixth grade education, deserted by her husband with two small children. She obtained support from the Department of Welfare in order to rear them; however, as the children approach the age of 18 and she is advised that the support will be discontinued, she begins to develop a multiplicity of complaints ranging, as usual, from dizziness to heartburn. She begins to hound doctors' offices and she is even referred to a University Hospital, where the only positive findings is that of a definite psychoneurosis. When confronted with the fact, she becomes offended and even hostile at the insinuation that "everything is in her head." She nevertheless continues to hound doctors with her multiplicity of complaints trying to obtain a disability certificate which will entitle her to a free monthly check from the State. With a sixth grade education (mostly forgotten by

now) and no skills at all, she could hardly be expected to make a living.

These examples could be multiplied.

This brings to mind the fact that in order for these people to obtain financial help they "have to be or pretend to be sick," which many times results in their becoming permanently "sick and disabled," in the form of the psychosomatic cripple. If their livelihood and that of their families depend on this fact, one can hardly blame them. Of course, there are a number of honest-to-goodness malingerers, but those have been and will be with us since Adam and Eve on to the Last Judgment.

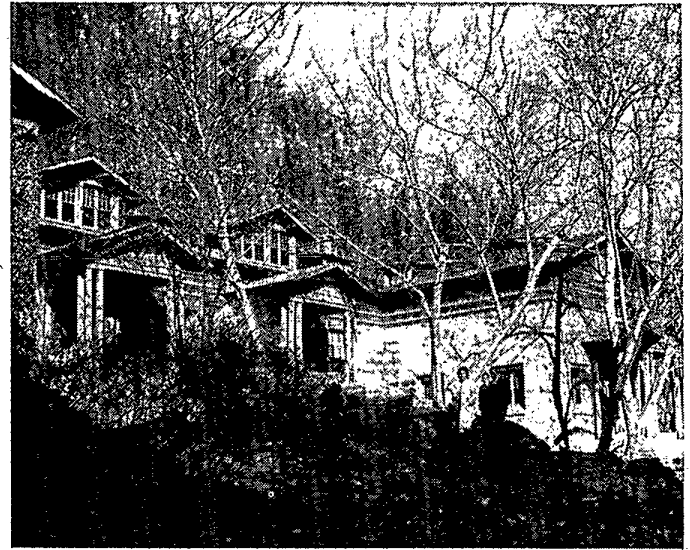
Perhaps we should use another approach. Perhaps we should tell the unemployed people: "Alright, you lost your job, you cannot find another one just like it and you have no other skills. The State will help you support your family until you find another suitable job for you or will train you for other kind of trade. You may have a little bit of silicosis or an old back injury, but you can learn some lathe work, or plumbing or welding or barbering that will not require physical stamina and which will allow you to make a decent living." In other words, tide the man over his financial predicament, soothe his anxiety about the welfare of his family until he gets back on his feet. But do not direct him to the doctors' offices with a recital of imaginary complaints to be found totally incapacitated in order to support his family, which is the first step to an endless vicious cycle of "welfare cases" which quite often extend to the third generation. Many of these people, and their children and their children's children have found the "State Check" as a convenient way of life. Perhaps by this approach we could return this people to society as tax-payers, instead of "tax-eaters."

As mentioned above, the problem of the malingerers will remain unsolved. The ones who will refuse a job even when offered one, the ones who will refuse training even when given to them free—for these people I have no approach or suggestion to make. Perhaps we should follow the customs of the old Eskimo tribes: "Those who will no longer produce, can remain out in the ice and freeze."

U.S. Government Pays For Overseas Smoking Ads

The United States Government this month (January, 1965) was revealed to be spending more than \$200,000 to help subsidize cigarette commercials shown overseas.

The expenditure is part of the Department of Agriculture's "product development program" and part of the money is being used to produce a film "World of Pleasure" which will tell people in Japan, Austria and Thailand why they should smoke certain brands of Cigarettes.—*The Independent*



Alice Lloyd College Buildings constructed by student labor.

UNUSUAL MOUNTAIN COLLEGE

On Caney Creek in a remote area of Eastern Kentucky the Alice Lloyd College carries on with a unique spirit and program. The post office is Pippa Passes. Back in 1916 when Alice Lloyd first came driving her buggy across the hills to Caney Creek the land was little changed from Daniel Boone days. True, there were more white people, but many lived in log cabins with dirt floors and no windows. Average income was less than \$25 a year. On Troublesome, Onion Blade, Defeated, and other hollows folk lived much as the earlier pioneers had done. Schools were few and far between. The young people were growing up without education. Even school trustees signed their names with an X.

The story of how this young Bostonian was drawn to these simple uneducated but sincere and inately intelligent mountain people; how she stayed on to found first a high school and then a junior college makes dramatic reading. (We don't have space to tell it here, but those who are interested should write the college). For Alice Lloyd left her name deep in the heart of Eastern Kentuckians. Her spirit lives on in the lives of thousands of graduates and the 272 students presently enrolled in the college.

With scholastic standards ranking with the best in the land, students chosen for Alice Lloyd College pay no room, board or tuition. They do the necessary work of carrying on the school, even to helping lay stones and mixing mortar for new buildings. And the College expects its students to pay more than cash with lives dedicated to working in the Southern mountains from whence they come. Most of them do return to the

mountains, too, even after going off to college and university training elsewhere. In fact, Alice Lloyd College has an unchallenged record with 97 per cent of its graduates returning to live and work in the mountains. No other institution in the Southern Mountains comes near this. Many, in fact, are backdoors out of the mountains for the best educated mountain youth. They fail to imbue their students with a spirit of dedication to the problems of their own area.

Alice Lloyd College follows its students beyond the Caney Creek classrooms to other colleges and univer-

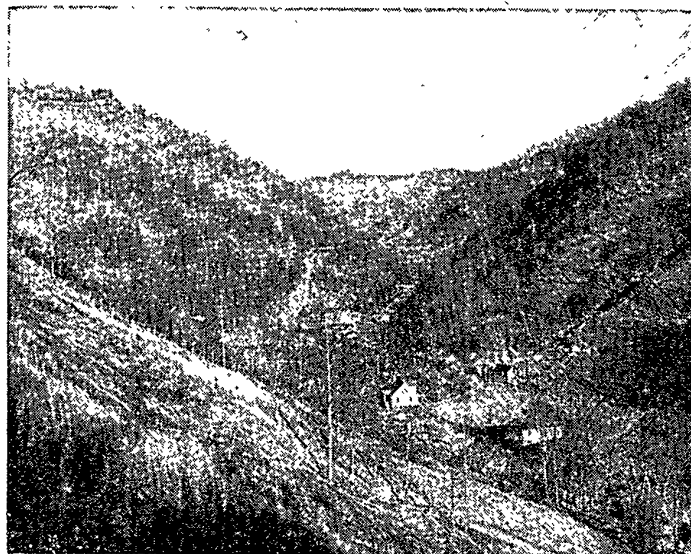


Students Constructing Pathway

sities, including Oxford, with scholarships, counsel and other aides. Among its graduates are doctors, lawyers, ministers, teachers, school administrators, judges and others, who now live and labor in the mountains.

The Alice Lloyd students definitely come from low income families. The annual family income is below \$3,000 with an average of \$2,800. "Probably, that low figure is attained only with his mother doing part time work," the college says, "... washing, ironing, clerking—as 17 per cent of the mothers do. If a student's father is not a miner—one out of five are—he is retired, disabled, deceased, or unemployed in that order. Only 29 percent do not fall into those categories."

But low family income is no index to the quality of a people. This the Southern mountaineer has shown in many areas. The unique work and record of the Alice Lloyd College is just further evidence of this.



Alice Lloyd College in Caney Creek Valley.

OLD HESKEW

BY DOLLY ROSE

Now there is good and bad all over. This story is about an old mountaineer I shall call old Heskew.

In the early days of Dickenson County, Virginia it was well known that Old Heskew had sticky fingers. And picking locks was an art with him. He had no schooling, but was very learned in picking the lock of a henhouse door, smokehouse or canhouse.

Old Heskew lived well, for he ate only the best. Once he was caught at my grandfather's crib with one huge bag of corn and another half full. Granddad had him arrested. Trial day came and as usual old Heskew took the chair pleading innocent. He was just passing by and stopped at Mr. Gilbert's crib to get some cobs. "Jedge," says Heskew, "them dang cobs help to cook a man's vittles." He came clear.

Once a neighbor hired old Heskew to help him butcher two large hogs. After the meat was salted down in the smokehouse the man produced a brand new lock which, he confided to Heskew, was burglar proof. He paid old Heskew for his day's work and went to bed feeling his meat was safe.

About two o'clock next morning there was a knock at his door. He jumped out of bed and opened the door to find old Heskew standing there, the new lock dangling from one finger. "I didn't take any of your meat, but I could have. I jest wanted to show you that lock warn't no better en the others," grinned Heskew.

Once when I was about eight years old we lived in West Virginia. I was spending a summer vacation at my grandparents' farm. Now my grandmother was pretty bad to talk to herself. I was following her out to the henhouse one day when she spied old Heskew coming. (He often dropped in about lunch time). "Why,

oh why," said grandma to herself, "does he have to put three heaping spoons of sugar in his coffee? I'll be out of sugar before market day again," she sighed.

Sure enough old Heskew stayed for lunch. I was allowed to fill the sugar bowl and set the table. I watched old Heskew put in the usual three heaping spoons from the sugar bowl into his coffee which he always managed to drink in two gulps.

All at once he jumped up like he had some sort of spasm. Grandma ran around and was thumping him on the back. Her eyes flew to me. She knew I had heard her protesting to herself about the three heaping spoons of sugar, but pretended I made a mistake in filling the bowl with salt.

Once the sheriff came upon old Heskew staggering along a dirt road carrying a gallon of moonshine. Old Heskew spied the sheriff and started running. As the sheriff closed in he threw the jug against a stone and broke it. The sheriff got down from his horse and smelled.

On trial day old Heskew swore it was kerosene. "If the sheriff says that was moonshine liquor, there's jest something wrong with his smeller," swore Heskew.

He came clear.

NOTE: *Dolly Rose lives at Clinchco, Virginia. She has four children and 13 grandchildren. Once a nurse, she is no longer working. At times she tries her hand at song writing or poems. About this story she writes: "For several years I have been collecting humorous tales about the mountain people. I thought some of your readers might enjoy 'Old Heskew'."*

BOOKS

One View of "Yesterday's People"

Jack E. Weller, University Press, 1965, 163 pp.

Reviewed by —
Ernest H. Austin, Jr., Ph.D.

Yesterday's People will prove important for those of the middle class (God's favorite people) who see individuals simply as objects to be manipulated into their proper place in an impersonal and complex society. It is also an explanation of author Weller's failure to understand mountain people despite his thirteen years of effort. His vain labors result from the unwillingness to give up parts of himself other than his large vocabulary and Roberts' *Rules of Order*; nor is success likely to result for a man who contends, in relation to the lower class segment of mountain society, that there are no advantages, "only disadvantages," a point which he later seems to contradict. Rather than leading me to weep, his failure to understand fills me with glee and lessens my terror that he would be able to use such understanding to infiltrate and adapt to the mountain culture in order to remold inferior, static and backward pieces of clay (the mountaineers) into his own beloved middle class image (which, incidentally, he equates with a total movement toward progressive perfection). The main lesson I got from the book is that, really, we can sleep soundly tonight for all is well with the middle class caretakers of society, and, of course, their successful business practices.

The style of the book is consistent with Weller's position: it is written in an impersonal (but not necessarily objective) sociological jargon, and its scholarship is weak. Judged solely upon its descriptive analysis, failure still remains. Contradictions abound. Weller tells the reader that mountain people are "place bound," then laments their migratory habits; he states that they are so independent as to disdain group cooperation, then speaks of their emotional dependence upon group and community agreement; we are told that the mountain child is forced into independent choices early in life, but the next sentence adds that the mountaineer "must always rely on someone else;" we find that the people do not value money a great deal, while on the previous page it was stated that "Money is a goal or object, . . . and is sought . . ." Mountain teenagers find life dull because they have nothing to do, but there is little delinquency "partly because the rural nature of the area provides plenty of room to work off pent-up emotions" via hiking, fish-

ing, exploring, hunting, etc. On the one hand, we are informed that mountain folk lack spontaneous humor and laughter, but on the other hand there is "Considerable joking and teasing." In spite of the evidence of some beauty in the mountain culture (music, arts, crafts, humanness) Weller tells his readers that mountaineers do not even consider the "secondary goals of beauty, excellence, refinement, 'the good life,'" that they have no "desire for excellence in anything, except sports!" The author explains that the people fiercely reject change of any kind, and then he later demonstrates how they readily accept and become attached to changes. There is more, but space does not permit. Confusion?

Weller's conception of reform is also consistent with his basic assumptions (which he never questions): The worst enemy of the mountaineer is, of course, the mountaineer himself (his attitudes and peculiarities). Despite Weller's claims to the contrary (which becomes mere verbalizings when tested against his entire text), he is an enemy of uniqueness. By stressing what he considers as mountain anachronisms, Weller is able to evade his real responsibility to point to and accuse enemies from without. Never is the author suspect of his own code. The mountaineer, he admits, has been *exploited in the past*, but he says nothing regarding *present exploitation* by land and coal companies, by corrupt politicians, or by ministers with good intentions. The only indication Weller gives that all may not be fair play outside is the statement that the mountaineer "regards himself as being exploited by government and by business—and, indeed, this has happened often enough to justify his feelings." It is interesting to know what *has happened*, but it would also be informative to know what *is happening*. What is the degree of exploitation, if any, *now*? I suggest that many instances, such as recent legislative testimony in Kentucky, place Weller's safe position ("safe" in that it would disturb no one but the mountaineer) in other than brave light. But the author is fearless in one respect when he tells of mountaineers "stealing trees and illegally mining coal." Apparently only small and illegal theft disturbs him. Perhaps it is also proper to point out here that even legislative efforts seem more bent upon the conservation of natural rather than human resources.

Weller gets rid of one unreasonable mountain ster-

eotype, then replaces it with two others which are also simple, neat and fallacious. As an example, we may use the contrasting views toward work held by the mountaineer and the middle classman: The former is an "action seeker" who works "in order to live" solely in an unplanned present; the middle classman, on the other hand is a "routine seeker" who lives "in order to work" in a planned society where "man is to serve industry," "to meet the needs of industries," through the addiction to daily, unthinking routine so necessary to a complex, impersonal and mechanical society. For Weller, this is the "good life," since "It is in the routine of life that the daily round makes the most sense and gives the most pleasure." This gross amateurish philosophic assumption, which never considers the possibility that industry should be subordinate to its effects upon human beings, highlights a fatalism of Weller's akin to the fatalism he bemoans about the mountaineer: our industrial society is a gem of nearly flawless perfection, needing no changes; and to educate for its acceptance would enable people to be "more able to take in stride whatever comes along." Education, then should become a fatalistic acceptance to the corporate world as it is; men, apparently, cannot improve it. This attitude enables Weller to criticize the mountain man for running his business "by personal feelings rather than by good standards." In today's world, "personal feelings" are alien to and incompatible with "good standards." Good business is always impersonal. Little wonder, then, the reader feels he could justly replace the words "individual" or "mountaineer" and substitute for them terms such as "object," "brick," "cog," or better, "factory fodder." Weller's impersonal *noblesse oblige* attitude is altered in method, but not in substance, when he amazingly discovers what perceptive people learn early in life: "Persons on our own staff have had to learn that this time spent 'hand-holding,' as we call it, is not wasted—that we really are accomplishing something when we are *just interacting as persons.*" (italics inserted). One can find many things in such a statement.

If the above is correct, the reader would expect to find, and does find, a lack of love, affection or admiration for the mountain people. Weller, literally, has to force himself to like the mountaineers. Neither does he hate them. Rather, he is so dispassionate that he never gets beyond the fringe of real life.

The author begins his rationale for the total destruction of mountain culture with an argument in regard to might being right: "There is something about a dominant culture which will not allow a differing culture to exist side by side with it." Such a statement deserves little comment except to say once again that it is consistent, consistent with Weller's position that he does not want anybody trying to change him (those who are "right" never do) anymore than the mountaineer wants anyone changing him. Thus, it seems not a matter of power realignment but a matter of confrontation, of what must be, which

leaves Weller with the secure conviction that his side, the virtuous side of course, will emerge as the victor. He even has an experience to support this belief: In getting the mountaineer to "accept" the "proper" sanitation measures, he relates that it took "months of firm determination, a few judicious arrests, and innumerable visits by the patient sanitarian . . . to convince the residents. . ." MORAL: The good guys always win, particularly if they have the blackjacks, indoor plumbing, and make humanitarian utterances.

Some points of wisdom are touched on in the final chapter, but even these are fuzzy and confusing. For instance, after 156 pages, Weller finally defines a "good" mountaineer characteristic: "The mountain child learns early to grasp the nuances in personal relationships, which is a good and desirable thing. (Does this apply to the lower class mountain child who has no advantages, "only disadvantages?") in an increasingly impersonal society." If this is unclear, then the following is not: "We, the outsiders (interpret as: we heroes) must have the long-range plans and move the mountaineer along one decision at a time." And "let us (interpret as: the good guys) guide the mountain man toward wholeness (interpret as: make him like us)."

Pushing for the destruction of the archaic mountaineer, Weller uses a statement by Marion Pearsall in which she states that our "largely impersonal and arbitrary regulated culture of the machine age" is the "only available alternative" to the mountaineer. I ask "Is it?" For instance, Weller speaks of what "The nation's industries" cry for: apparently, technically trained high school graduates (which, fortunately, is an impossibility in itself) to man the production lines. But, it has been suggested that we might democratically draft people to work in the factories. One wonders how Weller would like to spend six months to a year in a cotton mill, mine, or cigarette factory.

Weller does provide us with the answer to the problem: "a miracle or a revolutionary change in our social and economic ideology. . ." But he then contradicts and negates the answer by stating that: "We cannot advocate radical changes, lest we alienate ourselves from the very people we hope to serve." It isn't difficult to understand what he means by "to serve," but the rest is confusing. Could there not be "radical changes" which would not "alienate" the people, particularly if they were in on the formulation of these changes? For example, community ownership of mines. Weller's position is clarified by his aged bit of wisdom: "Don't expect things to happen in a day!" Remember our caution to the Negroes? They replied that many things can and should happen in a day.

The last paragraph of the book almost destroys the rationale of all that has gone before. I like it because it indicates that Weller is not really as certain and secure as he feels he is. I'm speaking of the revolution and automation of the cybernetic age, which has and will continue to alter our concept of work, worth and

leisure. He admits that the mountaineer is more ready for this kind of life. Still, he is not yet ready to advocate that we become mountaineers, even in a small part, which is a pity, for they at least are getting help of a kind.

There is something still to be worked out. Weller is correct in his belief that a society, based totally upon personal feelings cannot survive in a complex changing and technological environment. It can't exist in any kind of environment. The problem revolves around the degree of impersonality. In order to live it is absolutely necessary that we know, control and use both things and people. True personal community is an impossible though glorious ideal, for we are forced to depersonalize and dehumanize other human beings in order that all may survive. But, and this is the point, the necessity of such impersonal encounters does not justify the predominance of conforming behavior which stamps out being and remaining oneself. Weller evades self-responsibility in that he allows middle class norms to make his decisions for him. This is evil, for no man is obligated to habitual maxims in which he is submerged and lost anymore than he can be totally free. Reciprocation is the key; There is room in life for both routine and adventure. Society implies coercion and conformity of some degree, but cooperation does not, as Weller implies, necessarily mean impersonal relations.

The mountain people, of course, are going to be forced to come to an understanding with modern life, to alter some attitudes, but they should be able to state some of the terms of such a contract, and be allowed to formulate alternatives which we possibly are not even aware of. Perhaps they need not become mass men whose only purpose is to implement fundamental life decisions made for them at a higher level. Rather than passively "fitting in" to what is, they might be able to teach us that sometimes their ways are better.

I leave one strong request with the mountaineers and others in regard to *Yesterday's People*: For all that may be positive in it, please think hard before buying its philosophy.

WE ARE A PROUD PEOPLE

BY FLOYD BUCKNER

*A scorched earth
And melted bone marrow
Curl in the Asian sun.*

*Homeless people
And the sprawled bodies
Of dead children
Uphold our National Purpose.*

Glory, Glory.

O A H S P E

Kosmon Books, Rt. 1, Box 206, Morrow, Ga. 30260.

890, 7 x 9, ten. point type pages, \$10.00, or write for more free descriptive literature.

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bring about into reality that age old dream of peace, joy, health, happiness and security for all, etc. It will answer most of our difficult questions along these lines.

It is so conceived that it can profitably be read by all levels of education, and will exceed our every expectation, is fascinating, inspiring, convincing, and most instructive. Truly a literary treasure.

KOSMON BOOKS

Route 1, Box 206, Morrow, Ga. 30260

Another View of "Yesterday's People"

Reviewed by —
Jean Buckner, Book Editor

Supposedly, according to the introduction and the forward of "Yesterday's People," Mr. Weller's main theme is that the hordes of scholars, students, preachers, social workers and professional do gooders who may plan to invade Appalachia should not impose their middle class values on the Mountaineer. Mr. Weller goes on to plead that they leave some of the Mountaineer's personality, independence and identity intact along with the changes they hope to bring.

The theme is certainly valid and the plea compassionate. However, as one wades through the labyrinth of what I call cut and dried generalities of sociological gobbledegook, one realizes that Mr. Weller is doing the very thing he exhorts against.

In fact as one goes through such phrases as "existence oriented," "Action Seeking," "Routine seeking," "Person Oriented," "Object Oriented," "Fatalism," "Reference Groups" and "adult centered and child centered," one finds that Mr. Weller has not only imposed his middle class values on the mountain people but he has stripped them of any virtue and left them naked.

Mr. Weller leaves no doubt in the readers mind that it is better to be "improvement oriented" (middle class) than "existence oriented" (Mountaineer), that "routine seeking" (middleclass) is better than "action seeking" (Mountaineer). He makes it clear that to be "person oriented" like the people of Appalachia is terrible, fatalism is a sin and those reference groups are a hindrance to the development of any kind of logical society.

As he continues to superimpose these catch phrases onto the Mountaineer's society, it does indeed become what he calls a subculture. For by his standards, the Mountaineer becomes a suspicious child, motivated by childish emotions, who, if he is to be saved, must be taught to do better. He attacks the subject with the same kind of missionary zeal that strapped the beauty of Tahiti into bras and panties. As a matter of fact, as one reads the kind of examples he gives to prove his points one might suspect that in reality he is sore at the people of Appalachia because they didn't flock to the charitable arms of the Presbyterian church.

Under Mr. Weller's hands the strength of the people of Appalachia that has helped them to endure becomes mere stubbornness. Their loyalty to their family and their friends becomes clannishness. Their religion, which is bound to be affected by the harshness of their lives, becomes fatalistic. Their love for their children and their respect for the child's identity is categorized into such phrases as "adult centered

and child permissiveness." Mr. Weller leaves the people of Appalachia with nothing but their poverty which even he can not equate into a glib catch phrase.

"Yesterday's People" shows only that Mr. Weller's 13 years of living in Appalachia has gone for naught. For in truth "Yesterday's People" are, in fact, Today's People who will, in the end, as they always have, prevail.

BIRDS

BY SARAH B. ROBERTS

*rising in a flock from the ochre damp
stealing for a moment places reserved
for unborn leaves
looking through the mist
for the missing sun
obscured suddenly by a thickness
chasing down the wintery mountainside
in the middle of the morning
emerging still as the mist
for a breath
then away*

● **GRAVEL IN MY SHOE**, by Lawrence Edwards, Times Printing Company, Montevallo, Ala., 181 pp., \$5.00. Order from the author, Speedwell, Tennessee.

In an utterly delightful manner Lawrence Edwards presents the folklore and people of his beloved East Tennessee in nearly three dozen cameo-like stories. One reads "Bif and Little Bif," "The Shaggy Old Man," or "Natural Children," pleased by the author's ability to recognize human dignity wherever found.

Jake and Lilly Pressley were members of the Jubilee Holiness Church. They were good peacable citizens who paid their taxes with hard earned money from their little mountain farm. They were also devout Jubilee Holiness followers. But when unmarried daughter, Elsie, is found to be with child by Elder Adrian, the Holiness preacher, the peacable Jake felt like blowing the preacher "right into the bottom pit of hell with my sawed-off shot gun."

But being a "natural" child carries no lasting stigma in the mountains. By the time Elsie's baby is up to toddler size it is playing in the aisle of the Jubilee Holiness Church, Jake has lost his anger, and the grandparents are back in the business of laying on hands again.

There's a world of folk realism in this book. Author Edwards knows his people, tells an interesting tale, charged with understanding sympathy.

Editor's Note: Other books by Mr. Edwards are "Old Speedwell Families" and "Speedwell Sketches."

PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST

BY MICHAEL EVANS SNYDER

Deep in the wooded hills of Upshur County a man sits in the hay loft of an old barn. The late afternoon sunlight streams in through the cracks of the loft's board walls.

Slowly his thoughts start to drift back to the long journey that finally ended near the tiny settlement of Gaines, West Virginia, the long journey that finally led him to a homeland.

His life began 37 years ago in Silésa, Germany, which is now part of Poland. After the Second World War, the Allies had taken this area from Germany. And he, Wolfgang Flor, like thousands of Germans, had been forced to leave, to wander in search of a new home. He worked at many jobs in the English and American sectors of Germany, restless and alone. At last, he found work in a Whittler's shop that sparked his life's purpose. This lasted only a short while, but it was enough for him to find the confidence he needed.



Wolfgang Flor and Family

Through the work of a Catholic welfare agency he made his way to America where he worked as a dishwasher while living at a monastery in Tennessee.

After his stay in Tennessee, his travels took him to Cleveland. Here, he tried a variety of work, including carpentry and antique finishing. During this period, he returned to Germany for two month visit and became engaged to Maria Louise Busz, whom he had first known as a girl of 11. They were married in 1957, a year and a half later.

Before his marriage in Cleveland, his restlessness caused him to travel America. Trips to such faraway states as California and Florida made him realize that he was no longer homesick. "It is such a great land, with so much of everything that it cured me," he explains.

In the busy city he was never free from economic worry and could not devote enough time to his sculpture. So Wolfgang and Maria Flor began to look for, in his words, "a homeland." Through realtor's he learned of farms in Missouri, New York and West Virginia. Because West Virginia was closet, they decided to begin here. As soon as he saw the Rock Cave area of Upshur County he knew he had found what he was looking for.

As the Flors were about to leave for their newly purchased farm in 1961, he was offered a studio of his own by a prominent Cleveland interior decorator. But as Flor says, "I followed my heart to West Virginia and I've never regretted it."

Here, secure from economic want, he began to discover many things about his adopted state and himself. "I never believed that people could be so friendly," he says with a big smile. "Here I have taken roots. When I wish to rest from my work, I can go into the hills and say, I have found my place."

The work of Wolfgang Flor is unique because every piece he creates embodies his philosophy of life. To him, life is made up of good times intermixed with troubles.

The smooth surfaces of his figures represent happiness, the lines, hardships. He believes too much of either is not good. He feels one must experience hardship to appreciate the good times. But always his lines blend back into smoothness, and it is smoothness that dominates his work, not lines.

His sculpture concentrates of form rather than detail. It is not a photographic copy of reality, nor is it a distorted one. Rather, it captures the essence or the most significant truth of the subject as he sees it.

Recently he purchased a dilapidated barn for five dollars, which he promptly reduced to a woodpile. Once the years of weathering is scraped off the dull gray beams, the creaminess of native West Virginia chestnut awaits his chisel.

The entire matter of overhead is a proud joke with Wolfgang Flor. Seasoned chestnut, walnut and locust timbers are practically free due to his resourcefulness. For years he had used every commercial stain

possible to darken his sculpture but was not able. One day he noticed some mine timbers with the deep color that he had been searching for. So Flor obtained spring water polluted by sulphur and tried it. Here was the color that had eluded him for so many years, turning up under his nose. The only commercial products he uses are several coats of ordinary floor wax to bring out the luster and protect the finished wood.

The Flors live with their daughters Veronica, six, and Ulrika, four, in a converted outbuilding close to his barn-workshop-studio. The area around the barn is dotted with flowers planted by his wife. Soon Flor plans to build another house among the huge rocks that protrude from his hillside.

Part of his time is devoted to carving figures which he sells, the rest to creating new works. His commercial pieces are beautifully carved figures nearly two feet tall. Although each is patterned after a clay original, he never makes two figures exactly alike. He has a waiting market for each figure he is able to produce. Some is done on commission, such as the 12 Disciples he is currently working on for West Virginia Wesleyan College.

His most important works are his larger and more serious pieces. Some are half finished, covered with wax awaiting the touch of his masterful chisel. Others are in clay model form and many, still in his mind's eye.

He is beginning to receive growing notice through



MIKE SNYDER

Mike Snyder is twenty-six years old, a native of Clarksburg, W. Va., and a graduate of West Virginia University. He is Editor of *Travel West Virginia*, published by the West Virginia Department of Commerce.



exhibits in such events as the Mountain State Art and Craft Fair, the Mountain State Folk Festival and Winterfest '66, in Boston. But his greatest hope is to have a showing in New York as soon as he completes enough pieces.

When asked if he plans to leave West Virginia should the fickle hand of fame beckon, Flor replies, "I may leave West Virginia, but I shall always return."

True, he has no telephone or television set. Nor does he live in a comfortable suburb, fighting calories and crabgrass. But he has a devoted wife, two lovely daughters and a rugged 30-acre tract he calls his homeland. What sets him apart? Who can really say—but who can say what makes a man an artist—we can only judge him by his work.



Another Carving by Wolfgang Flor.

Photos by Arnout Hyde, Jr.



Four Foot mother carved from a log found in Lake Erie.

LETTERS to The Editor

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES FOR APPALACHIA?

The poverty you face so forthrightly in *The Appalachian South* I experienced during the depression of the thirties when a dozen families survived in an abandoned mining village in S. Dak. by sharing food, clothing, etc.

My parents, desperate to have something worth while to read, would walk seven miles to the nearest public library. Train-fare was a dime. Since the number of books they could check out at one time was limited, our hunger for good reading material was never met. We children read and re-read the few books in the one-room school. Books and magazines were passed from family to family.

Our winter coats (hand-downs) were never warm enough. Not all of us had footgear. There was often not enough food. But the deprivation I remember feeling most was the lack of mental stimulus due to the lack of good books and magazines.

To me this is the unforgivable and crucial tragedy of poverty — this lack of mental stimulus where, when given, might turn the coin of poverty to the other side, the ability to see ways to help oneself. I remember so well in my early teens being aware that there was a "big buzzing world" out there beyond my limited knowledge and experience, one I feared because, knowing so little about it I was unprepared to live in it. The world our young face today is many times more complex.

To help our young in Appalachia know the world over and beyond the help given in schools, would there be merit in the idea of a project, similar to *MAGAZINES FOR FRIENDSHIP* which has been sending magazines to foreign universities for years, *BOOKS AND MAGAZINES FOR APPALACHIA*?

The project could enrich both the donors and the recipients. I would appreciate hearing from those who think this is worth while and would be willing to help.

Rose Smart
Sycamore Hollow Homestead
West Alexandria, Ohio

WEST VIRGINIAN IN CALIFORNIA

Please enter my subscription for a year. I am from Wayne, W. Va., but am now a sophomore at Stanford University. I think your magazine is an exciting development and I am eager to help in any way I can.

I might suggest the possibility of selling the magazines at student oriented book-

shops in California, and I will be glad to do all I can to sell subscriptions here.

Tom Canterbury
Stanford, California

TO HELP GET SUBSCRIBERS

I am very pleased with *The Appalachian South* as it is very interesting. I enclose \$10.00 as subscription. I would like to have ten copies to distribute with the suggestion of others subscribing. I am pleased to know you are completely and entirely independent of all political, educational, religious or economic organizations.

Henry Petersen
Seven Fountains, Va.

"MOON MONEY"

At a meeting of the Washington Ethical Society I obtained a copy of your first issue. Please accept my congratulations and best wishes.

Your "Personal Word" (editorial) should be an inspiration and impetus toward investment to close the horrendous economic gap in American incomes. Certainly a few billion dollars borrowed from "the cow jumped over the moon" program, for example; would improve greatly the image of the American way of life—not only to the people of other countries but to Americans themselves. Am saving my copy of your journal for a very remarkable young lady from Norton, Virginia, who is in her last year at Mary Washington. . . .

James Edward Hughes, Atty.
Washington, D.C.

BUILDING LIBRARY

Can you send me a copy of *The Appalachian South* and bill me for it. I will pay you as soon as I get some money. Right now all my money goes into a plan some of my friends and I have for a lending library to educate people on peace, civil rights, social progress

Richard Chinn
Providence, Ky.

THE "GOOD OLD DAYS" ON CABIN CREEK

I went to work in the coal mines when I was 13 years old, though I helped my dad and oldest brother load coal when I was 12.

Before and after the coal strikes of 1921-22 miners were paid in script which was made out of tin. A dollar in script was worth 75c in cash exchange at stores outside the coal company rulership. Before

there was a union all miners and their families were compelled to buy from the company stores.

The operators had many pressures to keep the miners under control. One was the famous "Yellow Dog" contract. This was a club over the miners' heads to keep them from joining a union.

Under this rule if you joined a union the company would use its hired thugs or military, and in the 1912-13 strike on Cabin Creek they used federal troops to throw the miners out of company houses and make them get off of company land. Many members of miners' families were sick, some wives pregnant ready to give birth. And in those days there weren't any private doctors on Cabin Creek. The company controlled all the doctors. Many died and children were stunted.

In those days a miner had to be in his house from dark till dawn. No lights were permitted.

My father had to go through U.S. troop patrols to get a doctor for my dying sister. It took him 2 hours to get to the doctor's office which was less than a half mile from our home. He was stopped many times going, and he and the doctor were stopped several times coming back.

C. E. Bryant
Dry Branch, W. Va.

MAY VISIT APPALACHIA

I first read of your magazine in *The Mountaineer Trader* and then in *Sing Out!* magazine. I might be traveling to the Appalachian area in 1966 and am very interested in the region; also the music. Thank you very much.

Trina Simon
Detroit, Mich.

LIKES OUR AUTHORS

We accept your invitation to subscribe. We like your platform—we like your attitude about people—we like your selection of authors, not because of the authors themselves but because of what they say. You even mentioned Paine and Albert Schweitzer, wonderful champions of human dignity, indeed.

Please send us your advertising rates.
Fabro A. Hanks
Morrow, Ga.

A wonderful, fascinating and heart-warming magazine.

Barbara Crowley
Portland, Oregon

SEND SUBSCRIPTION TO SON

I find your magazine very interesting and would like to send a subscription to my son who has just moved to West Virginia . . . I hope you will be able to send him the first copy.

I enclose my check for \$5.
Helen T. Leach
Mason, Mich.

WANTS TO HELP

I wish I could help more. I am from Atlanta and my wife is from Chattsworth, Ga., so we know what is going on there. I've always been well off compared to most of the people in that area, but I am not really well off.

I will show your magazine around and talk to people to see if I can get other subscribers. I will also talk to some bookstores here to get them to handle it.

Michael Brown
Houston, Texas

FOR COMMUNITY LIBRARY

This is a request that you donate a year's subscription to our FDP, we are broke. I'm particularly interested in your magazine because it seems to me to be necessary to build bridges across the gulf separating poor white people from poor Negroes. Your magazine would reach a large number of people here, because it is a community center with a library.

Rick Saling
Valley View FDP
Sharon, Mississippi

Ed. Note: The request was granted.

SOUTHERN STUDENTS ORGANIZING COMMITTEE

I am enclosing information on the Southern Student Organizing Committee, a new group of Southern students who wish to work for a new and democratic South. Practically, this means that we work in the areas of peace, poverty, civil rights, civil liberties and other areas of social action.

In order for our staff to keep informed, it would be helpful if we could receive *The Appalachian South*. However, our bank account is always small. Would it be possible to arrange an exchange?

Sue Thrasher
P.O. Box 6403
Nashville, Tenn.

Ed. Note: subscription is sent.

Please include me as a subscriber, beginning with Vol. 1, No. 1.

I saw a copy in the library of Peabody College, and am happy to support such an endeavor.

With best wishes.

Donald H. C. Timberlake
Nashville, Tenn.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY

Thank you kindly for *The "Appalachian South"* which I have found very interesting, especially the article dealing with the exploitation of the Kentucky farmers by a giant corporation, leaving nothing behind but ruin and desolation.

If these people from Appalachia are bitter against this exploitation, even though they have been exploited by their own brother Americans and even though at least some benefit has been returned to them even if only a trickle, in the way of some Federal money derived from corporation taxes, you can imagine the bitterness felt by other countries who have been even more ruthlessly exploited, adding insult to injury because the exploitation has been done by foreigners, again leaving nothing behind but the same or worse desolation and no return whatsoever in "Federal Money." Maybe this is one reason why other countries do not like us.

I am also subscribing to your magazine which I think is excellent, not only the fine photographs but the excellent articles and editorials. I shall be looking forward to more of your good work.

E. Aguilar, M.D.
Montgomery, W. Va.

ANOTHER DAN TUCKER?

I was told in no uncertain terms by the residents of a certain Ohio town that OLD DAN TUCKER was the original composition of their favorite-son composer Daniel Decatur Emmett, the same man who wrote DIXIE.

The back cover of your winter, 1965 issue has a completely different story, claiming that OLD DAN TUCKER was originally a slave song.

Not having my books at hand here in New York, I cannot research this out without going to a Library, but I would like to raise the question with you, since you no doubt have source books at your disposal.

I am not doubting Herbert Wilcox's contention that there was a Dan Tucker (there are probably hundreds), for he has a photo of the tombstone to prove it. But the rest of his story is without any kind of factualization. He uses phrases such as: "It would seem to be a true folksong, indigenous to upper Georgia. . ."

So until he verifies his sources, I would be reluctant to give to Georgia what Ohio claims in black and white (so they told me) and suggest he has taken the song and ". . . suited (it) to the time and place. . ." of his own choice, to use his words.

The people of Ohio told me that Emmett got the name Dan from his own name, Daniel, and Tucker from his dog. It is of the variety of nonsense song composed by Stephen Foster (Oh, Susannah) and E. P.

Christy. "The Blue Tail Fly" is accepted by most people as a true folksong, but it was composed originally as a Tin Pan Alley song. Is this the case with OLD DAN TUCKER?

Sincerely,
Billy Edd Wheeler
Swannanoa, N.C.

LIKES OLD DAN TUCKER

Happy new year to you and *The Appalachian South*. I hope it continues to improve and finds a growing reading public.

The article on Old Dan Tucker was most interesting. This is the type of Americana which might become a regular feature. Surely there are many folk tales like this that should be known.

Best wishes.

May Justus
Tracy City, Tenn.

MOUNTAINEER AWAY FROM HOME

Please send me the first issue. I am a native Charlestonian. I was graduated from Charleston High School in 1947. I am very interested in your publication. In case you are interested where I learned about it, it was in the *Progressive*.

Mrs. Joe F. Hennen
Lafayette, Indiana

GLAD WE CHANGED PAPER

Enclosed is check for subscription. I bought Vol. 1, No. 1, and would like my subscription to your fine magazine to begin with next issue, which I've seen but don't own. I am glad you changed the paper, for I want to save all my back issues.

Henry Glassie
Philadelphia, Pa.

TO USE AS EDUCATIONAL TOOL

Please put my name on for a year's subscription. I was really impressed by your first issue. I hope to be able to get your magazine used as an educational tool in our U.M.C.A. and Y.M.C.A. on campus as well as our civil rights-groups.

If possible start my subscription with the Fall, 1965 issue. Thank you so much, and keep up the good work.

Gene Cokorny
Lincoln, Nebraska

GLAD TO SEE OUR PROGRESS

So glad to see the second number of the magazine. It's even better than the first.

The editorials, including the one on Caudill, are timely and hard hitting.

All other articles on mountain crafts, customs and needs are well written and rightly oriented. The poems, too, are timely and timeless! They cry out with compassion, yet march with banners for

mankind. Glad to see your use of Gazette photos on stripmining devastation.

Again, it's good to see the magazine going forth so lustily.

B.C.
Florida

RECORDS MOUNTAIN MUSIC

Recently I had the pleasure of seeing a copy of your fine publication, The Appalachian South. I think it is an excellent idea and is nicely put out.

For the past two years I have been producing LP phonograph records of Southern traditional music, 90 per cent. of which is from the Appalachian region. While I am operating on a very small scale, nevertheless I feel there is a high level of quality to the music I am putting out, and indeed my records have been very favorably reviewed by several important regional and national folklore journals.

I would be glad to send records for review.

I am enclosing a brief listing of some of the LPs I have available.

David Freeman
COUNTY RECORDS
307-311 E. 37 St.
NYC 10016

FOR ORIENTATION SEMINAR

Please find herewith our order and payment of \$5.00 for a subscription.

If possible, please begin the subscription with the first issue, Volume 1, Number 1.

The complete order is needed for bibliography for the orientation seminar to be conducted for the Vassar College students who are members of the field-study trip to Appalachia scheduled for their 1966 spring vacation.

Thank you very much.

Vesta Sonne
Director of Field Work
Vassar College
Poughkeepsie, New York

IF WE ARE TO AVOID DESTRUCTION

The editing and layout of the current issue are excellent. With clarity and gentleness, the editorials "Arts and Crafts" and "Time to Put War on History's Scrap Heap" express a point of view the human race desperately needs to consider if we are to avoid destruction. If enough people would give thoughtful attention to the goodwill and wisdom expressed in these editorials, man might possibly develop into a creature who could enjoy this marvelous universe we live-in.

Please send us another 15 copies. This will make 20 for us, and I will send check

Spring and Summer, 1966

for same. Enclosed also is check for a year's subscription, starting with the first issue.

You are doing a good job. We wish you a much deserved success.

Floyd Buckner
Los Angeles, Calif.

POOR NOT TO BLAME

Please let me express my great regard for your magazine and how much I enjoy it. I have lent my copies out to my family and friends in Kentucky and they like it too. It tells the truth, and there are few magazines of any sort that do that much anymore.

While I'm at it, I'd like to tell you what I think about a book called YESTERDAY'S PEOPLE by Jack Weller, published by the University of Kentucky Press recently. Weller tries to tell about the poverty existing in Appalachia and how the people are faring.

It doesn't take too long before you know that Weller thinks that the Appalachian people are to blame because they are poor. The people, Weller says, have funny, quaint ideas that have left them unsuited for life in these modern times. Their poverty, then, is only because they have refused to "adjust" to the way the rest of the world is.

Anybody who has his eyes open knows that this is not the case at all. If the people in Appalachia are poor, it is because the coal operators have stolen their riches and have tried to beat them down. If the people of Appalachia are "backward" it is because they have rightfully resisted the condescending gew-gaws tossed to them by the "modern, up-to-date" coal operators and strip miners, because they realize that such gew-gaws, useful or not, would symbolize their acceptance of their lot.

It is that refusal that shows they still have character. If they have to accept food stamps and commodities it is only because they have to live, not because they believe they are worthless.

Jack Weller's book doesn't explain anything—except that he has failed to understand the Appalachian people and is blind to the social conditions brought on by the coal operators.

Sincerely

Jim Williams
Internat'l Union of Electrical,
Radio and Machine Workers
Washington, D.C.

ENCAMPMENT FOR CITIZENSHIP

Enclosed is a check in amount of \$5 for a subscription

We are planning a six weeks summer study program in Eastern Kentucky and your magazine may be useful in our educational program.

Thank you.

Josephine Allegretti
Encampment for Citizenship, Inc.
New York

FRIEND OF STURGILL AND AMBURGEY

It was a real pleasure to receive your magazine with features on my old classmates, Virgil Sturgill and Jethro Amburgey. I enjoyed your magazine enough to ask you to enter my sister, Mrs. Ruth Keck, Sandy Hook, Ky., on your subscription list. Enclosed is \$10 to cover both our subscriptions.

It may be of interest to you to know that while I find myself in strong disagreement with many of your articles I still enjoy your magazine.

Harve Mobley
Congressman Carl D. Perkins' Office
Washington, D.C.

THE END OF THE LANE

I am sure pleased with your magazine. I would be lost without it. I am enclosing a poem called "L.B.J.'s Stormy Weather." It goes like this:

We are traveling up the lane together
Through L.B.J.'s stormy weather
We've seen great evils on the way
As your golden hair turned to gray.

We stroll toward the end of the lane
My love for you is ever just the same
We stroll together through L.B.J.'s stormy
weather

Till we come to the end of the lane.

As we come closer to the end of that lane
L.B.J.'s war has become a hurricane
But we still walk together despite L.B.J.'s
weather

Till we come to the end of the lane.

Harley Weaver
Montrose, W. Va.

HAD INTERESTING LIFE

We are deeply grateful for The Appalachian South. You have done a magnificent job as editor.

My home originally was in Pounding Mill, Tazewell County. My childhood was spent on that memorable Clinch River and the N. & W. Railroad. I came to Charleston in 1921 and went to work. The people were good neighbors here.

My life has been full of interesting things. I have traveled the Skyline Drive through the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine" country and seen the home of John Fox, the author. I have done some writing also. One thing I wrote was "Searching for the Lonesome Pine."

Page Forty-seven

I hope to meet you personally sometime, and am subscribing now. Best of everything to you.

Mrs. Carrie E. Summerfield
St. Albans, W. Va.

LETTER FROM PIPESTEM

I received your magazine and appreciate it so much, also the interest you take in my dulcimer and pipestems. I have already sent a pipe to the museum in Charleston.

I am enclosing \$5 for a subscription as I think you have a very good magazine. It depicts the qualities of our mountain people both past and present in an honest way. Thank you for doing this, and I look forward to next issue.

R. Vivian Vest
Pipestem, W. Va.

A SUBSCRIPTION FOR A FRIEND

My congratulations to The "Appalachian South" for discussing the real issues of Appalachia "The Exploitation of People and 'Natural' Resources, etc.

Many people I talk to about the problems of Appalachia ask ". . . but what can I do about it?" I encourage them to read Harry Caudill's book "Night Comes To the Cumberlands" and to subscribe to the "Appalachian South" (and perhaps to give a friend a subscription to the magazine).

Enclosed find ten dollars for my subscription and for a subscription for a friend.

Very truly yours,

William D. Covell
Madison College
Harrisonburg, Virginia 22801

EARL PALMER WRITES

I have received your winter issue . . . Allow me to express my sincerest congratulations on your presentation from cover to cover. . .

We have a charge to keep . . . in this land of high horizons and fog-filled valleys. Too few people realize how great is the potential on the part of the mountain man and his brood, provided with opportunity. Capitalists much too long have exploited our people in the payment of penurious wages while extracting the natural resources from our mountainsides without the payment of adequate taxes on the minerals and forests so mined and chopped down. . . Mechanization aided the money-mad exploiters so much that today coal mining companies of huge size turn out more coal than ever with but a fraction of the labor force once used. So that coal mining is a decadent industry, employment wise, no longer is a major factor in the

economy of the region referred to as "depressed Appalachia."

It is good to see that you are encouraging the handicrafts. . . Our Southern Mountain mountaineer has latent skills without counterpart in the world. Train this talent and publicize it and you've won a battle against the wolf went to camp at the cabin door of so many mountain folks. North Carolinians, for example, have long benefitted from the manufacture and sale of handicrafts. . . Tennessee is doing well also in their handicrafting. Both states have been the beneficiary of top-flight publicity. . . Just this month I had another story, this time in SCENIC SOUTH, on a group of families living on Beech Creek near Boone, North Carolina, who make folk toys as a real boost to their hillside economy. . . Although West Virginia is a bit off the main street of travel as compared to North Carolina and Tennessee, publicity of a wholesome nature would aid the cause of the mountain family who has something to sell very materially. Sad to relate, however, travel magazines, generally speaking, have been loathe to publicize West Virginia for various deficiencies, among them out-moded highways, lack of motels near tourist attractions, and a severe shortage of roadside picnic accommodations. This condition is very noticeable in Southern W. Va. . . a region blessed with some of the prettiest mountain scenery in Eastern America, and an area inhabited by some of the friendliest people I've been fortunate to meet in a lifetime of wandering the hill country.

The story "Mountain State Arts and Crafts Fair" suggests a query, specifically, where is the Fair held? I do not find Cedar Lakes on West Virginia Road maps. There should be an excellent picture story there for some of the magazines in the group I serve.

Again congratulations for the Winter issue. . . If you spot a niche where I can help please feel free to call upon me. Right now I think of the Trail of the Lonesome Pine Drama at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, scheduled to open in late June, and the Little Shepherd Trail atop Pine Mountain in Eastern Kentucky. . . If you see potential I shall attempt to supply you with pictures and a story for the Summer issue.

Earl Palmer
Christianburg, Virginia

Your magazine gives much insight into that vast area of our nation known as Appalachia. It is heart warming to know there is such a group to publish such a magazine. I would like to hear from groups or individuals with information on their work.

Although Providence is not physically in Appalachia, I suppose you could say it is in a spiritual Appalachia. We are a

center of small incomes and a "poverty pocket." Our two areas have much in common. Some of us are trying to set up a center for education on peace, civil rights and social betterment. When we do get it set up be assured that The "Appalachian South" will be in prominent use.

Richard Chinn
Providence, Ky.

I read both issues of the Appalachian South and like them. The photography is beautiful, particularly in your second issue. Please thank Earl Palmer for me and my family. We like his photography so much we put them up in the children's rooms.

I also enjoyed your West Virginia Folk Festival story very much. Here in Baltimore we have, I suppose, at least a hundred thousand mountain people who came looking for jobs, many of which are unemployed. Imagine the courage it might bring if we could reach them with your magazine which bears a message of human dignity. If you could send me a few extra copies I will see that they get to some of the mountaineers here.

I like all the poems by D.T., and really enjoyed the article by Harry Caudill, "Poverty and Affluence in Appalachia." I believe the mountaineers and the Negroes are natural allies and would like to see a future article on this.

Larry Rubin
Baltimore, Maryland

DEVOTED TO HENRY GEORGE

I came upon your magazine and really enjoyed every article in it. I know very little about the South and the mountain region. I desire to learn of it further. I am an American boy of immigrant parents, both dead. I come from Kerry, Ireland. My father died when I was 12 years old, the oldest of five, and I know poverty first hand, myself.

It is for this reason that I am a dedicated "Georgist" today. (Henry George, author of Progress and Poverty, Ed.)

Good luck to you.

Jerry F. Enright
Liverpool, N.Y.

WANTS MORE ON STRIP MINING

Please send me The "Appalachian South" for one year.

Wish you every success. Tell us more about strip mining in Kentucky's Cumberlands.

Raymond Mostek
Lombard, Illinois

The Appalachian South

Non-Violence is a Powerful Weapon

BY LOWELL KIRBY

The Good Book tells us to train a child in the ways that he should go and in his later years he will not depart from it.

Human experience shows that this is good advice. Unfortunately, the opposite is also true.

Train a child in the ways that he should not go, and in his later years he will not depart from it.

This is why it is so difficult to fight bias and prejudice. Something instilled in a person's mind during his formative childhood years is not easy to remove.

Prejudice and hate are common human ills. No one group, no one race, has a monopoly on bias and feelings of superiority. We are told that the Eskimos, who have no background of culture, feel superior to other races.

Research by anthropologists has proven that there is no innate superiority among any ethnic group.

Biologically—in innate mental ability—any way you look at it, all races are equal.

It is not natural for man to be biased and prejudiced.

A child who is never exposed to these evils never succumbs to them.

They must be taught.

We are reminded of this by a song in "South Pacific," which Southern race-bating politicians tried to ban.

The young lieutenant sings:

"You've got to be taught to hate and fear

"It's got to be drummed in your dear, little ear . . .

"You've got to be taught to be afraid

"Of people whose eyes are strangely made.

"And People whose skin is a different shade. . ."

The South has been permeated with an explosive atmosphere for ten years . . . ever since the Supreme Court handed down its decision that public-school segregation is unconstitutional. There have been many outbreaks of violence. There have been murders, lynchings, rule by mobs. Some young Negroes, tasting a new-found freedom, have gone too far.

But there has not been a "nigger revolution," which was predicted by some die-hard segregationists when the Court gave its ruling.

There is a reason for this relative calmness that has enveloped our land.

It is passive resistance.

And it cannot be defeated. Gain after gain has been made in the last ten years.

Why has the Negro's struggle for equality been so successful?

Because the movement is rooted in religious conviction, based on the principal of love for all people and

grounded in a sense of righteousness and justice of the cause.

The movement has been marked with a Christ-like quality.

This should not surprise anybody who has kept track of the struggle.

Dr. Martin Luther King, now the acknowledged leader of the civil rights movement, has always preached the doctrines of Christianity which teaches one to love his neighbor, to return good with evil, to offer the other cheek.

Since 1955, when he was chosen to lead the Negroes of Montgomery, Alabama, in their successful boycott of the local bus company, King has been saying:

"Our weapon is love."

King said the spirit of passive resistance came to him from the Bible, from the teachings of Jesus. The techniques came from India's Mahatma Gandhi, he said.

"Nonviolence is a powerful as well as as just weapon," the Negro leader said. "If you confront a man who has been cruelly misusing you, and say, 'punish me, if you will; I do not deserve it, but I will accept it, so that the world will know that I am right and you are wrong,' and then you wield a powerful and just weapon. This man, your oppressor, is automatically morally defeated, and if he has any conscience, he is ashamed. Wherever this weapon is used in a manner that stirs a community's or a nation's, anquished conscience, then the pressure of public opinion becomes an ally in your just cause."

That spirit, like Christ's and Gandhi's, cannot be defeated.

—McCaysville, (Ga.) Citizen

COMENTARY

The logical thought is a thing perverse

And Rationalism is even worse!

A Liberal thought is a thing to shun

And showing a human concern isn't done.

It's either as black as the Darkest Land

Or white as Florida's well-sung sand.

O where is that noble and able crew

The ones you can trust who will think it through?

Be gone! Lest the Censors should sense what is said

Though to you it looks gray, but to them they see red.

—R.E.

What Is Folk Music ?

BY RICHARD CHASE

Folk music is the natural expression, in melody, of the moods, emotions, and aspirations of a people. It is the result of a process of tradition—passing tunes from person to person and from generation to generation. As the tunes were not written down and standardized, manifold changes and variations occurred in them. These changes might result from faulty memory or from conscious or unconscious impulse on the part of the singer to improve the tunes. And so, with the passage of time, these tunes became ever a more perfect expression of the feelings and tastes of the bearers of the tradition. Music is as much a language as speech; it is not the language of the mind but of a people.

In order to appreciate the full flavor of folk music, those peculiarities which distinguish it from art music must constantly be borne in mind. Chief of these is the fact that its message is given exclusively in terms of melody, independent of any harmonic basis or background.

Harmony made its appearance in music in relatively recent times. It brought serious disadvantages, too, chiefly the limitation and cramping of melody to conform to harmonic convenience. Folk music, however, did not suffer from this disadvantage, for these melodies came to us from a time when harmony was non-existent. Their persistence through the centuries in the minds and hearts of our people showed that they possessed special excellences of the pre-harmonic period, namely, vigor, poignancy, and finely knit organization. The folk music of the English-speaking people is large and varied; and it has a wide range of emo-

tional expression, subtle gradations of mood; it may have tragedy without melodrama, tenderness without sentimentality, sadness without pathos, gaiety without frivolity, unrestrained high spirits without banality, rakish humor without vulgarity.

In general it may be said of Anglo-Celtic folk tunes that they are remarkable not only for their charm of color, their ear-taking melodiousness, their compelling rhythm, all of which are irresistably captivating to all hearers whether musically versed or not, but even more on account of aesthetic qualities which only the highly trained musician can fully appreciate. A critical analysis of these tunes, judged by the most stringent standards, would show they are well nigh flawless, and have seldom, even by composers of surpassing genius, been equalled.

If the rhythm at times seems complicated, let it be remembered that young people have become familiar with far more involved rhythmic patterns through their radio contact with recent popular music. If the range of some of the tunes seems wide for youthful voices, let it be remembered that for generations young people have been singing these melodies with pleasure, and that, too, without benefit of instruction from any teachers. As a matter of fact, these tunes present little difficulty when sung in the proper and natural way, without self-consciousness, with due concentration upon the meaning and the enunciation of the words, with no straining after sonority. —We must not ever forget that these are songs from the deep heart of a people and not operatic airs.

—FOLKLORE

A Ballad for Bill Moore

NOTE: On April 17, 1963 the Reverend Billy Graham wired the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., to "put the brakes on a little bit."

On April 26 an Alabama judge found Reverend King and nine other Negro leaders guilty of contempt and gave fines and jail sentences. . .

Meanwhile U.S. Attorney General Robert Kennedy paid a "courtesy call" on the Alabama Governor . . . Then he flew back to Washington and with other Federal officials went hiking along the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal on April 27.

At the same time another man, William Moore, hiked along southern roads carrying a message for decency to southern governors. Bill Moore was a big, friendly, peaceable southern mountain man with a family of three small children. Like thousands of

other highland southerners, he had sought a job up North. He was a Baltimore letter-carrier. But on this hike Bill carried a sign: "End Segregation in America—Eat at Joe's Both Black and White," and on the other side: "Equal Rights for All."

But he was never to get his message to the governors. On the night of April 23 he was shot to death on a lonely stretch of U.S. Highway 11 near Attala, Alabama.

Bill Moore is a symbol—he typifies the best in southern mountain tradition. His name will go down in the legend of folklore of the common people who eternally yearn for friendly human relations. His own words, "Is it not normal to want good will toward men?" lie heavy upon our times, demanding decision. This ballad may be sung to the tune: "That Lonesome Valley."

O Bill Moore walked that lonesome highway
He dared to walk there by himself
None of us were walking with him
He walked that highway by himself.

Yes, he walked to Alabama
He walked that road for you and me,
In his life there was the promise
That black and white might both be free.

He walked for peace, he walked for freedom,
He walked for truth, he walked for right
"End segregation in this country
"Eat at Joe's both black and white."

The lynchers' bullets know no color
As they go whining through the night,
They've brought death to many a Negro
And to Bill Moore whose skin was white.

They shot him down, no mercy given,
Two bullet holes were in his head
His body there upon the highway
Where lynchers left him cold and dead.

Each one must walk his lonesome highway
Each must decide it for himself,
No one else can do that for you
You've got to walk there for yourself.

Someday we'll walk there together
And we'll knock on Freedom's door
And if they ask, who was it sent you?
We'll say a man named William Moore.

He walked for peace, he walked for freedom
He walked for truth, he walked for right
End segregation in this country
"Eat at Joe's both black and white." —D.T.

The Ballad of Smilin' Sid

BY DOUGLAS FETHERLING

NOTE: Following World War I, the United Mine Workers' swift organizing efforts in the southern coal fields met heavy resistance at the hands of the mine operators. Hoping to dispell the thread of unionism in the area, and thus maintain their low-wage advantage, the Stone Mountain Coal Company of Matewan, Mingo County, West Virginia, drafted a plan by which workers who joined the union would be evicted from their company-owned homes. Matewan sheriff and former miner "Smilin' " Sid Hatfield—a descendant of those whose vendetta with Kentucky's McCoy family had made history some years earlier—refused to carry out the evictions. Stone Mountain then hired the Baldwin-Felts detective agency to fulfill their plot, but Albert Felts and nine of the eleven agents dispatched from the firm's Bluefield office were killed by Hatfield and his fellow miners in the "Matewan Massacre" of May 19, 1920. Tried, but later released for lack of evidence, Hatfield resumed his duties as sheriff, unaware that Baldwin-Felts was planning his death. But, on August 1, 1921, he and a companion were killed in an ambush while climbing the steps of the McDowell County (West Virginia) courthouse. The following tells the tale:

Twas early spring along the Tug,
All still in Matewan town.
But soon men's guns would break the calm
And blanket blood on the ground.

A miner's life was hard those days—
Black pits and wage was low.
But for those who joined the union,
Stone Mountain took their homes.

Sid Hatfield, Matewan sheriff, was to
File evictions in Stone's behalf.
But, having been a miner once,
Smilin' Sid just laughed.

Twelve armed men from Baldwin-Felts
Arrived by rail one day
To evict the union miners.
But with their lives they'd pay.

Hatfield met the train that morn,
And warned the agents to turn back.
They refused—then a burst of shots.
Nine sleuths lay dead on the track.

Smilin' Sid was brought to trial.
"I killed 'em all," said he.
But no one knew who'd fired first,
So Smilin' Sid went free.

By miners of the southern fields
Sid was made a legend great.
But revenge was planned by Baldwin-Felts;
Smilin' Sid was marked by Fate.

Sheriff Sid, on official business,
Left the mines one day.
But he would never reach his goal
If the agents had their way.

Some lurked behind the courthouse steps,
Some in darkened windows high.
But all were pledged to just one cause
That Smilin' Sid must die.

*From hiding places high and low
The hated agents loomed,
And fired from every compass point.
Smilin' Sid was doomed.*

*Sid paused, and wheeled, and drew,
With sharp pains in chest and head.
He crumpled, writhed, and rolled, and died.
Smilin' Sid was dead.*

**Coal Miners Songs Featured on New LP Record
Issued For Sale By The Library of Congress**

Through a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of New York, the Library of Congress has issued for sale a new LP record of coal-miners' songs. Produced from recordings made in the early 1940's, its title is "Songs and Ballads of the Bituminous Miners."

This latest 12-inch microgroove record is part of the series of folk music recordings that have been reproduced from the Library's Archive of Folk Song with financial assistance from foundations so that the public may share in the Nation's heritage of folk music. Accompanied by a pamphlet containing explanatory notes and the words of the songs, "Songs and Ballads of the Bituminous Miners" may be purchased by mail from the Recording Laboratory, Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. 20540, for \$4.95 (including shipping and handling). The order number for the record is L60, and checks should be made payable to "Music Division, Library of Congress." All orders must be *prepaid* unless accompanied by an official institutional purchase order. Mail order forms listing the content of Record L60 will be provided upon request.

The songs for this long-playing record were selected by George Korson from his collection of field recordings which are in the Library of Congress, and he wrote the editorial notes for the accompanying pamphlet. A Fellow of the American Folklore Society, Mr. Korson is the author of seven books on folklore, five of which relate to coal-mining. He recorded his folklore material in remote coal-mining camps and towns, mostly in the Southern Appalachian region. These songs reflect the folkways of bituminous (soft coal) miners of a generation or two ago, before automation wrought its greatest social and economic changes in the Appalachian coal fields.

A catalog listing the entire series of LP records available from the Library of Congress may be obtained from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C. 20402, for 40 cents in coin.

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RECORD REVIEW

The Legend Of Clark Kessinger



Folk Promotions, 1549 Lee Street, Charleston, W. Va.

This is a unique recording, because it shows that at 70 years of age Clark Kessinger still retains his fiddling talent and ability which made him one of the best known country musicians back in the 1920's. This is his first recording in 35 years. On this record he plays in a trio with Gene Meade, of Draper, N.C., on guitar and Wayne Hauser, of Winston-Salem, N.C. on banjo. The trio was formed at the annual Old Time Fiddlers Convention at Galax, Virginia in 1965, where they won first prize band contest. Kessinger also won individual fiddler's prize. Gene Meade won first prize in the guitar contest.

Kessinger had given up fiddling in the depression years and had taken up house painting to make a living. Then a couple of years ago, when he felt he was getting a little too old to be painting houses he retired and went back to fiddling. He began to tour the festivals again. Just recently he was declared "World Champion Fiddler," after winning every individual award and the grand prize at Union Grove, N.C. 24th annual Old Time Fiddlers' Convention.

After listening to this recording one can easily understand why he walked off with all the awards. I'm sure his agility in playing the fiddle would certainly be the envy of many a younger man.

For those who are interested in genuine, really good, old time fiddling and playing, would do well to purchase this album for their collection. We feel grateful that his playing has been recorded.

—A.W.

The Appalachian South

Food From Coal a Distinct Possibility

BY BRUCE CRAWFORD

CHARLESTON, W. VA.— Conversion of coal into food is seen in some quarters as the ultimate salvation of both needy Appalachia and the world's famine-threatened areas.

The process, we are told, would benefit the Appalachian economy because coal as a fuel is sure to yield to nuclear and other energies. Apparently the problem of unemployment, which might be further compounded by the coal-to-food technology, is more or less ignored.

Of course the "coal" food would be a boon to the fast growing populations of Asia, Africa and South America where millions die of starvation each year.

But first, what are the recognized possibilities?

For some time there has been discussion of laboratory experiments. Scientists have demonstrated that a whitish powder, high in both protein and vitamins, can be produced from coal by means of microbiology. This powder, used as a food supplement, would enrich the diet of both humans and animals. Scientists, in fact, have learned that coal's hydrocarbons will provide a high rate of growth for protein-making microbes.

The possibilities are further shown by Bureau of Mines research. As George Lawless of the Charleston Gazette pointed out, "several of the microbes developed in Bureau experiments thrive on coal chemicals to such an extent they produce protein 2,500 times faster than domestic meat animals. As an example, a 1,100-pound cow, grazing in a pasture, turns its food (grass) into edible protein at the rate of 1.1 pounds per day. But 1,100 pounds of micro-organisms, living on a 'pasture' of coal-derived chemicals, turns its food (paraffinic hydrocarbons) into edible protein at a fantastic rate of 2,750 pounds per day."

The Bureau of Mines, Lawless observed, is "making the first scientific efforts to use coal as a raw material for producing synthetic protein-concentrates." This is seen as the only answer to mass starvation.

Dr. Robert T. Joseph, scientist for FMC Corp., is research adviser on a project to develop bacteria that can digest coal to edible protein. He thinks that the cultivation of bacteria inside the mines would make it possible to pump edible coals to the outside.

Carbide's research leader at its South Charleston technical center, Dr. David W. Peck, is sure there's a "good possibility of all this becoming an eventuality." True, some people are worrying about a "carcinogenic potentiality," but he isn't.

A boost to the coal-food research program was given at a recent World Food Congress in Washington. Also a British firm has been operating a pilot plant using a process patented by a French scientist to produce protein from petroleum fractions. And a United Na-

tions agency likewise is promoting this and other research to provide food for a world population expected to double within 35 years.

With all this experimentation going on, the coal industry's chief task eventually will be to get ready for production—for changing "black diamonds" into nutrition and siphoning it to the outside, without sending a single man underground.

But would the Appalachian community, if not the coal industry, find itself headed right back to the dead-end that made the area a national poverty showcase: replacement of men by machines? Surely technology and social gumption can do better by Appalachia than create jobs for microbes but not for men.

Really, while coal owners piped coal-food to other nations under a foreign aid program profitable to them, at the same time benefitting taxwise from depletion allowances made up by all federal taxpayers, what would be done about the depletion of Appalachia's inhabitants as a whole?

Obviously a severance tax would be necessary to finance educational, recreational and other public services to attract diversified industry. This would assure a balanced economy.

Thus developed, Appalachia should make itself, maybe not an Eldorado or a Camelot with simple folk whistling in contentment, but a truly self-sustaining society, feeding its own while helping to feed the world's hungry with food made from its abundant coal resources.—Roanoke Times

WEARY AND HURT

BY PATRICIA STOVER

*I walked on
Believing in greatness . . .
I gobbled food
Believing all were fed . . .*

*I walked on . . . blinded and
believing . . .
Believing all were cared for . . .
Now I stumble*

*Now I cry — because I
was blind
And so trusting . . .
Now I am weary with
anger and hurt . . .*

TIMES ARE TRAGIC

BY SAUNDRA DUFFEL KEAN

*And in every book I open the same picture exists
The ugly face of the one who made me sad*

*And I slam the book shut and close my eyes
For a moment the face of guilt, hate and jealousy*

*Has disappeared to another's soul but sadly
Returns to haunt me again and claw*

*Out of my heart there has gone compassion and
tranquility
The desire to be happy and gay has left but*

*The dream exists still and my wishes hide
For fear of being found out I close all books*

*So no one can see the ugly face of time and experience
Even though the little one I hold is dead for*

I forgot to give it what I had lost and it was love.

SELF?

BY SUSAN MARTIN

*I almost had a friend once
But before I knew it
She asked me what I thought of truth.*

*I had memorized it at schools
But before I could recite
She said never mind,*

*Just to be myself
But I didn't have a self to be
Honestly.*

AND THEN I KNEW

*Education is what happened to me
when I couldn't cry
People would hurt and I would feel bad, too
While I studied.
A student isn't a bad thing to be. You can read
all about what life is.
You can learn, too — as long as people don't bother you
while you're trying to understand.
But then somebody hurt so bad
I heard them cry — then
I hurt
and then
I cried
and then
I knew.*

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SING PRAISES

BY PEGGY McHENRY

*Say a few words, preacher
Not too many
I got other things to do
Don't go getting me all stirred up
I've had a hard week.*

*Little boy blue
come blow your horn
To tell the world
the Christ is born*

*But blow it soft
and not too oft . . .
Daddy is sleeping*

Cast not your pearls before swine . . .

Sprinkle a few holy words here and there

*make me feel good
make me feel noble
make me feel . . . religious*

*Yea Lord, we greet thee
Full of empty song!*

THE YOKE

BY KITTY FRALEY

*Who was the man
whose toil-worn hands
From massive timbers tough
Hewed out this yoke
His beasts of burden wore*

*What crude ingenuous tools
Hand forged perhaps
Gave shape to bow
And left the hack-scar marks
The ravages of time cannot erase*

*Is this the last remaining link
Between his life and mine
Or did he leave a son
To till the soil
Where once the oxen trod
That wore this yoke
That plowed the rooty sod*

*A son whose son's son
Even sons unborn
With might and vision
Make a better world
Because he made a yoke
By oxen worn*

The Appalachian South

The COMING OF THE ROADS

Words & Music by
BILLY FDD WHEELER

Modto.

1) Oh now that our moun-tain is grow - ing
2) Oh look how they've cut all to piec - es

with peo - ple hun - gry for wealth, How come it's
our an - cient pop - lar and oak. And the hill-sides are

you that's a - go - ing, and I'm left a - lone by my -
stained with the greas - es that burned up the heav - ens with

self? We used to hunt the cool cav
smoke. You used to curse the bold crew

erns deep in our for - est of green.
men who stripped our earth of its ore.

Then came the road and the tav - erns, and you found a
But you've changed, and you've gone o - ver to them - and you've learned to love

new love it seems. Oh once I had you and the
what you hat - ed be - fore. Oh once I thanked God for my

wild - wood; Now it's just dust - y roads, And I
trea - sure, Now it, like rust, cor - rodes, And I

can't help from blam - ing your go - ing on the com - ing, The

COM - ING OF THE ROADS.

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& BUTTERFIELD MUSIC CORP.

CORPSES DO NOT CONTRADICT

BY HOPE TUERMAN

*Corpses lay scattered.
Roll down your sleeves,
Tuck in your shirt.
Your job is done.*

*Corpses lay scattered.
Throw away the knife, the gun.
You cannot. To the victor
Goes the trophies — scalps,
Gold teeth, skulls for paperweights.*

*Corpses lay scattered.
Butchered animals who looked
like men. You are right,
They were wrong —
Else they would live.*

*Corpses lay scattered.
The dead walk away. Right
Lies in power. Truth, on
Tongues left to speak.
The corpses do not contradict.*

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TWO POEMS

BY LINDA MCGONIGAL

*Go now
my friend
for we have not quite finished
that
step
silently
from
my
sight
before you feel conclusion's bite
my friend
go now
that our memory
will have no ending
let us not start pretending
now
go
my friend . . .*

THIS TOO

*Giving too much
Giving too little
My love thus expresses itself
My love thus hurts.*

OUTLINES

BY ANN DOWD

*Outlines
sketches of life
Never seen by those who
trace shadows on paper
Bind dreams in a book, stick
them on a shelf
And then slice life itself into little pieces
equaling 24 hours which
Runs on indefinitely till
The shadow over takes the man
and the worm eats through
the binding on the dream.*

(2)
*if
a beast has shelter, food,
a mate and a warm blanket,
he is safe,
secure,
at peace.
add one question
then another and
the peace
is gone.
The Beast has become a Man.*

(3)
*Masks,
grotesque,
Leering smiles
gnashing teeth.
All the world caught
In the lie of Halloween
with mask on mask
smile on smile
And the man lost
somewhere in between.*

I WAS A MINER

BY FLOYD BUCKNER

*I was a miner
Back there in '34
When we stood up
And shot it out
With hired killers.
They told me
That if a man
Was a man, and
Wasn't afraid
To die,
His kids
Might have a chance.
I didn't know
That being a man
Doesn't mean anything.*

The Appalachian South

Cultural Heritage - Folklore, Song, History, People

Volume I

Summer, 1965

Number 1



HEDY WEST, *Appalachian Folksinger*

Story by Dr. Cratis Williams on Page 8

A Personal Word

From The Editor

Our choosing to be a regional journal is with no intent to be exclusive.

We intend to stick primarily to materials and features about and by mountain people but it does not mean we object to "outsiders." In fact, we have a dislike for that word — "outsiders" — because so often it denotes a narrow bigotry. Anyone genuinely interested in Southern mountain problems welcomes help toward their solution from whatever source. No group, organization, or publication has a monopoly on understanding or speaking for the mountain people.

We of Appalachian Associates happen to all be native Southern mountaineers. In our next issue we will publish a list of our contributing editors. In this first issue we're just getting off the ground. We hope to be *a* voice of the mountains, but not *the* voice.

As we go along we'll say a great deal about history, and especially our mountain history. If men know where they came from, and why, it raises the limits on where they may go. In clearing up some misunderstandings about the mountain people we don't intend to be self-righteous. But we are convinced that the mountain man has no cause to hang his head in shame, even though he quite often my live in poverty. We hope to show why this is true.

We are interested in anything and everything that's happening in Southern Appalachia. We will lend whatever support we can to any worthy efforts.

But we are completely and entirely independent of all political, educational, religious or economic organizations. We intend to stay that way. We will accept advertising whenever we consider the products have merit and are fairly represented.

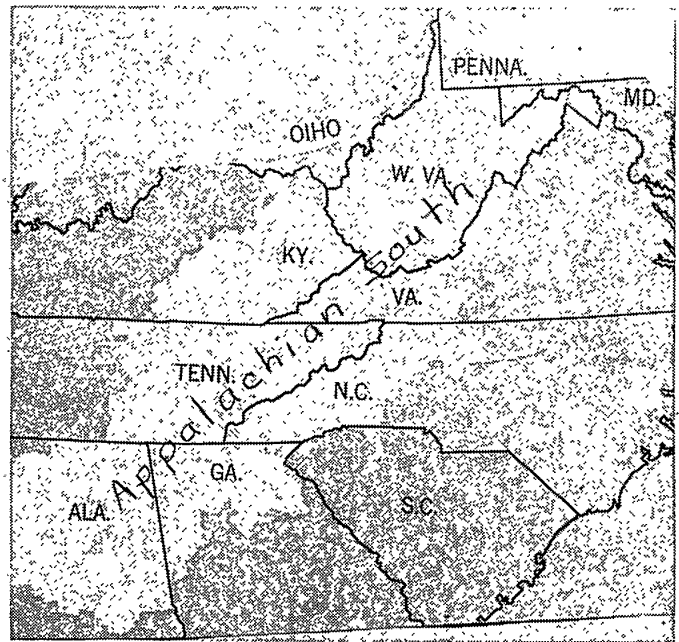
Part of our purpose is to print stories, articles, poems, art and craft reproductions from persons who may never have been in print before. We believe there are those who may have much to tell but have never thought they could write or had a chance to be published. We believe there are many of these plain folk who will want to read our magazine and who will write for us. We print some in this issue — along with some well known authors.

We want to help bring the voice of the mountain people to themselves and to others. Our faith is simple, but strong. We believe in our people. We are staking a considerable amount of personal time, cash and a lot of hope, on that faith.

—Ann Williams

**COUNTIES OF
SOUTHERN APPALACHIA**

Parts of 9 states are included in the Appalachian South. There is no hard and fast boundary line. Some studies may include another or exclude one of these, but those below are usually included.



ALABAMA
Bibb
Blount
Calhoun
Cherokee
Clay
Cleburne
Colbert
Cullman
DeKalb
Etowah
Fayette
Franklin
Jackson
Jefferson
Lawrence
Limestone
Madison
Marion
Marshall
Morgan
Saint Clair
Shelby
Talladega
Tuscaloosa
Walker
Winston

Boyd
Breathitt
Carter
Casey
Clay
Clinton
Cumberland
Elliott
Estill
Floyd
Garrard
Greenup
Harlan
Jackson
Johnson
Knox
Knox
Laurel
Lawrence
Lee
Leslie
Letcher
Lewis
Lincoln
McCreary
Madison
Magoffin
Martin
Menifee
Morgan
Owsley
Perry
Pike
Powell
Pulaski
Rockcastle
Rowan
Russell
Wayne
Whitley
Wolfe

Cleveland
Graham
Haywood
Henderson
Jackson
McDowell
Macon
Madison
Mitchell
Polk
Rutherford
Stokes
Surry
Swain
Transylvania
Watauga
Wilkes
Yancey

SO. CAROLINA

Cherokee
Greenville
Oconee
Pickens
Spartanburg

TENNESSEE

Anderson
Bledsoe
Blount
Bradley
Campbell
Carter
Claiborne
Clay
Cocke
Coffee
Cumberland
DeKalb
Fentress
Franklin
Grainger
Greene
Grundy
Hamblen
Hamilton
Hancock
Hawkins
Jackson
Jefferson
Johnson
Knox
Loudon
McMinn
Macon
Marion
Meigs

Monroe
Morgan
Overton
Pickett
Polk
Putnam
Rhea
Roane
Scott
Sequatchie
Sevier
Smith
Sullivan
Unicoi
Union
Van Buren
Warren
Washington
White

VIRGINIA

Albemarle
Alleghany
Amherst
Augusta
Bath
Bedford
Bland
Botetourt
Buchanan
Carroll
Clarke
Craig
Dickenson
Fauquier

Floyd
Franklin
Frederick
Giles
Grayson
Greene
Highland
Lee
Loudoun
Madison
Montgomery
Nelson
Page
Patrick
Pulaski
Rappahannock
Roanoke
Rockbridge
Rockingham
Russell
Scott
Shenandoah
Smyth
Tazewell
Warren
Washington
Wise
Wythe

WEST VIRGINIA

Barbour
Berkeley
Boone
Braxton

Clay
Fayette
Gilmer
Grant
Greenbrier
Hampshire
Hardy
Harrison
Jefferson
Kanawha
Lewis
Lincoln
Logan
McDowell
Marion
Mercer
Mineral
Mingo
Monongalia
Monroe
Morgan
Nicholas
Pendleton
Pocahontas
Preston
Putnam
Raleigh
Randolph
Summers
Taylor
Tucker
Upshur
Wayne
Webster
Wyoming

GEORGIA

Bartow
Catoosa
Chattooga
Cherokee
Dade
Dawson
Fannin
Floyd
Forsyth
Gilmer
Gordon
Habersham
Lumpkin
Murray
Pickens
Polk
Rabun
Stephens
Towns
Union
Walker
White
Whitfield

MARYLAND

Allegany
Garrett
Washington

NO. CAROLINA

Alexander
Alleghany
Ashe
Avery
Buncombe
Burke
Caldwell
Cherokee
Clay

KENTUCKY

Adair
Bath
Bell

The Appalachian South

(Published by Appalachian Associates)

Ann Williams, Editor

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EDITORIAL

A SHOESTRING AND A GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED

A long time ago a teacher of men defined primary values. They were "faith, hope and love." And "the greatest of these is love," he said.

With no intent to preach sermons at our readers, we take "the greatest of these" as a guide to our editorial policy.

No Hate Preachers

We have no interest in, nor time for, preaching hate. This is heard on too many radio stations already. Fear and hate, and violence and death, go together. So do hope and faith, and love and life. We choose the latter.

So we do hold definite beliefs. Editorially we shall express them. This does not mean we will always agree with expressions in signed articles or stories. We may not. The unsigned will carry our editorial viewpoint.

We Believe In Man's Potential

We believe that man has purpose in the universe, and that he will be able to implement it.

We believe in man's potential goodness, and in his ability to solve problems through reason, and to resolve conflict without resorting to the ultimate conflict, the Bomb.

We believe also that the well known poverty in Appalachia and elsewhere can be resolved, because now, for the first time in his history man is able to produce a super abundance of all the goods and services essential to basic human needs. Now the problem of distribution must be worked out. Much, but not all, of our space will consider this problem.

We believe further that, because of the peculiar history of the people of Southern Appalachia, there is good and positive material in our cultural heritage that can help us. This is why we are deeply interested in its history. We want more people to know about and appreciate that heritage. We hope to help our own mountain people in forming a true self-concept, because we believe a people's self-image is vital to its progress and future welfare.

We will therefore be greatly concerned with our history and our ethnic products of folklore and folksong.

"Hillbilly" Stereotype

In undertaking a regional journal about the Southern Mountains we are fully aware that much has been, and is, said and written about the mountain people that is false. We know a "hillbilly" stereotype exists around the country. We who will write, edit and publish this journal are native Southern Mountaineers. We are familiar with this stereotype, and we know it is false.

We are also familiar with other racial, minority groups and ethnic stereotypes, and the derogatory terms that accompany them: *Nigger*,

EDITORIAL

COVER PICTURE

Coon, Wop, Dago, Chink, Redneck, Peckerwood, Woolhat, White-trash, and Hillbilly.

We like none of these terms. They stir hate and fear and suspicion. They drive wedges of separation into the human family. We are sorry that the attitudes which usually accompany the use of these terms exist, and we would like especially to see these attitudes replaced by one of good will.

Because we believe derogatory stereotypes serve a negative purpose, we shall be concerned with dispelling them, particularly the one we are most familiar with, *the hillbilly*. We want to supply a true view of the mountaineer in its place. Not for a moment do we hold all mountain people to be exclusively "good." Not at all. We believe they are like people elsewhere—some good, some bad, some indifferent.

A Peoples' Self-Image Important

But it is the good and positive in our mountain heritage that has not been generally told. Our negative characteristics have been widely advertised and exploited by literary men, and the descriptions they have written have, to a great extent, formed our stereotype. We are viewed as the picturesque "feudin' and fightin'," with "bad morals and bad manners," with our ever-ready "rifle-gun" and a "jug of mountain dew." The *Hillbilly* has emerged as a shabby creature.

The past and continuing treatment of the Southern Mountaineer currently illustrated by *Esquire*, *Lil' Abner*, and *The Beverly Hillbillies*, has not formed a positive image, either in the nation or in the mountain people themselves.

We want the nation and the mountaineer to truly know and understand the mountain people. We want them to know of the fortitude, strength and gentleness, of the deep and warm human concern in Appalachia, even beneath coal-blackened unshaven faces in homes where hunger is no stranger.

History in much of Appalachia is of the economic exploitation of both the natural resources and people. This process has drained millions in wealth from the area, eroding the mountains of their beauty and the people of dignity. Unemployment with consequent poverty, hunger and second generations of welfare rolls have eaten away at the innards of the population.

But the mountain man is unusually resilient. He can stand much bending and still snap back into shape with opportunity.

All of this — and more — we believe and are concerned for.

We launch this modest journal on a troubled way in bothered times — with a shoestring and a grain of mustard seed!

The original of our cover picture is an 18 by 24 conte study of Hedy West by Leonard Bahr of Baltimore. Mr. Bahr is one of America's finest artists. The December, 1964 *American Artist* ran a full length feature on "The Portraits of Leonard Bahr," reproducing 13 of his portrait paintings.

Not only a great artist with unusual ability for sensitive interpretation, Mr. Bahr is also a warm hearted human being with deep concern for the lot of the less fortunate. Leonard Bahr and Hedy West have much in common, in 1964 Hedy donated 500 of her folk albums and gave a number of benefit concerts for the Appalachian Miners. Among them were concerts at the University of Maryland, Goucher College, Johns Hopkins and the Maryland Art Institute where Mr. Bahr is on the faculty. He gave full and enthusiastic support to these efforts and continues to actively support such causes.



FLOYD BUCKNER

Mr. Buckner is to be added to our staff as a contributing editor. His stories will treat especially the background history of the labor movement in Southern Appalachia. We look forward to his contributions in future issues.

THE SHAME OF PEOPLE BEING POOR

The saddest thing about slums, depressed areas and their poverty is the spiritual-mental effect upon human beings. The most tragic is the resultant dwarfing and warping of children. Findings of a recent U.S. Health Service study in Eastern Kentucky imply that not only are the children involved affected physically with stunted bodies and poor health, but their minds, their IQ's, are being irreparably damaged.

The Way The Twig Is Bent

Psychologically we know that the mature person is the accumulated sum of all his experiences, including, and especially, those of childhood. The one year old becomes the two year old and this is the basis for the five year old, and so on. A person doesn't stop being one thing when he takes on something else. All of these influences and values are the making of the mature person.

If there is inner conflict, strife, the young child may become a warped adult, perhaps a "delinquent" or "criminal."

Children learn humanity, learn to give compassion and love, by being themselves receptors of these values. They learn to be responsible citizens in a democratic society by practicing the democratic process in early life — in home, school and community. All such qualities become a part of the person by his having been a receptor or participator, not by being told or taught about them.

Education and The Culturally Deprived

Important values, those sometimes most cherished, may exist in a peoples' cultural heritage. Likewise there may be negative values in the heritage, as for example, racism in the United States. The economic, the cultural environment, may also create conditions inimical to the growth and development of positive values.

A very excellent discussion of these factors involving the problems of the culturally deprived child is given by Dr. Gene Grambs in the November, 1964 *Elementary School Principal*.

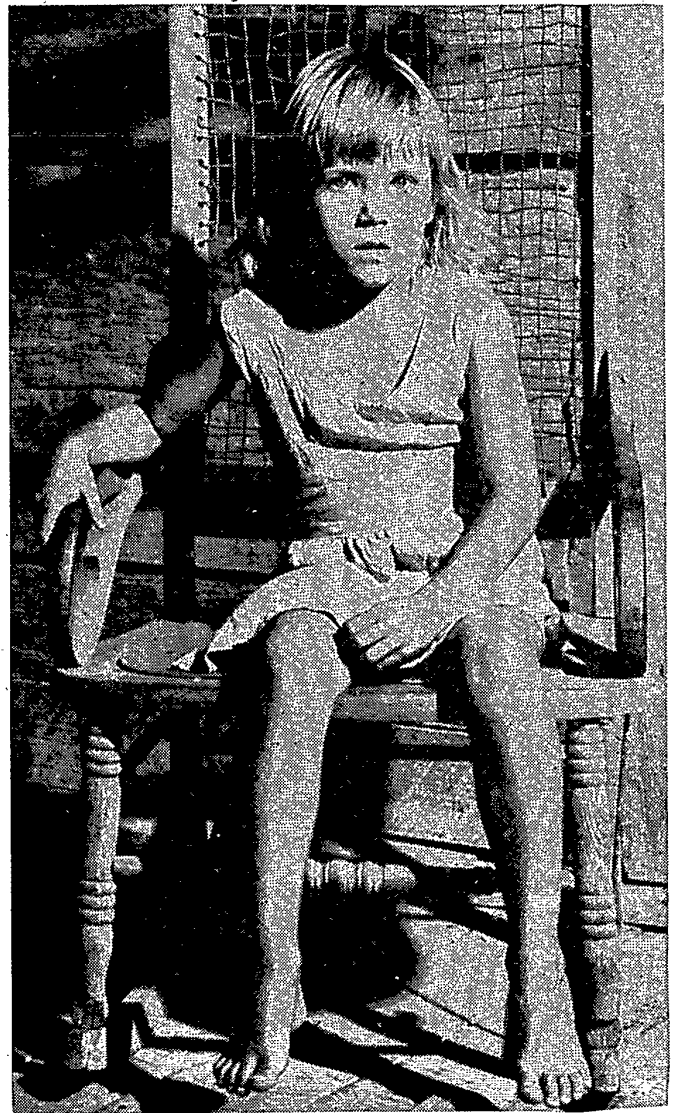


Photo by Emil Willmetz
Mountain child — What is her future?

Dr. Grambs sees the culturally deprived child in America as having a rough time. There is no massive effort on the part of society, government or school to do anything about it. Dr. Grambs, with many other serious thinkers, is deeply concerned, particularly about the way schools treat these children.

Poverty, prejudice and defeat are closely related, and the poor generally have become accustomed to failure. Too often they accept the middle class concept that somehow there is shame in being poor. Thus their self-concept, one of the most significant concept an individual or a people can have, becomes twisted. It may doom them to failure at the beginning.

The schools, Dr. Grambs thinks, "are doing an effective job of making most children and youth feel inadequate." And our standards of success causes a pupil to "disavow his classmates" in order to excel.

Children of the poor must attend schools set up on a middleclass pattern with middleclass standards

of value. They are "... dedicated to the proposition that every child has to cope with the possibility of failure all the time," and the belief that this is a helpful experience, that most children need it.

Children of the poor subjected to the middleclass school atmosphere with little or nothing in common with their background experience, make up the great mass of "drop-outs." Such children don't "fit in." They are disapproved of. They are caused to feel inadequate. The effect is to produce a self-concept based on this judgment. The child comes to see himself as inadequate, no good, defeated and a failure. Dropouts are an index to the effectiveness of our educational system in doing a negative job.

Go To School and Get Dumber

Dr. Grambs makes the point that research study of IQ's of slum children shows a significant drop as they continue in school. "In other words, the longer you stay in school the dumber you get."

If schools could only do as good a job convincing the pupils that they are some good as they have convincing so many that they are no good, we would be on the way.

Poverty Not Necessary

We agree with everything Dr. Grambs says. We don't, however, accept the inevitability of poverty. We don't believe schools can do much to change education in an atmosphere of stark poverty. These school conditions are themselves products of poverty and will continue as long as a poverty system lasts.

We don't take the position that schools might not do a better job. We believe they can, and should, and must. But as long as poverty endures education will be affected adversely. It is not a necessary condition in the United States today. Economic factors are potent, determining the home, school, community and cultural life of a people. They cannot be ignored.

We also agree that if people are told long enough that they are no good, irresponsible and so on, they tend to become that way. And wherever the poor have been willing to accept their poverty as a stigma of shame, without united effort among themselves to better conditions, their conditions have not improved.

No Shame In Being Poor

There is no shame in being poor. The shame is in an affluent society permitting slums and "pockets of poverty" to exist in its midst. The shame is in a man failing to join with those in like circumstances in a united effort to better conditions for all. And the shame also is in a man seeking to better his individual lot at the expense of his fellows. We take a dim view, a strongly negative view, of the much tooted "competitive spirit." We favor mutual welfare and the cooperative spirit. For competition is based on fear. It involves the necessity of tearing others down. Competition envies good things happening to others.

It is time for the poor to quit being ashamed of being poor. Human dignity is wherever it's found. Such dignity causes men to forget about selfish competition and get on with the job of building the common welfare.

We Commend . . .

There are some commendable things about the Mountain South. While poverty may not be one of them, neither is it necessary that we cover ourselves in the sackcloth and ashes of shame if we are not rich. After all, it is possible to be honestly poor.

A most commendable thing is when men use their intelligence and ability in behalf of others not so fortunately situated, or for the general welfare.

In this column from time to time we hope to be able to commend the attitude and doings of men or agencies of Appalachia. This time we commend three mountain newspapers.

The Whitesburg (Kentucky) EAGLE and its editor, Tom Gish, for courage and a fine sensitivity to the needs of Eastern Kentucky's people. The EAGLE pursues a consistently courageous and enlightened editorial policy, with unbiased news reporting, concern for justice, and putting human values above material things.

The McCaysville (Georgia) CITIZEN and its young publisher, Lowell Kirby, for being a paper and editor with a purpose. Kirby's prizewinning personal column is one of the most able and fearless of any grassroots weekly in America. He takes forthright and intelligent positions on issues, including labor, peace and race. Kirby is on the path of the great editors of history.

The Charleston (West Virginia) GAZETTE, for one of the most enlightened editorial pages to be found in any daily newspaper today. We extend this sentiment particularly to columnist, L. T. Anderson of the GAZETTE whose poetic sense of the good and decent, causes him to be outraged by the coarse, and by sham and hypocrisy parading in garbs of respectability.

We further commend Billy Edd Wheeler, for returning to the root source of his origin for the stuff of art. His play, "Slatefall," with a mining community setting is, we hope, just a beginning.

"No section of the old South contained so much anti-slavery sentiment as did the Western parts of Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina, the Northern parts of Georgia and Alabama, and the Eastern parts of Kentucky and Tennessee."

—John Spencer Bassett

HEDY WEST

Songbird of The Appalachians

BY CRATIS D. WILLIAMS



In the summer of 1956 while I was assisting with registration for the Workshop in the Folk Arts of the Southern Appalachian People at Appalachian State Teachers College in Boone, North Carolina, a beautiful woman presented herself for registration and asked whether her daughter, an undergraduate at another college, might be permitted to enroll too. I turned to recognize the daughter, a girl with raven pigtails, blue eyes of uncommon depth, and dark complexion. She had a five-string banjo strapped on her, looking for all this world like Darling Cora in the mountain ballad.

I saw in the girl all of the mountain girls I had known in my childhood, many of them now dead, who also wore pigtails, smiled with assurance and daring from deep blue eyes, presented faces with the same strength and of similar hue, and carried five-string banjos buckled on them, girls who led the singing games at the long noon hours in the dusty schoolyard, who sang the ballads, lonesome songs, and "meetin' house tunes" in the shade of the beech trees behind the weatherbeaten schoolhouse which doubled as a church once a month. Here, I thought, was a quintessence of the lyrical spirit of the mountains.

The girl was Hedy West. I soon learned that she was the daughter of Don West, whose *Crab Grass* I had read excitedly while I was an undergraduate and who had been one of those "singing birds" at Lincoln Memorial University when such voices as Jesse Stuart, James Still, Harry Harrison Kroll, and the late Richard M. Weaver were beginning to range their octaves. The

mother, learning that I had grown up in Eastern Kentucky, told me of her own family, the strong and independent Adamses of Rockcastle County. Hedy and I became fast friends. She sang for the workshop group, participated in the Saturday afternoon folk festivals, and came with John Putnam to my home in the evenings. She sang and picked her banjo, John Putnam taping for me those pieces which I wanted to record.

I recognized in Hedy West the true voice of the traditional ballad and song in the Appalachian mountains. She had studied music (and was to go later to Columbia University), she spoke excellent English with only the phrase gathering and the delightful melody of mountain speech left to identify her diction with her background, and she accompanied herself with the banjo in the true style of mountain singers for whom the instrument must not intrude on the integrity of the song and the sanctity of the voice. I assured her that she was "true blue" and admonished her not to obscure her genuineness with too much cultivation.

Hedy West has not disappointed me in the least. Eschewing alike the role of the "down home gal" with the slow speech, corncracker sayings, and cultivated naivete and the professional "mountain singing woman" with her rustic "get-up" of homespun and dulcimer that granny played, Hedy has steered clear, with singular success, of the "styles" in folk singing that have appealed to young people in recent years. She is too honest to be anything other than herself and understands her own heritage too well to feel that she can find anything better to take its place.

Hedy West at the Southern Mountains Folk-Arts Workshops at Boone, N. C.



But she is not limited to her background. It is but the solid and sure foundation on which she has built, for Hedy, who did graduate work at Columbia University, is an accomplished flutist, pianist, orchestrator, and composer. She has completed the arrangements for a book of folksongs for Alan Lomax and is finishing a book dealing with the folklore and the background for the folksongs of North Georgia.

Hedy West has that deep sense of loyalty to her kind and immediacy of generations that has been characteristic of the people of the Southern Appalachian Mountains. Her people have been mountaineers since the American Revolution. The Mulkeys and the Sparkses of Pickens County and Union County in North Georgia are members of mighty tribes, bearing the same name, flung over the mountains from Pennsylvania southward. Her mother's people, with whom Hedy is less well acquainted, have spread like broom-sage over the hills of Kentucky. Whenever these mountain folk have gone they have carried with them the family tales, the traditional ballads and songs, the truculence and perversity of their hard-hitting and independent Scotch-Irish and English ancestors who teemed out of the Piedmont as soon as lands became available following the American Revolution. Hedy has all of these things bred in her bones. Her folklore is first-hand, a way of life for her people, her songs are caught from the lips of her kin and their neighbors, her skills are but refinements of those transmitted directly from grandmothers, uncles, aunts, and cousins in a North Georgia setting, skills that are shared by their cousins to the northward and westward.

But Hedy West is no esoteric interpreter. She does not restrict herself. She accepts and presents what

lives among her people. Her songs are the singing tradition of the mountains, including the variants of the English and Scottish ballads, the early broadsides, the local songs of protest, the railroad songs, the murder ballads, the love ditties, medleys that grew up around banjo and fiddle tunes, adapted popular pieces picked up by wandering relatives, the stately hymns of the rural church, and the shouting jubilee chants of the revival meetings. And all of them have the ring of quality and the stamp of authenticity, for Hedy sings them from the core of her being while the skills she has learned as a student of music shape them with a clean articulation which differentiates them from the songs of the imitators and the fuzzy reproductions of "recordings from the field." Her touch with her materials is so intimate that one senses immediately a warmth of life and a reverence for integrity that are the soul of her singing, characteristics which are often obscured by the "performer" who remains preoccupied with the quaintness of his materials and a consciousness of himself as an "artist."

Perhaps it is Hedy's training in classical music which gives her that fine restraint one observes in her live performances as well as her recordings. The delicacy, the nuance, the subtlety are so gentle that one is hardly aware of the singer. There is little of the simulated melodrama so painful in some of the popular folk singers, none of the crotchety eccentricity so offensive in some of the "art" singers of folk songs, and a complete absence of the capriciousness that one finds in the self-consciously "artless" singers. Nor is one



Lillie West, Hedy's Grandmother, strumming the guitar while singing folksongs.



Photo by Michael Friedel

Hedy West, Hamburg, Germany, Last Summer

distracted from the song by a disturbing sympathy for the personality of the singer deliberately submerged in a pose of unworthiness and false humility. Hedy's art is a pervasive synthesis of honesty, modesty, restraint, and mastery of her materials in the tradition in which they became a part of her being.

Although Hedy is not one of the top singers of folksongs in the popular sense, she is one of the top two or three best interpreters of the songs and ballads from the Appalachian South. Her songs are drawn directly from a living tradition which still exhibits considerable vigor and good health, and she sings them in the traditional style of her forebears, for whom they were as intimately immediate as Georgia politics, corn whiskey, and shouting religion.

Discriminating critics have seen in Hedy West a mediation of the various groups interested in American folk music, for she is equally at home among the thousands of enthusiasts who attend the Newport Folk Festival and the hundreds of conservative scholars who attend the meetings of the American Folklore Society. Kenneth S. Goldstein, a professor at the University of Pennsylvania and associate editor of *Journal of Ameri-*

can Folklore (one of the nation's older and most highly respected scholarly quarterlies), has observed:

Perhaps because her music does not cater to the pop-cliche tastes of musical faddists, Hedy's audience has been all the more loyal. She is constantly expanding her devoted following of intelligent and serious fans of folk music. And it is certain that long after the 'big names' of recorded folk music have gone the way of most purveyors of popular musical inanities, Hedy West will remain a staple in the folk music diet of America.

Alan Lomax, impressed by Hedy's subordination of her banjo style to her singing, pronounced her "true to the bone and marrow of the American mountain style" and has found in her performances "finesse, uncompromising honesty, and great musical excitement." The restrained music editor for the *New York Times* declared her "a relaxed, sensitive interpreter of her native vocal-banjo idiom," and a writer for the *Saturday Review* observed that she "captures the spirit of Southern mountain music." An English critic, excited by the backlash of British folk music from the Appalachian South, pronounced Hedy's "a compelling



HEDY'S
"UNCLE
GUS"

voice backed by some of the most magical banjo playing to be heard anywhere in the world."

Hedy's interest in her heritage has led her into extensive research in the scholarship of folk music, ballads and songs, and history of the people in the Appalachian South. She knows both the local sources and the scholarly investigations of songs she sings. Notes on the covers of her four albums give in her own

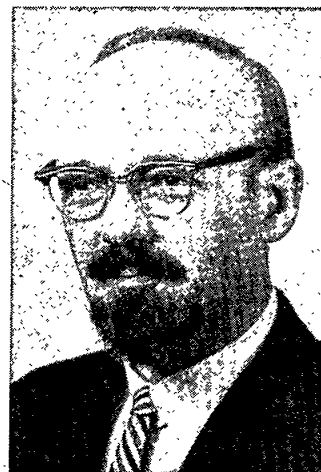
idiom the account of the origin of each song, her sources, her interpretation of the meaning and the emotional need it met for those among whom it has lived. Many of her songs, immediately local in origin, reflect the social and economic problems of the mountaineers who became stranded in a highland thrust like a huge finger into the midst of an antagonistic South.

Her repertory includes local adaptations of such tender ballads as *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* and *Lord Thomas and Fair Annet* and humorous pieces as *The Wife Wrapt in Wether's Skin* from the English and Scottish popular ballads, sad and lonesome versions of old broadsides like *The Wexford Tragedy* ("Pretty Polly"), *The Boston Burglar* and *The Drowsy Sleeper*, the plaints of those whose hopes and aspirations have been thwarted by cruel fate in such songs as *Fair and Tender Ladies*, *Drunkard's Lament*, and *Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie*, and romantic "outlander" songs like *Erin's Green Shore*. The excitement of courtship is caught in *Letter from Down the Road* and a particularly lively version of *Shady Grove*, the romance of the lonesome railroad train walling its serpentine way through mountain valleys in *Five Hundred Miles*, and the wry humor that sustains mountain folk caught

in the web of the "will-that-will-be" in *How I Wish I Was Single Again*. The bitterness of the victims of economic compromise is captured in the *Moonshiner's Lament*, *Cotton Mill Girls*, and *Poor Hardworking Miners*.

It is especially gratifying that discerning audiences have responded to Hedy West with enthusiasm but without trying to push her into the forefront of a folksong cult. She has appeared on the concert circuit both in America and abroad. English audiences have welcomed her and Scottish audiences, in particular, have received her with a warmth of kinship. To her three albums published by Vanguard one by "Topic", an English company, has been added. Her appeal to coffee house audiences from San Francisco, where she now lives, to New York City has been celebrated at least twice by *Sing Out*, a publication for the folksong enthusiasts. Even though the enthusiasts may cool off toward her in time, her star will continue to climb for the judicious and the discriminating, for Hedy West wears the true feathers and has the pure markings of the songbird of the Appalachians as any ornithologist who knows his mountain turtledoves can tell without lifting his binoculars.

Note on author: Dr. Cratis Williams, a native of Eastern Kentucky, is Professor of English and Dean of Graduate Studies at Appalachian State Teachers College, Boone, North Carolina. He did his doctoral dissertation at New York University on the "Southern Mountaineer in Fact and Fiction." Dr. Williams has directed the Southern Mountains Folk-Arts Workshops at Boone and is a scholar in the area of Appalachian culture. He is also a folksinger in his own rights and does special performances whenever his busy duties permit.



CRATIS WILLIAMS

RECORD ALBUM: *Hedy West, Vol. II, Vanguard, N.Y.*

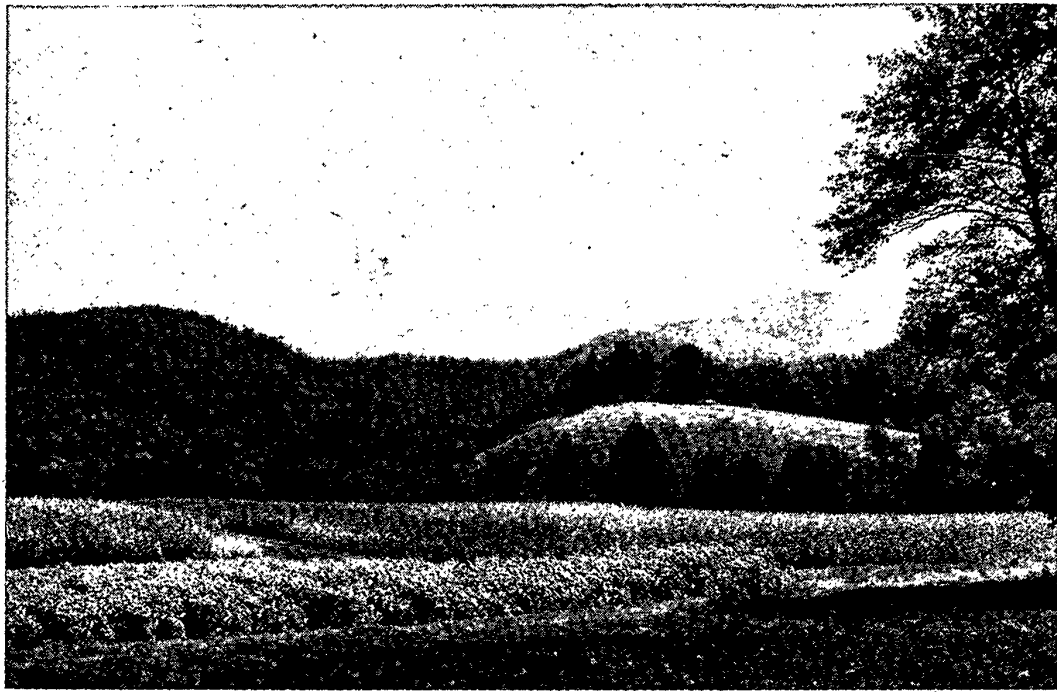
● *Hedy West* is one of a company of folksingers who come by their songs by family and community heritage. She also had an excellent music education, and is a tireless hunter after the old songs — whether in libraries or on the field in the hills of East Kentucky, North Georgia, Carolina, West Virginia, New England or Scotland.

The University of Pennsylvania folklorist, Dr. Kenneth Goldstein, classes Hedy as a "genuine revival singer" . . . whose "style of singing is traditional — not the pop-art idiom of modern recording artists, radio and television singers."

"Nor should one expect otherwise of Hedy," Dr. Goldstein writes. "Despite art music training . . . she sings in the old style natural to her forebears . . . absorbed as part of a living experience in the home of her grandmother, her relatives and neighbors."

This reviewer believes Hedy can sing better than she has in this album. Some of the songs don't seem to be as much herself as others. The one in which she is really more herself is "Anger in the Land," one of her father's poems which she set to music.

Last summer on concert tour Hedy recorded an album with an English Company in London. We look forward to hearing it, and others in the future.



Choestoe Valley looking toward Blood Mountain

Georgia Mountain County

A BRIEF BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAIT

BY JAMES SPARKS

(Ed. Note: In this article Mr. Sparks, a native of North Georgia, dispels any notion that "depressed Appalachia" is confined to Eastern Kentucky and West Virginia).

"Land of Lakes, Mountains, Scenic Beauty and friendly People," is inscribed on the masthead of the NORTH GEORGIA NEWS, official organ of Union County at Blairsville, Georgia, county seat.

The area is rugged, chopped up into towering peaks. Two, not far from Blairsville — Brasstown Bald and Blood — are among the highest in all Appalachia.

From the rattle-weed, ginseng, lady-slipper and granite rocks on big Blood Mountain trickle springs clear and cool. A few miles down they become the urgent waters of Wolfe Creek surging impatiently against root and stone, by the doorsteps of the late Byron Herbert Reece, Georgia's poet-balladeer.

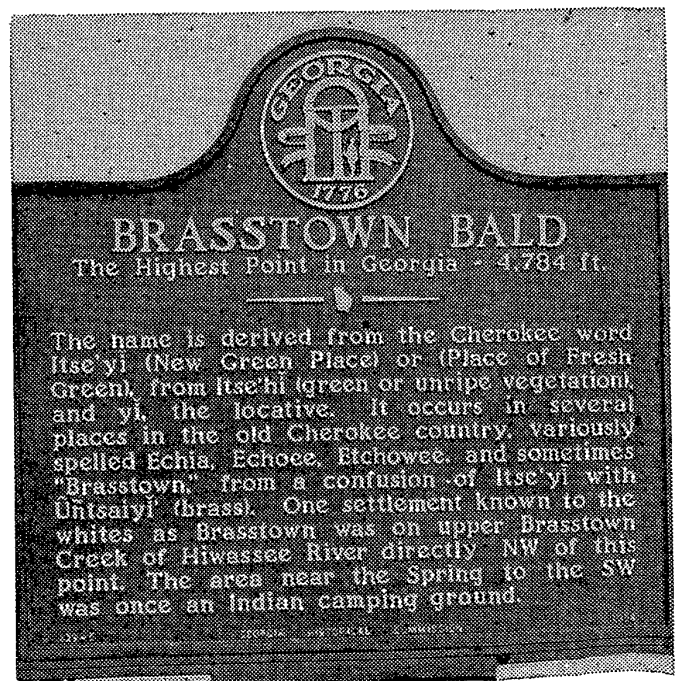
Union's Natural Beauty

On a summer morning white smoke of fog creeps up from the waters' misty splashing. The sun-ball coming over the mountain sparkles sharp little silver threads across the valley.

Here the poet loved to sit and look and listen. Here he sought to pen the sparkles into poetry. And here his troubled spirit sought rest.

In fall-time Union's mountains are veritable Joseph's of blazing colors—an artist's dream, a poet's love.

Sourwood and maple, whiteoak, sassafras, rhododendron and locust brim the eye with a breath-taking beauty. Down between the mountains along the clear-



sparkling and unpolluted streams that never go dry, lie strips of fertile bottom fields. And many mountain-side patches are cleared for cropping.

This is something of the natural setting of Union, a county in depressed Appalachia.

The Story Statistics Tell

Data from the U.S. Department of Commerce and the 1960 census make further revelations. But there is much in Appalachia that statistics fail to explain. Union County is an example.

Of the 23 North Georgia mountain counties classified as "depressed," Union, with a median family income of \$1,885, is lowest. (The U.S. median family income is \$5,660.) Only 3 percent of Union's families have income over \$10,000 a year while 53 percent are under \$2,000.

In the nine states with a total of 257 counties in depressed Southern Appalachia, only three have counties ranking below Union in median family income. Among all the 257 counties Union ranks 235, or near the bottom.

Not a single county in depressed West Virginia is as low as Union in median family income. Only 15 of Eastern Kentucky's 44 depressed counties rank as low or lower, 5 in East Tennessee's 49 counties and 1 in Virginia's 42. (Owsley County, Kentucky, ranks lowest in median family income with \$1,324 per year.)

Thus we see a rather dismal rating for median family income. But how does Union County fare education-wise?

With a median number of 7.7 years schooling completed for adults over 25 years, Union ranks 212 among the 257 counties. No county in West Virginia ranks as low and only one in Western North Carolina. (The lowest of all is Buchanan County, Virginia, with a median of 6.5 years schooling.)



Moonshining ain't as profitable as it used to be. Here Wayne Collins and Lawrence Hemphill, revenue men, exhibit a large Union County still.

Summer, 1965



A Union County Quilting Bee

Union's population in 1960 was 6,510 as compared to 7,318 in 1950, a 11 percent loss. There are 538 on the welfare roll. With a total work force of 1,500 more than 200 are unemployed.

This, to say the least, is not a very bright statistical picture. By such figures one might expect to see a scurvy population, degenerate and lacking in educational or cultural interests. But there are other things about the people, background and conditions one sees without the aid of statistics. And they are not what some might expect.

Spared The Blight of The Mines

Union County never had coal. She was spared the blight of the mines. Her people are mainly small farmer folk. Many have tried broiler chickens or laying hens along with a few cows, pigs and sheep. There is now a small shoe factory and dress factory, employing 450 and 110 workers respectively, and a pimento processing plant. Recently with a \$98,000 Federal grant the city constructed the Blairsville Municipal Airport with nearly a mile of runway.

A few may still resort to "blockading" — making the corn crop into the much advertised "mountain dew." But Union's bootleggers are not necessarily "bad" men. Usually they're good neighbor folk, ready to do a favor for a needy one. Some mountain men never did fully accept the Federal Government's right to tell them what not to do with their corn or apple crops. It's just another way to make an "honest" living in the mountains. But it's getting more uncertain as the revenooers eyes get sharper.

Other Facets of Understanding

There is no railroad in Union County. Until fairly recent times there were no paved roads connecting with lowland Georgia. Few people, even native Georgians, realized that Georgia's mountains held such majestic, awe-inspiring beauty. The New Deal's T.V.A.



Louella Owenby and her Union County Neighbor ply the old crafts.

built Lake Notley with water covering some 13 thousand acres, and Vogel State Park has Lake Vogel. Both, like the mountain streams, are clear blue and unpolluted. They have begun to attract tourists and fishermen. The Federal Government keeps Notley well stocked.

Union's sons and daughters are scattered far and wide. In the early part of the century many went to Oklahoma, Texas and California. More recently the industrial centers of Michigan, Ohio and Illinois have drawn heavily upon Union's human resources.

Those who have roots in the mountains may go a long distance, but they never forget. Always there is a hankering to come back. Many do, especially when work is slack. They come back here to the mountains to patch around and visit neighbors for a spell. If work picks up they go back "up North."

And there are other facets of understanding. Dismal statistics, clear sparkling streams that never go dry and majestic mountains are only part of the story. Union has a cultural heritage that has had much to do with shaping her people's perspectives. Settled mainly by Scotch-Irish and Welch, her people from the beginning had strong predilections for independence, freedom and equal rights. (A roving *New York Times* reporter who did a story on Union recently showed no awareness of any background knowledge of this).

"Down In Georgia"

Old folks in Union have a way of saying "down in Georgia" when referring to the lowlands of the plantations south of the mountains. This, like the two party system, is part of a heritage dating back to the county's beginnings. Like mountain men generally, slavery was never popular in Union. Neither was

secession. Nor was the Confederacy ever really able to dress the Southern mountain man in its gray uniform to carry its rifle.

In the Records of the United States Army, Department of the Cumberland, Feb. 4, 1864, is an Intelligence Report (National Archives) of a J. B. Crumly who had just come from Union County. The Report stated that Confederate officials were "taking down all names of citizens" in the area, but "... they are determined not to be conscripted and for fear of being arrested and imprisoned they are burning down all the county jails. They have already burned five" in Union and neighboring counties, "and say they will burn the others."

There is also significance in the name, "Union." In the turbulent pre-Civil War period when slavery and secession were hotly debated, Union became a county. When asked what the name of their new county was to be her delegates stood up in state convention to reply: "Union, because we're sticking to the Union." (This was typical of the 23 Georgia mountain counties. They voted overwhelmingly against secession in the Georgia convention).

And Union County, Georgia lived up to that sentiment probably as well as any part of America. The main bulk of her people were loyal. Not only did they oppose Confederate conscription, but many managed to escape and join the Union Army.



Photo courtesy Hamby, North Georgia News
Bill Reed, Choestoe, grows ginseng

Dooley and Underground Railroad

Dooley Valley is also in Union. It has a story of its own. Stretching across the county in a northerly direction up to Cherokee in North Carolina, until recently Dooley's only road was a winding muddy trace of two red clay ruts. It was little changed from pre-Civil War days when a line of the Underground Railroad wound along Dooley Creek. Mountain men on Dooley had no love and less patience with man hunters from the plantations and they were known to be good rifle shots. The man hunters steered clear of Dooley. It was said that refugee slaves found friendly aid with food and lodging here. Such might walk the full length of the Valley "in broad open daylight" without fear.

"The Place Where Rabbits Play"

Another part of Union's tradition which seems out of keeping with the dismal statistics is a deep respect for education. At great sacrifice and much toil and sweat a more than average proportion of her sons and daughters have gone off to college. (Union's people educate girls, too). Unfortunately there have been no jobs to bring many of them back. Their mature contributions are made elsewhere — and Union's educational median stays at 7.7 years. A section of the county widely noted for this tradition is Choestoe (Cherokee word for "the place where rabbits play").

Choestoe is a militia district of about 100 square miles around the base of Blood Mountain on Wolfe Creek. Choestoeians will tell you that their district sends a greater proportion of its youth to college than any other rural community in all America. And they are right. No one rises to dispute it.

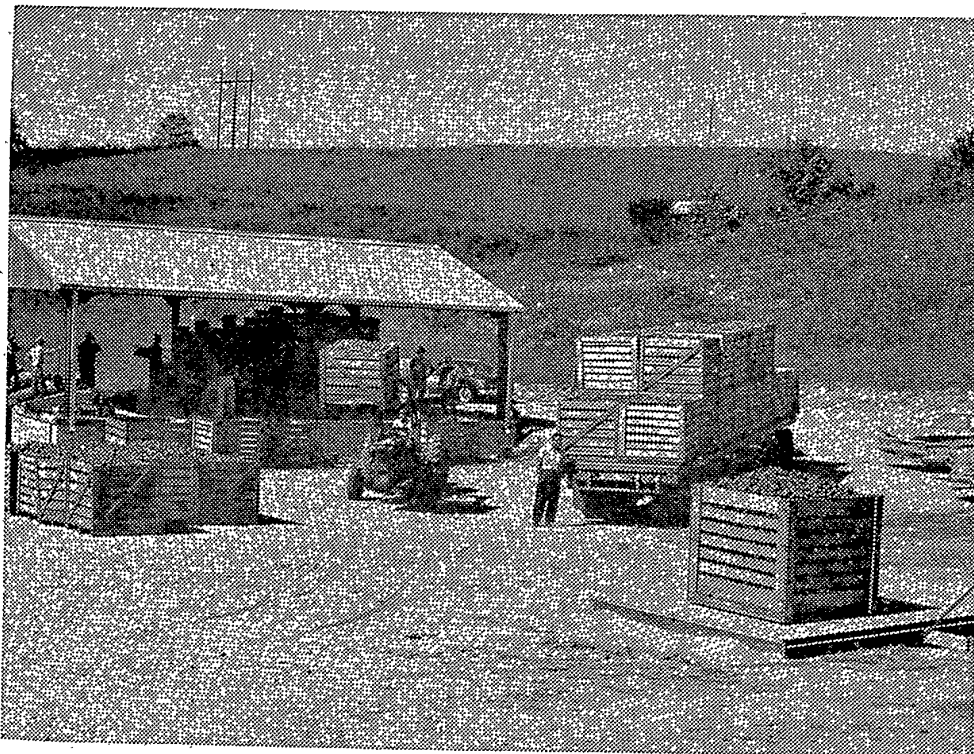


Will they, too, go elsewhere to make their mature contributions.

Likewise Union, with Choestoe, has the reputation of producing more eminent citizens than any other like area in the state of Georgia. Judges, lawyers, doctors, a Governor and state school superintendents, university and college professors, college presidents, many school principals, teachers, poets, musicians and singers — all call Union County home.

Home of Poets and Singers

From here came one of America's greatest poet-balladeers, Byron Herbert Reece. His people still live close by Wolfe Creek, a quiet, gentle and dignified folk. They were pleased when county neighbors, led by the NORTH GEORGIA NEWS, made a drive which resulted in the Byron Herbert Reece Memorial Park up on Blood Mountain by a beautiful waterfall. Union County



HEDY WEST

Mancini Packing Company (Pepper Plant at Blairsville) brings several thousands of dollars into Union County.



POET BYRON REECE

folk appreciated their poet who walked so gently, so unassumingly, so modestly among them.

Hedy West, the Appalachian folksinger and musician, also calls Union home. Her parents own a farm on Notley Lake. Her father, poet Don West, is known widely as educator and for his poems of social passion. Her great grandmother was born at Blairsville when it was a mere cross-roads. Her grandmother, Lillie West, a remarkable character and old song singer in her



A. D. Todd Dahlia Farm in Union County. Harold West publisher of the North Georgia NEWS and Towns Country HERALD, talks with a subscriber, Alvin D. Todd in his dahlia field.

own rights, lives here now on Lower Young Cane. Her uncle, Harold West, publishes the county newspaper.

Judges, University Presidents, Professors and Others

On the Georgia Supreme Court sit judges Tom S. Candler, Henry Duckworth and Charles S. Reid, all from Union. The former head of Duke University's mathematics Department, Dr. Joseph Henison, now assistant superintendent of schools in North Carolina, is a Union product. Dr. Jack Lance, former college president, and the late Dr. Robert Kincaid, for years president of Lincoln Memorial University, both are from Union County. Dr. J. M. Nicholson, retired college professor and Dr. M. D. Collins, twenty-five years state school superintendent of Georgia, are also Union Countians.

Many other famous names, too numerous to mention, are tied to Union County. With this kind of evidence no wonder Choestoe's claim to send more youth to college per capita than any other American rural community goes unchallenged. Why this should be true in one of the most "depressed" counties of all "depressed" Appalachia would make a good research study. There is something statistics don't explain about Union.

Until the Great Depression and F.D.R.'s New Deal, the Republican Party dominated most of Southern Appalachia. This, too, dated back to anti-secession and Civil War sentiments. Union County still has a not too unevenly balanced two-party system. But unlike the lowlands of the old slaveholding black belt below Atlanta which had always been in the Democrat corner, Union County gave Goldwater a resounding "No!" in the 1964 presidential election.



Georgia Mountain Family Gets Anti-Poverty Loan

Naaman Thomas and family of Union County, with local FHA supervisor, Olin J. Dean, at left.

Mr. Thomas, age 47, and wife have ten children age 4 months to 18 years. The total family income last year was \$1,400 which included \$600 from selling fish bait and \$240 in pensions received by Mr. Thomas who is a disabled veteran. The Thomas family got a loan of \$2,500 at 4½ percent interest for 15 years to purchase a 25 acre farm.

OUTDOOR DRAMAS

Part of Appalachian Culture

Summer time in Appalachia offers a number of unusually good cultural and entertainment advantages.

Among these are the excellent out-door dramas. All of them have a folk quality with an authentic historical content and setting. Kermit Hunter of McDowell County, West Virginia wrote four of the most noted. They are:



Unto These Hills, Cherokee, North Carolina. High on a lofty mountainside surrounded by spruce and balsam in the Cherokee Reservation, the Mountainside Theatre produces this Kermit Hunter play each summer. With over a 5,000 seating capacity, it is necessary to reserve tickets in advance.

Unto These Hills is the sad story of the removal of the Cherokee Indians to Oklahoma. Rounding them up like cattle, soldiers of the United States Army herded them into stockades, then set march at approaching winter of 1838 with 15,000 men, women and children on that long, painful, dreary trail of blood and tears. Some six or so thousand Indians were buried along the way including the sensitive wife of Chief John Ross who, after giving her cloak to a sick child contracted pneumonia and was buried in one of the shallow unmarked graves. This

is a play with native Cherokee participants which every American ought to see.



Chucky Jack. Just across the Great Smoky Mountain from Cherokee near Gatlinburg another Kermit Hunter play is produced each summer. It is about the character of John Sevier, the State of Franklin and the early beginnings in East Tennessee.



Horn In The West, Boone, North Carolina, is still another Kermit Hunter drama. It deals with Daniel Boone and early settlers pushing into "the west".



Honey In The Rock at Beckley, West Virginia, is another Hunter production. Early West Virginia did

indeed have "honey" in the rocks (coal, oil, gas, etc.), and it attracted Northern money men like flower nectar attracts bees. *Honey In The Rock* deals with the formation of the state of West Virginia when the mountaineers across the Blue Ridge, loyal to the Union and opposed to fighting for slavery, seceded from Confederate Virginia to form a new state.



The Wilderness Road, at Berea, Kentucky was a Paul Green play. Unfortunately it was discontinued. It, as well as all the Hunter plays, dealt with socially significant historical content. *The Wilderness Road* symbolizes more than just a road across Cumberland Gap into Kentucky. "It served as a highway for men's hopes and often their despair . . . let the Road continue to run . . . a long bright line through the pattern of the American Dream . . . let there again be a reaffirmation . . ." writes author Paul Green.

The dream dealt with the founding of interracial-abolitionist Berea College in 1856 when the slavery issues were hottest.



There are other cultural-entertainment attractions in Southern Appalachia, but we must save them for later.

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Southern

Mountain Folk Tradition

and the

Folksong "Stars" Syndrome

By Callie Cantrel and Luke Larmon

THE STUFF OF SONG

We've always thought of folksong as growing from the sub-soil of life. It was something from the bared soul of the folk. Our impressions come from childhood memories in mountain communities where people gathered on winter evenings to visit and swap tales and songs, and from much of our adult lives spent listening, observing and learning in remote areas throughout Appalachia.

Protest against social injustice, personal disappointment in love and the exuberance of an over-full heart; all of these we've heard in Southern song.

TOUCHED DEEP CHORDS

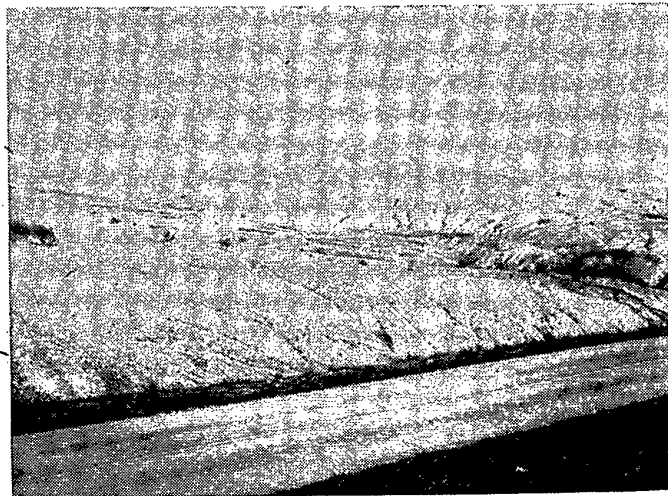
Some of the songs touched deep chords and have endured for generations. Nobody knows the composer, and it doesn't matter. The songs were revised to fit the needs of period and place. They were living folksongs. The singer, and therefore the songs, were warm, feeling, spontaneous and totally unconcerned and unaware of any commercial potential. Not everybody sang, but most everybody was acquainted with the old songs.

SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS, RESERVOIR AND INCUBATOR

Because for so long Southern Appalachia remained in isolation, it became a reservoir for many of the old songs brought from across the waters. For the same reason the mountain folk developed folk societies that were incubators for new songs. The mountain people have a knack for composing songs and ballads. Sometimes they are so much in the spirit and image of the old songs they are hard to distinguish. Accidents, wrecks, natural disasters, murders, all produce their ballad. Later, when the cotton mills and coal mines opened in the mountains or around the foothills, the songs reflected the change. Mountain folk, fresh from their hill-side patches, faced strange, frequently cruel

Commercial competition and the "Folk Stars" cult violate the nature and spirit of folksong. Either their sponsors lack respect for the folk tradition, are ignorant of it, or just chase a fast buck.

The Cantrel and Larmon families are rooted deep in North Georgia's past. Once they inhabited a good portion of the Licklog, Burnt Mountain and Sharp Top Communities in Gilmer and Pickens Counties. Now one may frequently see only remnants of old chimney stones, a board or rusty nail among the trees where once their homes stood. The families scattered — to the West and North. Only a few remain.



Greed scars the mountains—Ducktown Copper mining basis, East Tennessee
Photo by Emil Willimetz

conditions. Their songs tell the story of their uneasy stirrings.

There is sadness in these songs. There is hurt, and there is protest and anger. They come from a people who have long known hardship. There may have been periods of "prosperity" in the rest of the nation, but for the mountain people life has always been hard, a kind of everlasting "depression." You'll see and feel this in the songs.

FACED HARDSHIPS TO ESCAPE ARISTOCRAT CONTAMINATION

Many of the first settlers in Appalachia were Scots who came from Ulster in Northern Ireland where they had lived for a generation. They were a sober sort, a stubborn breed, long acquainted with persecutions. Religious and political independence were so much a part of their nature that the grim uncertainties of the mountain wilderness were counted as naught. They were chasing a dream, albeit a fierce, flinty sort, influenced by Calvin's dogma.

Unlike the intolerance of early New England, however, the mountain ethics did not compel others to accept its dogma. A man might be a Presbyterian as indeed many were. He might also be a non-believer, as many also were. It was worth the hard scuffle keeping the wolf away just to follow the dream of independence for free men. Each was regarded as master of his own mind, free to be or not to be religious. This independence was to influence their reaction later, on the issues of slavery and Civil War.

GHOSTS OF DEAD DREAMS

Ghosts of dead dreams still haunt the hollows of Southern Appalachia. Some stagger aimlessly across bleak mountains with ugly bulldozer gashes from strip-mining. Little dreams, big dreams, good dreams — and dreams still alive stir between the mountains. Cabin Creek in West Virginia is miles of dead dream graves, dreams buried under malodorous smouldering mounds of slate and slag. Winds flutter their ghosts through broken window panes and sagging doors of empty houses scrouged close to the creek banks.

To drive up Cabin Creek is a nightmare, a sobering, sad experience. It is even sadder because it is like so many other Appalachian creeks. Waste is on all sides. Empty, decaying houses, great mountain sides torn by bulldozer rapings. The creek itself oozes with silt and filth from the rapping. But the greatest waste is the human resource, the men and women and teeming children with hungry, hopeless eyes. These are the great tragedy, these living ghosts of yesterday's dreams who still walk the Cabin Creeks of Southern Appalachia. The skeletal remnants of toppling coal tipples are stark symbols.

The mines and mills began to break up and change the life and culture of a people.

THE IDEA OF UNION

The idea of union was not altogether new in its practical aspects. Mountain men had always joined to aid a neighbor when crisis struck — a fire burned home or rail fence in early spring, or sickness laid a man in bed at crop-working time. A house raising, "working," Rail-splitting brought neighbors from miles around. The end of the day, or week as it might be, saw the stricken man in a new house furnished with odd assortments of pieces from other homes, a new split chestnut rail fence around his fields or his crop cleaned of crabgrass.

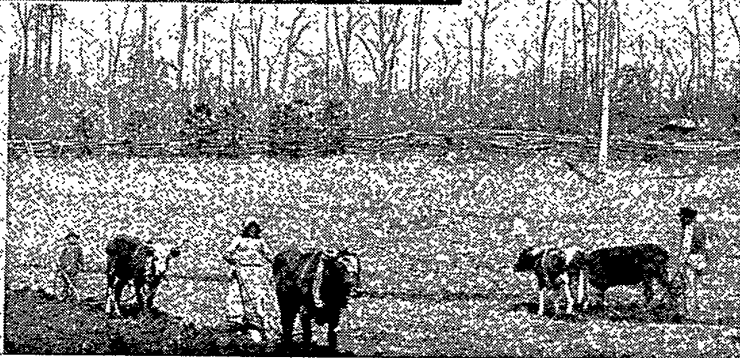
The mines and mills brought fetched-on values. Their owners were concerned primarily for profits. They were from the North, knew nothing about the mountain people, and seemed to care less. Human welfare was secondary. It was a sort of blessing-curse mixture, a bitter-sweet bringing. Mountain folk did need jobs. Nobody could dispute that. Even \$5 or so a week cotton mill wages or the \$1 a day in a coal mine dragged many a family down from their hillside homes.

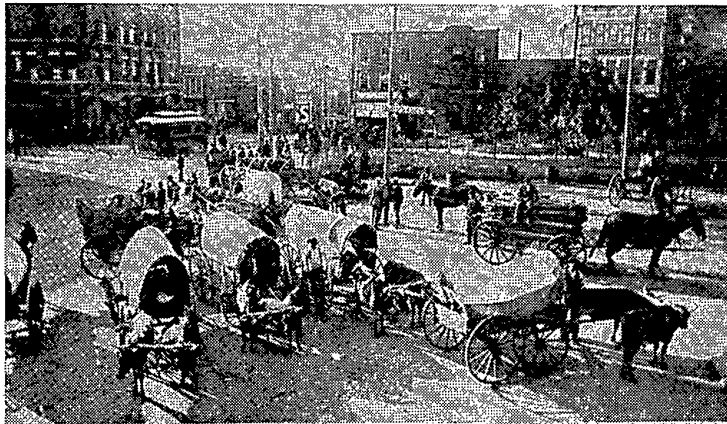
Payment in script, compulsory company commissaries with outrageously high prices, the totalitarian iron-hand company rule of mill and mine village, went hard with the people. They helped store up wells of resentment to break loose later. Coal mines always seem to act as a blight upon an area. A once ruggedly beautiful valley or mountainside may be left in drab ugliness, with hopeless, hungry people. Human health, self respect and dignity pay the cost.



A home in the Blue Ridge 1907. Life never was easy for thousands of mountain folk.

Making a living was hard. Some women and children followed the plow.





Public
Square
Asheville, N. C.
1906.



A BARLOW KNIFE

From such
homes many
went down to
the mines
and cotton
mills.



THE SONG DEPICTS AND REFLECTS

Our songs began to tell about it. The disappointment, the hurt, the anger and hope crept into song. At first it was mainly disappointment and hurt, sprinkled with irony and humor directed partly at ourselves.

Five dollars a fourteen hour week cotton mill wages turned a young girl to a "swiveled" old woman with nothing to show for a life time spent at the looms — nothing but "a barlow knife," the poor man's knife that could be bought for 10 cents.

"The Cotton Mill Girls," interpreted so sensitively by Hedy West, who learned it from her own kinfolks who came down to the Atco Mills from the North Georgia mountains — "Cartecay by Ellijay," to Cartersville — begins the tale.

*Worked in the cotton mill all my life
Ain't got nothing but a barlow knife
Hard times cotton mill girls
Hard times everywhere.*

Humorous irony, with a hint of protest, depicts here a people whose drab, materially barren existence had not killed spirit or ability to laugh, even at their own poor plight.

*When I die don't bury me a-tall
Hang me up in the spinning room hall
And pickle my bones in alcohol
Hard times everywhere.*

PROTEST GROWS

As consciousness kindled with experience and union stirred, imbuing the folk with great hope, it was put into song. Ella Mae Wiggins did it at the great 1929 Gastonia cotton mill strike in North Carolina. Her songs tell of hard, brutal reality. Mother's lament began:

*We leave our homes in the morning
We kiss our children good bye
While we slave for the bosses
Our children scream and cry.*

*How it grieves the heart of a mother
You every one must know
But we can't buy for our children
Our wages are too low.*

And Ella Mae paid the supreme price. She was murdered on a Sunday afternoon as a truck load of workers were fired upon by company thugs from the brush along the highway. Her friends sang "Mother's Lament" at her funeral.

The song was at Marion, North Carolina in the 1929 strike:

*'Twas in Marion, North Carolina
In a little mountain town
Six workers of the textile
In cold blood were shot down.*

It was at Elizabethton in Happy Valley of East Tennessee the same year. And it was at Wilder, Tennessee where company gun thugs, imported from Chicago, shot Barney Graham, union president, in the back on

a Sabbath morning in 1933. Della Mae, Barney's little 12 year old daughter, made the song:

*They shot my darling father
He fell upon the ground
'Twas in the back they shot him
The blood came streaming down.*

*They took the pistol handles
And beat him on the head
The hired gunmen beat him
'Til he was cold and dead.*

Old man Ed Davis and others gave the song a blues turn at Wilder:

*I got the blues, I shore God got'um bad.
I got the blues, worst that I ever had
Must be the blues
Of the Davidson-Wilder scabs.*

Contrasting the bleak, barren life of unemployed miners to auspicious display of riches, the Kentucky mountain miner-composer, Jim Garland, made the song:

*I don't want your millions, mister,
I don't want your diamond ring
All I want is the right to live, mister,
Just give me back my job again.*

*We've worked to make this country's riches
While you've enjoyed a life of ease
Where's the wealth that we made, mister,
Now our children starve and freeze.*

Bloody Harlan in Kentucky: sad, lonely miner villages squeezed down along creek banks between great mountains. Outside privies hang haphazardly out over the creek waters. The one road leading into a village might have a gate, a chain and lock and an armed guard day and night. In many villages, miners lived like serfs and moles. The song caught the spirit and told it. It was "The poor hard working miners whose troubles are great." Not the least of the troubles were constant danger in the mines. Great slabs of slate falling, crushing body and bones, had names such as "horse-backs" and "kettle-bottoms." There were always uneasy upward glances in the mines. And then the song. Some say Aunt Molly Jackson. Some say others:

*Only a miner killed under the ground.
Only a miner but one more is gone
Only a miner but one more is gone
Leaving his wife and poor children alone.*

ACTION, AND WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Poor folk have a remarkable endurance. Their resilience is a glowing tribute to the tough quality of the human species. Steeled by deeper understanding, the mountain miner's determination and unity gained



VIRGIL STURGILL

Virgil Sturgill comes from Carter County, East Kentucky. He sings the old traditional mountain ballads and has done considerable song collecting in the mountain areas. For years he has participated in the Bascom Lamar Lunsford's Asheville, N.C. Folk Festival. His instrument is the old Kentucky dulcimer.

power even as cruelties brought more hunger, accident, sickness and uncertainty.

It is significant, we believe, that the early labor union struggles in the South were in the mountains or foothills where mountain folk worked in the mines and mills. In Kentucky Mrs. Sam Reece, wife of a miner, made the song:

*They say in Harlan County
There are no neutrals there
You're either in the union
Or a thug for J. H. Blair.*

*Which side are you on?
Which side are you on?*

It was time to take sides, and they did. The mountain men chose the union side just as they had gone by tens of thousands to join Lincoln's freedom army in the 1860's to free the slaves and preserve the national Union.

To the eternal credit of these East Kentuckians, the coal operators had to import gun thugs from Chicago, Pittsburg and other "Yankee" places. (See LaFollett Committee's investigation reports). They could not secure the necessary "guards"—interpreted "thugs"—from among the native mountain people.

The miners had a cause and a reason. Their song told more about it:

*For breakfast we had bull-dog gravy
For supper we had beans and bread
The miners don't have any dinner
And a tick of straw they call a bed.*

"FOLK STARS" SYNDROME NOT FROM POOR

The song was always on the right side. It was in the heart with feeling. It was in the image of a troubled stirred folk. Nobody thought of making money from the song. It was for inspiration, for hope, for the sweetness of laughter when life itself seemed to turn sour.

Nobody made "Stars" of the writer-singer, either. Nor was the spirit of individualistic competition a part of the music. One singer was not pitted against another. No one went around shouting the merits of this or that inflated image.

The "folksong Stars" cult did not come from the honesty of the poor, nor from their struggles. The false image building came later. It remained for the Madison Avenue type press agent with the "Folk Stars" syndrome tuned to cash register music to do that in the 1960's. The affluent "folksinger" is an anachronism.

The new "Folksong Stars" cult, like Wall Street finance, centers in New York. In this mad age of Madison Avenue dominated culture, when Coca Cola can buy "folksingers" by the dozen and slick "Hootenanny" type "folk" magazines plug inflated images, emphasis is upon competition and individual dominance. It depends not so much upon quality as having the "right kind" of press agents.

Neither does it mean a performer overcoming obstacles to become a sensitive artist in the interpretation of folk song. "Success" is measured in terms of affluence, and trampling on others, if necessary, to get it.

The loud noise, the bang, bang, the wham, wham beat, the brassy and flashy "Stars," that's the stuff. The "folksong" show world comes to resemble a jungle with sometimes bitter, unprincipled, throat-cutting competition.

Perhaps unconsciously singers come under the spell, and behind every inflated image is the face of fear. Each gives his little solo while his blurb writers extol his super-duper greatness.

Thus a Boston *Broadside* writer informs us that Pete Seeger, though "he has a rather mediocre voice, "is a "great singer," and rates high above Theodore Bikel with "a technically fine voice."

This sort of stuff seems senseless to us. Have we nothing more positive to do than pitting one singer against another?

Both certainly Seeger is a good entertainer. So is Bikel. Both sing folksongs well. (Richard Dyer notes no significant difference between singers and entertainers). We are willing to accept that without trying to make a god of either.

Its superficialities do not promote folksong, nor the folksinger's role in our culture. It is preening the prima donna for the synthetic eclat of the dazzling "Folk Star" syndrome.

BASED ON UNREASON

Recent years have seen an intensified increase of this cult. It is a bothering thing, because it is not in the folk tradition and it is based on unreason. It is an extremely vulgar trend.

We noted in the 1964 elections that certain political gatherings were characterized by an hysterical, unreasoning, teenager-like squealing. It resembled the mob and the mob spirit, and that is always ugly.

Whenever human beings, old or young, lose their reason to emotional orgies, it is a bad sign of sickness. Whether it be a Klu Klux Klan gathering, a Beatle demonstration, or a squealing mob around a "folksinger," unreasoned emotional domination bothers us. We hate to think of a future with more and more people addicted to such intellectual dope. Big city critics and inflated image makers who help set the tone do no service either to folksong or the nation when they contribute to it.

Unions Set Up Appalachian Council

The central labor bodies of 11 states with mountain counties have set up the AFL-CIO Appalachian Council to coordinate efforts in the drive to revitalize Appalachian economy.

Part of the work of this Council is to inform the some 2.5 million union members and other workers in Appalachia of the current programs. It will work with the Department of Health, Education and Welfare and of Labor, the Area Redevelopment Administration, the Appalachian Regional Commission and other agencies working in Appalachia, or that may come into existence later.

Miles C. Stanley, president of the West Virginia AFL-CIO, was designated chairman of the Council in a meeting held in Charleston, W. Va., October, 1964. The regional office is in Charleston.

Maryland Turns Down Strip Mining

The Maryland Commission of Forests and Parks stopped plans of the Bortz Coal Company of Pennsylvania to strip mine some 9,000 acres of mountain land in Garrett County, Western Maryland. Reason cited in the Commission's unanimous decision were water pollution, destruction of land and timber, marring the beauty and potential recreational uses.

What a pity this example was not set long ago by West Virginia, Kentucky and wherever greed for fast profits prompted corporations to such wholesale destruction of land and water resources.

MOUNTAIN CRAFTS

... *Still Alive*

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Many places in Appalachia see efforts and interest in reviving the old arts and crafts which once were everyday activities. Here we see Mrs. Ronald Bannerman of Milton, West Virginia demonstrating the ancient crafts of weaving and spinning. Highly skilled in both crafts, Mrs. Bannerman was featured in the West Virginia Pavillion of the World's Fair.

—Pictures, courtesy of Charleston (W. Va.) GAZETTE-MAIL.

Jethro Amburgey

DULCIMER MAKER

BY MILDRED DAVIDSON CREIGHTON

Mildred Davidson Creighton lives on a branch of the Troublesome Creek in Knott County, Kentucky. She is a public school teacher and folksong singer. She has long been a student of mountain song and culture. Last summer, after visiting with Mildred on a folksong hunting trip, Hedy West wrote:

"Mildred is a very fine native mountain folksinger. There have been few others I liked more, or enjoyed visiting with more. Both she and her husband, Lan, are just about the friendliest folks you'll ever meet. They are, as the mountain people say, 'real clever', meaning warm-hearted and hospitable.

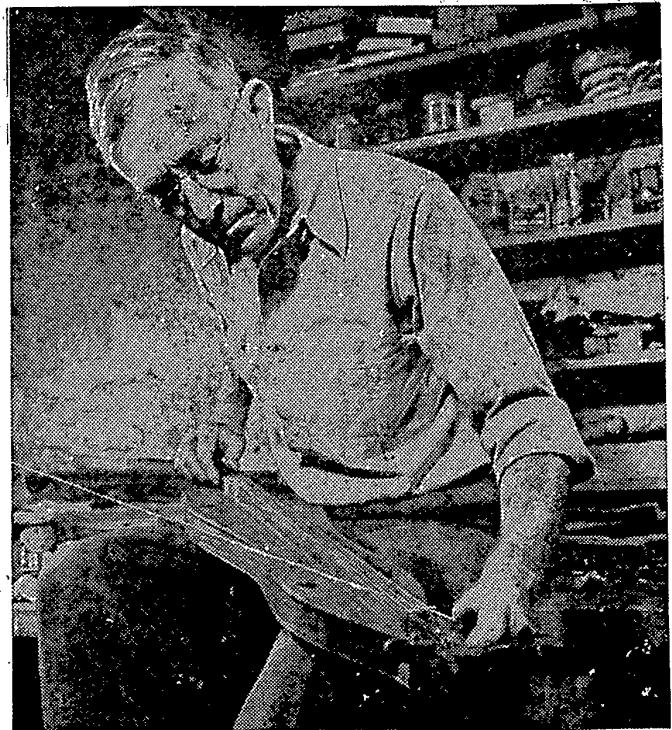
"Mildred knows an unusual number of native songs, and sings them in a beautifully clear voice, with no fetched-on manner. Recorded folk music would have a valuable addition in Mildred Davidson Creighton. She ought to have been recorded long ago."

In the following story, Mildred writes about one of Appalachia's most noted dulcimer makers.

To the home of Jethro Amburgey, on Troublesome Creek, Hindman, Kentucky, come some of the country's most famous folk singers, musical instrument collectors, serious music students, country musicians, and friends who simply like the graciousness and warmth of the home of the South's best-known Appalachian dulcimer maker. From his home basement workshop where his instruments are crafted with individual care and precision have come approximately 700 dulcimers which have gone to all parts of the United States, Canada, the islands in the Carribean and to several European countries.

Mr. Amburgey has made a many-faceted contribution to worthwhile living through the forty years since he first learned the skill of his favorite hobby. He has been a one-room school teacher, Industrial Arts teacher, Superintendent of county schools and county sanitarian. But through them all he has engaged in the hobby that has made him famous and given him many hours of enjoyable creativity.

Jethro Amburgey was born on Dead Mare Branch—a tributary of famed Carr Creek—in Knott County,



Kentucky around the turn of the century. Besides Jethro and his twin brother, Woodrow, there were nineteen children in the family.

The two-room, two-story house in which the family grew up was built over a hundred years ago by Jethro's father, Wiley Amburgey, of hand-felled, hand-hewn logs daubed with clay, and roofed with hand-riven boards. Jethro heired this lovely old home—one of a few of its kind remaining in the mountains—and the farm on which it stands. For many years his long-time friend, author and poet James Still has lived at the old home place.

In 1836 when Jethro's father Wiley was four years old, his people moved from Virginia and North Carolina to Little Carr. At that time there were still vast stretches of unclaimed land in the Kentucky mountains. Jethro's grandfather and his father after him, being surveyors, whenever they heard of such a tract would survey and lay claim to the laid, thereby providing farms and homes for the children.

When Jethro was a mere shaver of a lad in the sixth grade his older brother persuaded him to return

with him to the Hindman Settlement School. This was a comparatively new boarding school for isolated mountain children, established by women who had come from beyond the hill country—and made famous by Lucy Furman as the *Quare Women*—as they were laughingly but affectionately called by the mountaineers. Here he remained and went to school until he was a Junior in high school.

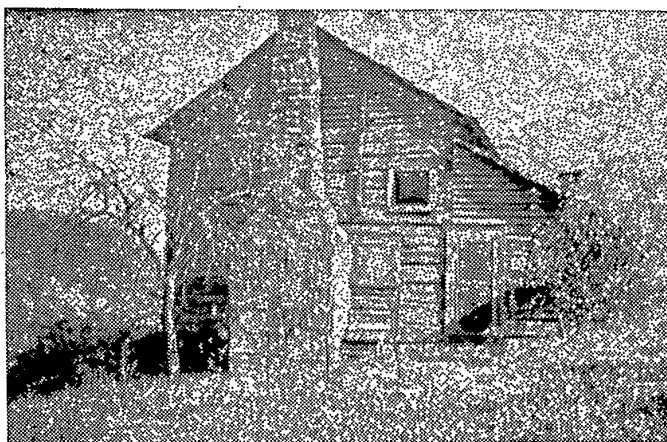
It has long been a recognized fact that mountain people seem to come equipped with inborn religion and love of country, so when the progress and the fervor of World War I intensified, it was not surprising that Jethro should feel impelled to enlist. One of the Hindman Settlement School's favorite legends is of how he, and four other pert-near penniless Settlement boys, with only a can of peaches and some crackers to eat on the way, walked twenty miles over mountainous roads to Hazard, Kentucky, where they enlisted in the United States Army. As a machine gunner Jethro fought and was wounded in the Second Battle of the Marne and the Argonne Forest in France.

After the Armistice Jethro returned to Hindman where he completed high school and, the following year, taught in the Industrial Arts Department. There followed several years of intermittent teaching and attending school at Berea College, Eastern State College and Morehead State College where he earned an AB degree in Industrial Arts. During this time he met and married his quiet, soft-spoken, lovely wife, Rainey Smith Amburgey, who later became a weaving teacher in the Hindman High School. To the young couple was born one son, Morris, now a civil engineer in Dayton, Ohio, who has given the Amburgeys two handsome grandsons.

It was at Hindman that Jethro often met and talked with Mr. Ed Thomas, one of the region's first known dulcimer makers, who brought his beautiful, completely hand crafted instruments to sell to the *Quare Women*, who in turn sold them to people everywhere. Small wonder since his asking price for his black, gold-trimmed beauty was a pitiful five dollars.

Jethro Amburgey was fascinated by the instrument as well as its lonesome, bag-pipish music and he asked Mr. Thomas to show him how to make one. On his return trip, Mr. Thomas brought Jethro a complete pattern already sawed out and showed him how to fit the pieces together. Mr. Thomas made perhaps 1500 dulcimers, now collector's items, but the whereabouts of only a few is known and nobody knows from whom he learned the art. He and Jethro made a gentlemen's agreement that only after Ed Thomas's death would Jethro make dulcimers for sale — an agreement that was kept to the letter. Unfortunately, the same cannot be said of some to whom Jethro has obligingly given his pattern.

Though patterns may vary, Jethro Amburgey's dulcimer looks somewhat like an elongated, narrow violin, with four heart-shaped holes in the top. It may be made of cherry or maple but walnut is the wood most



Jethro Amburgey's Birthplace

preferred. The frets are made of precisely placed finishing nails, the pegs are hand-whittled. A final coat of wax over the shellacked surface gives the instrument the soft sheen of antiquity. In the bottom of the dulcimer is Jethro's name, address, the date on which the instrument was finished and the number of the instrument. With the dulcimer Mr. Amburgey includes a length of fishing cane and an instruction sheet on how to hold, tune, and play the dulcimer.

Mr. Amburgey does not know how long it takes to construct a dulcimer. Of one thing, however, he is sure: the thirty-five dollars he receives for a dulcimer does not average an exorbitant wage.

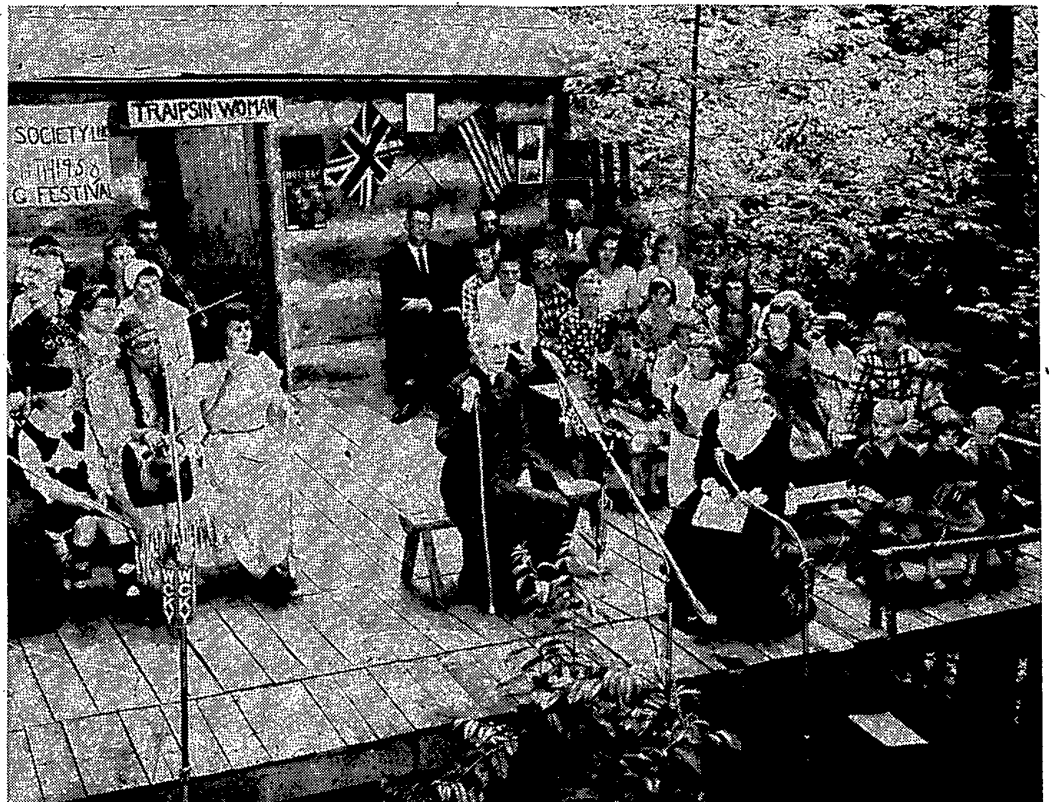
Once the dulcimer is finished it is strung with two No. 1 banjo strings and one No. 4 base string and then tuned. Then Jethro Amburgey—one of the truly fine dulcimer players—sits down, takes a short length of "Kentucky bamboo" to note with and perhaps a goose quill to strum with and tries out his new creation. Or he may employ a distinctive playing style of his own that is similar to banjo picking—an instrument he also plays.

Actually the Appalachian dulcimer is one of the very easiest of all instruments to play, but it becomes highly versatile when tuned in various modes, several of which are no longer in general use but which were commonly employed when many of the mountain songs still in existence were written. The dulcimer is especially suitable for accompanying all types of folk music, whether it be a love ballad, dance jig or meeting house song. It is possible for almost anyone, whether he has a great deal of talent or not, to learn to play and enjoy the dulcimer. Also it can be used quite successfully for performance purposes.

Now that Jethro is retired he is able to turn out a considerably larger number of instruments than in the past. But with the increasing popularity of the dulcimer it is obvious that he is going to be very busy for many years to come.

Traipsin' Woman Produces Folk Play

Jean Thomas, the Traipsin' Woman, front stage (right) holding program at American Folk Song Festival. It was this group heard on the first record of the American Folk Song Festival issued by Folkway Records, New York.



At 83 Miss Jean Thomas exemplifies a quality of creative mountain spirit we admire. Long ago we read her "Devil's Ditties" and sensed then a rare excellence of devotion in the search for genuine understanding of Appalachian folk culture. Her home in Ashland, Kentucky is itself a unique museum-like setting for the American Folk Song Festival which she founded and has directed for the past 34 years.

Other books by Miss Thomas are "The Traipsin' Woman" (Dutton, 1933) and "The Sun Shines Bright," an autobiography (Prentice-Hall, NYC). As a girl of 17 Jean Thomas did secretarial work for the courts in eastern Kentucky. She rode from court to court on horse back or jolt wagon long before roads were built. The team followed the creek bed roads. This background kindled her interest in the folk culture.

Later experiences took her beyond these Kentucky hills — to New York, Hollywood and other far places. She worked 13 years in show business in New York as script girl in the silent picture days, and later did similar work in Hollywood.

All these years and miles and experiences have given her a rich and rare background. Her American Folk Song Festival is known internationally. It has twice been taped for Voice of America. It has been televised by the TODAY SHOW and by John Chancellor for NBC-TV. She has personally coached a number of noted folksingers.

Now Miss Thomas writes and produces a play, "The Charcoal Furnace Story," March 12-14. It commemorates Kentucky's Homecoming Year of 1965, and casts some 50 local citizens as characters.

The American Folk Song Festival (June 11-13)

features song, folk art and dancing as well as this new addition of folk drama.

We consider Miss Thomas one of the leading native authorities on the folklore and song of Appalachia. She has no "city-slicker" pretense. Her understanding was dug up from the grassroots with fodder pullin', sorghum makin', song singin', coal minin', sprout grubbin' mountain folk. And, with her ever youthful perspective, she continues to search and learn.

We take off our hat in salute to the "Traipsin' Woman."



Jean Thomas, The Traipsin' Woman standing, carrying the 'poke' bearing her name, made by Rhoda McCoy and America Hatfield. In the jolt wagon drawn by sturdy horses is Aunt Molly Triplet with dulcimer on lap. Jean Thomas, when only 17 rode in the mountains from court long before roads were built. Teams followed the creek bed roads.

To "MAKE OUT" & "GET ALONG"

OR

Old Timey Mountain Doctoring

BY LILLIE WEST



Lillie West, Hedy's Grandmother

Back in olden times a body needed to know a right smart about home doctoring just to make out and get along. Dogwood winter could fetch on a passel of croup ailments, or early spring footwashing at Burnt Mountain Church might cause colds and such.

Nearly everybody used to know how to make up cures for these ailments. Some who gave a right smart of study to it were better'n others. My Grandpaw, Jim Mulkey, was one. In his younger days he spent a heap of time meandering back in the deep coves where ginseng, rattled weed, lady slipper and ditney thrive. He consorted with the Cherokee, too, and was a friend with old Chief Whitepath who lived about a whoop and a holler above Ellijay and trusted few whites.

"Botanical" and Full-feathered Doctors

Later my Granddaddy set up in practice as a "botanical doctor." Folks trudged from near and far to his door, or he was called to ailing bedsides. He made up all his own doctoring medicines. That's why they called him a bo-tanical doctor. We accented the first syllable, *bo*.

Then I remember when the first "school doctors" started in our mountains. Cleve Chaistain went off to Atlanta to school for two years. He came back a full-feathered doctor. Cleve was the son of old man Lige Chaistain who farmed on the Licklog. He set up practice at the Cartecay crossroads where my brother, Charlie Mulkey, ran a store. He treated folks on Tick-annetty, Licklog and Burnt Mountain. Folks called him a "powful good doctor." He went when he was called, rain, sleet or snow, money or no.

Democrat-Baptist, Republican-Methodist

Faxish Holden later set up practice at Cartecay across the road from Cleve. Some liked doctor Cleve, while others leaned to Holden. One was a Democrat and a Baptist, the other was Republican and Methodist. I reckon we sort of decided along political-religious lines. But some times with bad sickness a family might call both Democrat-Baptist and Republican-Methodist, just to be on the safe side of God, and Congress, I reckon.

Lillie West, age 75, lives on Lower Young Cane by Nottley Lake in Union County, Georgia. This area is the home of her ancestors from long back. She runs a small country store where the roads fork and loves to swap tales and songs with her customer neighbors. Her granddaughter, folksinger Hedy West, learned many of her songs and much understanding from the grandmother.

That happened once when old man Newt Mealer's family up on Burnt Mountain got down with the 1918 influenza. The ailment was killing a heap of people, and folks got so they didn't care whether doctoring was Baptist or Methodist, nor what its politics.

Now Dr. Holden had one of the first T-model Fords ever fetched to Cartecay. He was a big fat man and bounced along the chuggy roads like a dish of limber-twig apple jelly. Dr. Cleve was tall and slim. He drove a fast team of western horses to a surrey. The two doctors lit out from Cartecay with Holden's T-model in the lead. Chastain's wiery horses hooved the dust not five minutes behind.

Cracker-barrell Council

The cracker barrel council gathered regularly at my brother Charlie's store, stirred with excitement. They wagered as to which would get to the Mealer sick beds first, T-model or western horses. It divided about equal, depending on politics and church membership.

Well, the Democrat horses passed the Republican T-model on the Marion Reece hill. Baptist Chastain was already there doctoring when Methodist Holden wheezed in.

The Democrat-Baptist faction at the cracker barrel held this to be proof positive that the new-fangled gasoline contraption would never replace the horse. Others, including my own Democrat-Baptist Paw, were not so sure. My Paw said a thing that could run without legs had a tarnation big natural advantage once the chug holes and ruts were smoothed out.

But even a botanical doctor and two school doctors couldn't get everywhere. Besides, a dollar for a call or two dollars for a baby birth was not easy come by. A body just had to be able to make medicine for accident or ailment. Here are a few we always found fitten.

Old-Timey Cures

For rheumatism: black snake root whittled in corn-liquor was a mighty popular treatment. A big enough dose was guaranteed to kill pain and make the victim forget his trouble. Sometimes we mixed in a few snake root berries to add spice and color.

For sores, bruises, stiff joints and leg pains: Steep bear's foot leaves and roots for a spell, add hog grease and boil down to a salve. Rub the ailing spots.

For stomach trouble: lobelia leaves made into tea would cause vomiting and help pain.

For sleepless nights: Jimpson weed seeds made into tea. A few sups put you right off to sleep. Too many sups and you might not wake, so we didn't add any corn-liquor to this.

Dysentery: Devil's shoestring roots mixed with snake root, stirred in corn liquor.

Baby colic: Sampson snakeroot tea.

For stomach ulcer: Button snakeroot tea.

The bad cold: Horse mint, penny royal and boneset tea spiced with corn-liquor. Follow with a cup of star-grass root tea as a laxative. An overdose of the latter and you sure didn't relax.

To stop bleeding: a silvergrass poultice.

A heal all cure: slippery elm bark poultice.

Coughs: hoarhound tea with corn-liquor mixed.

Nervousness: ladyslipper tea, spiked with corn-liquor.

Burns: Salve from boiled rats vein, stem roots and leaves.

Kidney disorder and tonic: Ginseng tea.

A general tonic: ginseng and rattleweed roots whittled in a gallon of corn-liquor made excellent "bitters." Add a little ladyslipper to mellow the taste and a smidge of catnip to sweeten the smell. Keep in the cupboard and take a hearty dram before breakfast. My Paw said it made a body feel more like meeting a day's work. It helped to make out and get along. Paw always kept his "bitters" handy. Getting the corn-liquor was less problem than the ginseng and ladyslipper roots. It was cheap, too.

THE LORD HELPS THOSE . . .

"The Lord", it is said, "helps those who help themselves."

Now is the time to let the Lord do some helping. For this to happen the mountain man, slum dwellers and poverty victims of whatever color, must bestir themselves. No body does anything for us, including the Lord, unless there is a demonstrated effort and desire to help ourselves.

People help themselves and each other by getting together. Recent activities and experiences of the Negro people are examples. They wanted to be treated like human beings, as citizens under the Constitution. So they got together — in the streets, the schools, the restaurants and so on. They started doing something together, and the Lord helped.

This is how the unemployed miners, the needy farmers, the men and women displaced by automation may help themselves. The more we work together the more the Lord can help.

"My way of joking is to tell the truth. It's the funniest joke in the world." —George Bernard Shaw

"No society can surely be flourishing and happy, of which the far greater part of the members are poor and miserable." —Adam Smith

"The law of life should not be the competition of acquisitiveness, but cooperation, the good of each contributing to the good of all."

—Nehru

RECIPES

"A Pinch of This A Smidgen of That"

Too often after eating a delicious meal at the home of a good old mountain cook, you might ask for the recipe, and receive a reply something like this: "Law, I never use a recipe, I just put in a little of this, a dab of that, a smigen of the 'tother, and maybe a little more of this or that."

If you have ever had this happen, you know how frustrating it is, for you would love to be able to duplicate that meal. However sometimes we can persuade these cooks to write out a recipe. And occasionally we are lucky enough to run across someone who just happened to have that old recipe either memorized or written down in long hand in an old book somewhere.

Launa Williams of White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., has given us some of her favorites. Here is what she says about one. "I've had this chocolate cake recipe longer than my oldest son. I got it from Mrs. Rose at United, W. Va., That was a coal camp on Cabin Creek. She got it from a doctor's wife and it had been in their family many years before that. It's the best I have ever gotten hold of."

CHOCOLATE FUDGE CAKE

2 cups sugar
1 cup butter
3 squares of chocolate melted
5 eggs
1 cup buttermilk
2½ cups flour
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
1 tsp. soda
1 tbsp. water mixed with soda.

Mix the sugar and butter. Stir in the chocolate, eggs and buttermilk. Then mix in the flour and salt. Then add the vanilla and soda mixed with the water. Bake slowly.

Mrs. Williams promises soon, to make a bread pudding recipe she has had for years so she can write out the amounts of everything for us.

We would appreciate receiving recipes from others with a little explanation and history.



LAUNA WILLIAMS

An animal lover as well as a good cook.

THE GREATEST HEALING

A certain man went on his way,
The Son of Man once said,
When from the brush fierce robbers
rose
And left him there half dead.

Then on the road a pious priest
And Levite, too, passed by.
They saw him bleeding in the dust
But left him there to die.

When next a traveler came down,
He of a hated clan,
His humble feet led him aside
To tend the beaten man.

Into the wounds he poured his
cures
Of wine and oil and such
But O, the greatest healing was
That kindly human touch!

—D.T.

DID YOU KNOW?

... that the "old South" was never a monolithic unit of pro-slavery advocates?

... that Southern Appalachia was a "thorn in the flesh" of the Confederacy?

... that strong anti-slavery thought rooted early here?

... that the first newspaper in America dedicated wholly to the abolition of slavery was published here by mountain men?

... that William Lloyd Garrison considered himself "a disciple" of the Southern Mountaineer abolitionist, John Rankin?

... that the Underground Railroad was begun and continued to be supported by Southern Mountain men?

... that the main line of the Underground Railroad led up through the mountains from Georgia to Ohio and Pennsylvania to Canada?

... that John Fairfield, Virginia mountain man, was one of the most dramatic, daring and successful conductors on the Underground Railroad, helping refugees to freedom from every slave state?

... that another Virginian, John Kagi, was John Brown's first lieutenant and died at Harpers Ferry?



Dr. E. Gaine Cannon relaxes



A hospital being built on faith, hope and human concern

Albert Schweitzer Memorial Hospital

Ed. Note: "Reverence for life" is the motto of a doctor, a hospital and a community in this remote and needy section of Appalachia.

By Buford W. Posey

Balsam Grove is located in Transylvania County in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains of Western North Carolina. The nearest public telephone is nine miles away in Rosman, N.C. The City of Brevard (pop. 5,000) 18 miles distant is the County Seat. Asheville, 53 miles away, is the nearest major city. Balsam Grove has one general store combined with a service station, a small community center, and the second smallest post office in the United States. Approximately 60 families live in this immediate vicinity.

Thirteen years ago, a native son returned here to minister to the needs of these mountain people. Dr. Edward Gaine Cannon, whose father before him practiced medicine in this locality, grew tired of life in the city and decided to come home to the mountains. Dr. Cannon had founded the first clinic in Fayetteville, North Carolina and Cannon Memorial Hospital at Pickens, South Carolina. During World War II he had attained the rank of Lt. Colonel in the Army Medical Corps.

He purchased 317 acres of land on which was located a small cabin and a barn. Today, it contains

eleven buildings, including an out-patient clinic, Obstetrical Clinic and the beginnings of the Albert Schweitzer Memorial Hospital. His friend, Dr. Schweitzer, not only gave him permission to name the yet unfinished hospital in his honor but also has donated a total of \$10,000 toward its completion.

Meanwhile, Dr. Cannon charges modest fees to his patients in the out-patient clinic and Obstetrical clinic. The average office call ranges from \$2.00 to \$3.00. House calls from \$4.00 to \$5.00. Full charges for an OB case are \$100.00. However, everyone is treated regardless of whether or not they are able to pay anything whatsoever. Approximately, two-thirds of his patients pay something; even if its not always in cash. Dr. Cannon is ably assisted in his endeavors by Dr. Clarence Edens and Medical Technician, Mrs. Helen McCall. He has a grand total of 6,900 patients from six mountain counties in this area. It has been estimated that he gives away \$6,000 worth of free drugs each year and about the same amount in medical services. He owns a pharmacy which is located in the out-patient clinic. Prescriptions are always filled be-



BUFORD POSEY

Buford Posey, who tells above a small part of this much bigger story, serves the Hospital in a public relations capacity. He has written for the NATION and other publications. Mr. Posey, age 39, knows Mississippi, too. A graduate of the University of Southern Mississippi, he is a former member of the State Democratic Committee, and was active for civil rights long before it became a popular cause.

fore it's known whether or not the patient can pay for same. No patient has ever been denied medical care or drugs because of his inability to pay.

Communication with the outside world is carried on by short-wave radio.

Our electricity is furnished by a local R.E.A. Co-op. Our heating needs are served by a huge gas truck which re-fills two 600 gallon tanks approximately twice a month. A 4,000 gallon reservoir built on the side of the mountain supplies an adequate water system by means of gravity.

Local volunteer labor has completed the exterior of the Hospital. Most of the interior is also finished. However, the truly expensive construction remains to be done. This includes plumbing, and heating system and electric wiring. Whether or not the Hospital is ever completed depends upon the amount of outside assistance Dr. Cannon is able to obtain. Financial contributions are anxiously sought and most welcomed. Above all, we welcome visitors and their comments regardless of whether or not they make financial contributions. Truly it will be a "miracle of the hills" if this 35 bed hospital is ever completed. Nevertheless, Dr. Cannon and his mountain friends are confident that this event will soon happen.

"These mountains are the home of freedom. Here was created the state of Franklin, and before it was the Watauga Association, the first free commonwealth formed by American born citizens."

—Wm. E. Barton

"In extreme North Georgia dwelt the mountaineers . . . They were devoted to the Union and would have supported emancipation if it had been attempted . . . The mountaineers were anti-slavery in sentiment. They were an inarticulate element and their views have usually been lost."

—Scarborough, Ph.D. thesis, Peabody College

Letters

I congratulate you on your endeavor. Such a magazine is much needed. It would save some of the interesting things now going to waste. It could voice our region and still be highly readable to other regions. It could speak for those who have migrated from Appalachia or might come to it.

—George S. Ward, Georgia

It is important that the true situation and real needs be revealed in the antipoverty war. Perhaps more TVA's will be needed. More and better ones.

—Bruce Crawford

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A
Great
Southerner
Is Dead



AUBREY WILLIAMS

Aubrey Williams, age 74, died at his home in Washington, D.C., March 3, 1965.

We plan a full length feature later.

A native of the North Alabama hill country, Aubrey never lost touch with nor his feel for the common people. As Deputy Administrator of W.P.A. and later Administrator of the National Youth Administration, no man did more to humanize the New Deal than Aubrey Williams. For he loved people. His straight forward, honest approach led him to the simple but startling (to some) conclusion that if men are unemployed, they need jobs. If people are hungry, they need food.

His own humble origin and early struggles to get an education (he attended Maryville College in East Tennessee) never permitted him to look down upon the less fortunate. Nor did he ever assume the role of "benefactor." He believed in helping people to help themselves.

No man in America (we'll even say in American history) has a better record in devotion to civil and human rights and welfare. His whole life was lived in action dedicated to these principles. Long before the 1954 Court decision on school integration, Aubrey labored for equal rights for Negroes. Not because he singled the Negro people out for special concern, but because he considered them human beings.

Aubrey Williams was indeed a rare spirit, a man of unquestioned integrity and exceeding great courage. (He frequently paid a dear price for that courage). The essence of simplicity, ever the warm-hearted human being, the dreamer and hoper, never losing faith in his fellowmen, he was a living example of love made flesh. What a President of these United States he would have made, and how tragic that America so often fails to choose such men for that high office.

Historians of the future will have to give him a high place among the great. We have no hesitancy now in placing him beside such all time Southern greats as Jefferson, Lincoln and Kefauver.

From My Notebook

BY LOWELL KIRBY

In the small hours of the morning, between two and four, these thoughts go through one's mind:

... Ignorance is always self-assured and certain, while educated intelligence is only certain of uncertainty. Ignorance is domineering, dogmatically sure, always has the answers, all the answers, the truth and all the truth. But educated intelligence is humble, considerate, searching, hoping, generous of heart. One is illustrated by the dogma of some "religious" groups, the other by the Einstein spirit of humility, searching into the great unknown—the humble spirit of true science...

... Youth is not youth unless it is seeking to penetrate beyond the outer surface of propaganda coverings of its world regardless of what nation or age or generation. It is a sad thing to see youth accepting the status quo without question. Progress comes by the new throwing off the old. Youth owes a search to itself and to the future...

... There is a lot to learn in this world. Earnest and honest people know what they need to study. The keen mind, the hungry spirit will be the questioning mind, the searching spirit—it will not accept the status quo just because it is status quo...

... There is plenty to challenge men. Christ was crucified because he challenged the status quo, but where is the church today that would dare to challenge as Christ challenged? The world is hungry for thinkers. The world needs men who have the guts to dare challenge...

... We need more young people with stars in their eyes, with modesty, yes, and with the courage needed to follow the stars.

The main job is the honest search for truth, the honest effort to teach and spread it and bring understanding...

... It makes no difference how well educated a man gets, how brilliant he is, if he is lacking in love for his fellow man, he is missing the boat. Love causes a man to walk the humble ways, causes him to trudge the rocky roads, take the abuses and attacks, go to prisons when innocent or to the gallows or a cross—for humanity's sake, because he loves...

... Patience, toleration for the other fellow's differences, and sometimes not saying all we think—these are necessary, too...

In the small hours of the morning, between two and four, one thinks.

—From the McCaysville (Ga.) Citizen



LOWELL KIRBY

Lowell Kirby is a native Georgia mountain man. A graduate of the University of Georgia with both law and journalism degrees, he came back home to Fannin County to start his newspaper. His prizewinning column is one of the liveliest editorial productions among the weeklies. He is noted for taking straightforward stands on significant issues. We are proud of such mountain editors.

MAGDALENE

When Magdalene, the harlot, wept
Hot tears upon his feet
The Son of Man did note her love
As he sat down to meat.

But Simon spoke a hasty word —
Shocked was that worthy host.
The Lord said let her go in peace,
For she has loved me the most.

HIGH CIVILIZATION

If these mad years end,
Consumed by universal
incineration,

And if, after the slime
And patience of ignorance,
Some new life discovers
Fossilized bombers and
Pre-historic sky-scrappers
Embedded in the rubble
Of our extinction,

Will such discovery
By naturalists of a new race
Provide the wisdom
For lack of which
We perished? ? ?

—D.T.

RECOLLECTIONS

of a

common man

. . . who has had some

uncommon experiences

in the Appalachians

BY BRUCE CRAWFORD

In the early nineties a young West Virginia carpenter went into the booming new coalfields of southwestern Virginia, built the first houses in the town of Norton, and married a mountain schoolteacher who'd never been on a train. Then came the "Cleveland panic." He told his bride he would go west to stake a homesteader's claim, build a sod house, then send for her—and me, soon to be born. Months later Mom bundled me up and, awed by the world, made the long train trip to Indian Territory.

The town where we homesteaded was without a railway station. Its inhabitants had to go 20 miles to board a train. But the railroad—which, like the settlers, had received land grants—wouldn't give them a station. After unheeded requests they began resorting to direct action. They piled goodsboxes and finally a privy on the track, only to see the engine knock everything into kindling wood.

Now my dad knew about the Trojan Horse, the Boston Tea Party, Coxey's Army of unemployed and the railroad strike at Martinsburg, W. Va. In that strike federal troops quelled the whole town that was in sympathy with the strikers. So now Dad talked somebody into starting a weekly paper called *The Train Wrecker*. They whipped up sentiment for a dramatic move which, they hoped, would cause Congress to compel the railroad to stop its trains there.

One night before a freight was to rumble through, the citizens turned out to a man and disjointed both rails. Then they lifted the track and twisted it over like a corkscrew in the direction of the expected train.



Hundreds, including women, climbed upon the bending track, curving it farther along, its crossties clinging in a whirl. They all stood back to watch.

The engineer, Dad said, mistook the fanned-out ties for a windmill on the track, opened his throttle to heave it off. As he rode upon the scene the track whirled back in fast unwinds. But the rail-ends didn't join back together and the train ran aground. Nobody was hurt. The town cheered. By special act Congress gave them a station.

Long afterwards when Dad would relate this tale, I imagined how someday I'd start a paper of my own. Only it would wreck, not trains, but myths and shams and public wrongs . . .

Normalcy prevailed and Dad again grew restless. So he brought us back to the Appalachians. Now at the turn of the century the West Virginia coal towns along New River were as "wild and woolly" as the West. On the old Crawford place in Fayette County, Grandma gave Dad eleven acres and told him to stay put and raise more family. He didn't care for agriculture, but more children came. He constructed coal company houses, commissaries, tipples.

In those raw times there was massive corruption in public life. Judges, legislators, editors, lawyers received railroad passes. Saloons, which were the "civic centers" in some places, were a big corruptive factor; county commissioners wanted office mainly for the graft involved in granting liquor licenses. Coal miners spent too much of their wages in the saloons.

New workers were imported as "labor transportations." Some were Negroes from the South, some were "Hunks" from Hungary, others "Tallies" from Italy.

These indentured workers lived in feudal company towns. Some native miners had their own patches of land where their wives and children gardened.

Soon all the miners began organizing to get more rights and better pay. Now they felt the ruthless power of those who controlled government. They started striking all over. At Paint Creek and Cabin Creek their families were evicted and had to live in tent colonies, into which shots were fired by private guards from passing trains. "Mother" Jones, a Joan of Arc of American unionism, led angry miners in fearless marches. She was often jailed and finally sentenced to 20 years. As a kid I heard Dad tell about her: how she was a heroine they'd sing of in folksongs.

During a peaceful lull Dad took me and my bother Bill to the Jamestown World Fair. The trip filled our minds with endless projects. We built a 6-inch-gauge railroad back of Dad's carpenter shop, using wooden strips for rails. We made boxcars, coal hoppers, and a locomotive with a joint of stovepipe for a boiler. The train ran by gravity down the winding track, along which we "opened" coal mines by filling little trenches with slack coal and sodding them over. Our train dumped the coal into a ship we built at our own Hampton Roads. We also made a "Fortress Monroe" to keep enemy ships away. We imitated other things in the glamorous world of endeavor. We were too young to know the underlying political and social realities of that world.

In another dull period Dad began staring toward the distances. Mom had always wanted to return to Norton. So we up and went.

Later when barely turned twenty, I did start a weekly paper. Its slogan was, "Where There's Agitation There's No Stagnation." Dad, who by now was going conservative, eyed my venture with both pride and misgiving. He observed, correctly, that I was a tadpole editor trying to wiggle off my tail of inexperience in the hope of becoming a potent frog in a fain-sized pond.

My first "crusade" was to bring out a retired fellow Nortonian for mayor. He ran and my readers duly elected him. Thus well begun, I married and went in debt for better printing equipment.

By 1922 Norton was the nerve center of the coal fields. But the miners were dissatisfied and about to unionize. So the coal operators largely underwrote a "revival campaign" by the famous evangelist Billy Sunday. Partly because I'd read Mark Twain, Jack London and freethinkers like Henry Mencken, I declared editorially that the "acrobatic pulpiteer" puts on a show with enough religion in it to evade the war tax." I was first vigorously deplored, then weakly prayed for. Anyway, when the coal superintendents led delegations of miners into the tabernacle, Sunday told them that man does not live by bread alone, etc. The campaign collected \$30,000. Two years later the Kiwanis Club voted not to have Sunday return for another such campaign.

Next I fought the Ku Klux Klan, calling it "an intolerant confederacy of dark-minded cowards hiding under sheets." My wife feared for my life. The Klan hit us with a costly boycott, but my father-in-law came

to the rescue by taking stock in the paper. A year later the Klan split into two factions over how best to liquidate me. Neighbors of mine, who'd joined up in self-defense, walked out of the klavern in disgust. Soon not a sheet remained.

By now I was doing articles on my experiences for big papers and magazines. One of these articles was reprinted by the old Literary Digest, another by Reader's Digest. I did pieces for the Baltimore Evening Sun, New York Times Magazine, the New Republic, the Nation, Outlook and Independent, and Virginia Quarterly Review. While I wrote somewhat in the Mencken vein, especially when commenting on the famous Scopes evolution trial, I finally regarded Mencken as anti-democratic. He did blast a hole through the mountain of ignorance and superstition. But when the Great Depression came he stood aside while many of his followers, including me, went on through—to a new, challenging era of vast change.

Now I wrote passionately in behalf of the Forgotten Man and social betterment. This worried Dad. He was by now a Hoover Republican, whereas I was for going beyond what was to be the Roosevelt New Deal. Farmers were stopping sheriffs' sales. War veterans were commandeering trains for the Bonus March. But Dad talked less and less of that Train Wrecker exploit. Ailing now, he'd served his time, rest him.

Their excitement flared at nearby Harlan in Kentucky where miners revolted against company tyranny. I went over there to write about the situation, and got a gun-thug's bullet through my leg. Then the sheriff sued me for "slander," though he died and there was no trial. I did many stories for magazines about the Harlan despotism—which itself was "shot" by political change later on.

Next I joined delegations protesting lynchings in Alabama and demanding repeal of a state "anti-sedition" law that punished striking coal and iron workers. We were fired upon as we drove out of Birmingham and nearly lynched at a smalltown hotel. Governor Bibb Graves refused us police protection, but he later had the notorious law repealed.

In 1934 I ran for Congress as an independent Democrat on a Better Deal platform for "labor, the farmer and small business man." I called for repeal of the "plutocratic poll tax" law. Of course I didn't, couldn't win, having made my appeal to the disfranchised majority. But when Big Business elements started undoing the New Deal by court action, after it had saved them, I sided with the newer New Dealers seeking to spread benefits to the people as a whole.

But the paper's crusades had proven too costly. Friends for years had lectured me for being "so recklessly ahead of the times" as to get behind with my bills. Although some readers named newborn sons after me, I was honored as pallbearer for many a subscriber who had paid his subscription with applause, the flame didn't seem to be worth the candle. So my competitor and I, having talked "buy or sell" for years, practically pitched a coin to see who'd sell to the other. I figured I won—got out.

Now I returned to West Virginia and edited the Bluefield Sunset News three years, supporting the Roosevelt programs. In 1941, when militant Senator M. M. Neely became Governor, he appointed me director of the State Publicity Commission to "properly boost the state's resources." From then on under Democratic governors I wrote speeches and political campaign advertising and helped the party defeat reactionaries in both primary and general elections. I believe West Virginians came to see that their area had been not so much underdeveloped as wrongly developed.

In fact, because of reckless exploitation of mountain lands, chiefly by strip and auger mining in recent years, the Appalachian states have been likened to the dust bowl of the West where my father homesteaded. Like the Okies leaving Oklahoma, miners were leaving ghost towns in areas of land scarification, soil and timber waste, and hideous stream and air pollution.

Today, efforts are being made to create a new, socially healthy economy where, as one miner put it, "machines have scabbed on men." It is now seen that displaced workers must receive more than relief that sustains them like Indians on reservations. Enlightened leadership will provide all-around opportunity for self-help to Appalachia's people. Many of them are like harps with golden strings strummed by no musician—people who, with talent for the arts, crafts,

sciences and humanities, can make life more liveable for themselves and others by contributing to its quality and abundance.

The 1965 West Virginia State Folk Festival

will be held in
Glennville, W. Va.
June 17 thru 20

"Men might as well be imprisoned, as excluded from the means of earning their bread." —John Stuart Mill

"Give me liberty to know, to utter, and to argue freely according to conscience, above all liberties." —John Milton, English poet

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Sponsors will, it is hoped, contribute to a \$775,000 fund to be used: To perpetuate the memory of Estes Kefauver, whose courage, vision, kindness, integrity, great ability and dedicated service won for him national and international recognition.

To perpetuate the ideals for which he stood—ideals which offer mankind's best hope for preserving freedom in America and peace in the world.

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To aid higher education and deserving young people by providing substantial scholarship funds, something Estes delighted in doing during his lifetime.

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ED. NOTE: With the death of Carter G. Woodson, April 3, 1950, America lost a truly great scholar-historian and humanitarian.

Born December 19, 1875 of ex-slave parents in a large, poor family, he had little chance for early schooling. For a time he worked as a miner in the Fayette County, West Virginia coal fields. Not until age 20 was he able to enter Douglas High School in Huntington. Receiving his diploma in two years, Woodson entered Berea College in Kentucky. Here he received the Bachelor's degree in 1901. Further degrees included the M.A. from the University of Chicago and Harvard's Ph.D.

As a teacher, scholar and writer, Carter Woodson was justifiably concerned first with his own people. His efforts led to the organization of the Association of Negro Life and History in 1915, the JOURNAL OF NEGRO HISTORY in 1916, The Associated Publishers in 1921, Negro History Week in 1926, and the NEGRO

HISTORY BULLETIN in 1937. In addition he wrote numerous articles and books.

Woodson's long life enriched not only the culture and understanding of his own people, but contributed greatly to all America. He was of the mountains and had an unusual understanding of the Southern Mountaineer. He, and his writing, are of particular significance to the Mountain South.

There is much in the background of the Mountain South that needs understanding. The writing of Carter G. Woodson can help. It is based not only on scholarly and careful research but his own wide experience in the Southern Mountains.

We are proud to bring our readers the words below from a Southern Mountain man who was also a Negro. With the poet he might have said: "In the mountains, there you feel free." He helps us understand ourselves. For this we must be deeply grateful. (We omit Dr. Woodson's copious foot notes.)

FREEDOM AND SLAVERY in Appalachian America

By C. G. WOODSON



DR. CARTER G. WOODSON

To understand the problem of . . . freedom and slavery in Appalachian America we must keep in mind two different stocks coming in some cases from mother country and subject here to the same government. Why they differed so widely was due to their peculiar ideals formed prior to their emigration from Europe and to their environment in the New World. To the Tidewater came a class whose character and purposes . . . easily enabled them to develop into an aristocratic class . . . the conservative, easy-going, wealth-seeking, exploiting adventurers finally fell back on the institution of slavery which furnished the basis for a large plantation system of seeming principalities. . .

In this congenial atmosphere the eastern people were content to dwell . . . Separated by high ranges of mountains which prevented the unification of the interest of the sections, the West was left for conquest by a hardy race of European dissenters who were capable of more rapid growth. These were the Germans and Scotch-Irish with a sprinkling of Huguenots, Quakers and poor whites who had served their time

as indentured servants in the East . . . they hoped to realize political liberty and religious freedom. Many of these Germans first settled in the mountainous districts of Pennsylvania and Maryland and then migrated later to the lower parts of the Shenandoah Valley, while the Scotch-Irish took possession of the upper part of that section. Thereafter the Shenandoah Valley became a thoroughfare for a continuous movement of the immigrants toward the South into the uplands and mountains of the Carolinas, Georgia, Kentucky and Tennessee. . .

The strongest stocks among these immigrants, however, were the Scotch-Irish . . . "a liberty loving and tyrant-hating race," which had formed its ideals under the influence of philosophy of John Calvin, John Knox, Andrew Melville, and George Buchanan. By these thinkers they had been taught to emphasize equality, freedom of conscience, and political liberty. These stocks differed somewhat from each other, but they were equally attached to practical religion, homely virtues, and democratic institutions. Being a kind and

beneficent class with a tenacity for the habits and customs of their fathers, they proved to be a valuable contribution to the American stock. As they had no riches every man was to be just what he could make himself. Equality and brotherly love became their dominant traits. Common feeling and similiarity of ideals made them one people. . . Differing thus so widely from the easterners they were regarded by the aristocrats as "Men of new blood" and "Wild Irish," who formed a barrier over which "none ventured to leap and would venture to settle among." No aristocrat figuring conspicuously in the society of the East, where slavery made men socially unequal, could feel comfortable . . . where freedom from competition with such labor prevented the development of caste . . .

In none of these parts . . . , not even far south, were the eastern people able to bring the frontiersmen altogether around to their way of thinking. . . The East having accepted caste as a basis of its society naturally adopted the policy of government by a favorite minority, the West inclined more and more toward democracy. The latter considered representatives only those who had been elected as such by a majority of the people of the district in which they lived; the former believed in a more restricted electorate. . .

These pioneers had observed with jealous eye the policy which bestowed all political honors on the descendants of a few wealthy families living upon the tide or along the banks of the larger streams . . . On finding such leaders as James Otis, Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson, the frontiersmen instituted such a movement in behalf of freedom that it resulted in the Revolutionary War. These patriots' advocacy of freedom, too, was not half-hearted. When they demanded liberty for the colonists they spoke also for the slaves, so emphasizing the necessity of abolition that observers from afar thought that the institution would of itself soon pass away . . .

Availing themselves of their opportunity, the aristocrats of the coast fortified themselves in their advantageous position by establishing State governments based on the representation of interests, the restriction of suffrage, and the inelligibility of the poor to office . . . The right to hold office and to vote were not dependent upon manhood qualifications but on a white skin, religious opinions, the payment of taxes, and wealth . . . In all of these slave states, suffering from such unpopular government, the mountaineers developed into a reform party persistently demanding that the sense of the people be taken on the question of calling together their representatives to remove certain defects from the constitutions. . .

The easterners were regarded in the mountains as a party bent upon establishing in this country a regime equally as oppressive as the British government. The frontiersmen saw in slavery the cause of the whole trouble. They, therefore, hated the institution and endeavored more than ever to keep their section open to free labor. They hated the slave as such, not as a man . . . there was more prejudice against the slaveholder than against the Negro. . .

In the Appalachian Mountains . . . the settlers were loath to follow the fortunes of the ardent pro-slavery element . . . , the love of the people of that section for freedom kept them estranged from the slaveholding districts . . . which by 1850 had completely committed themselves to the pro-slavery propaganda . . . Some of this sentiment continued in the mountains. The highlanders, therefore, found themselves involved in a continuous embroglio because they were not moved by reactionary influences which were unifying the South for its bold effort to make slavery a national institution. . .

The Underground Railroad was . . . enabled to extend into the South by way of the Cumberland Mountains. Over this . . . route . . . more fugitives found their way to freedom than over any other route. . . The operation of the system extended through Tennessee into Northern Georgia and Alabama, following the Appalachian highland as it juts like a peninsula into the South.

Let us consider, then, the attitude of these mountaineers toward slaves. All of them were not abolitionists. Some slaves existed among them. The attack on the institution, then, in these parts was not altogether opposition to an institution foreign to the mountaineers . . . (They) hated slavery, hated the slave as such, but, as we have observed above, hated the eastern planter worse than they hated the slave. . .

Two noteworthy efforts to educate the Negroes were put forth in these parts. A number of persons united in 1825 to found an institution for the education of eight or ten Negro slaves and their families to be operated under the direction of the "Emancipating Labor Society of the State of Kentucky." About the same time Frances Wright was endeavoring to establish an institution of the same order . . . in Tennessee. . .

The people of eastern Tennessee were largely in favor of Negro education. Around Maryville and Knoxville were found a considerable number of white persons who were thus interested. . . Well might such efforts be expected in Maryville, for the school of theology at this place had gradually become so radical that . . . half of the students by 1841 declared their adherence to the cause of abolition.

The highlanders of North Carolina were finally reduced to secession with great difficulty; eastern Tennessee had to yield, but kept the state almost divided between the two causes; timely dominated by Unionists with the support of troops, Kentucky stood firm; and to continue attached to the federal government forty-eight western counties of Virginia severed their connection with the essentially slaveholding district and formed the loyal State of West Virginia.

In the mountainous region the public mind has been largely that of people who have developed on free soil. They have always differed from the dwellers in the districts near the sea not only in their attitude toward slavery but in the policy they have followed in dealing with the blacks since the Civil War. One can observe even today such a difference in the atmosphere of the two sections, that in passing from the tidewater

to the mountains it seems like going from one country into another. . . In Appalachian America the races still maintain a sort of social contact. White and black men work side by side, visit each other in their homes, and often attend the same church to listen

with delight to the Word spoken by either a colored or white preacher.

—From the Journal of Negro History
Vol. 1, No. 2, April 1916
Printed by permission of
Association of Negro Life and History

Appalachian Poverty

HOW DO WE LOOK AT IT?

In the first place we see it with old eyes. There is no new or sudden discovery about it to us. We've come up in it, rubbed shoulders with it, tasted its bulldog gravy and pinto beans and know how it can pinch both body and spirit.

So we have no romantic notions about the picturesque in poverty. We see it as a broad regional problem which must be treated as such. It is simply too big for the states singly, or even collectively of those which have Appalachian counties. We wholeheartedly support a massive Federal program.

Been Surveyed and Researched

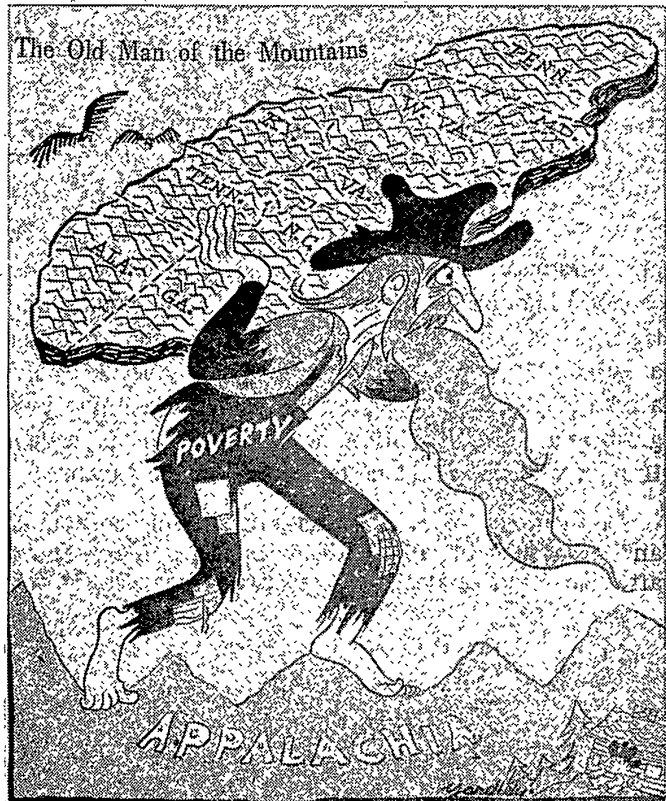
We are well aware that much talking and writing about Appalachia's troubles are not new either. The Appalachian people have been "surveyed," "researched," "treated statistically," talked and written about for a long time. Extensive reports were published by the Federal Government in 1902, and 1935. The Conference of Appalachian Governors in 1961 published an analysis of Appalachia. In 1962 the Ford Foundation helped sponsor a survey study of the region's problems and resources. Findings of all the studies made from 1902 to the present are discouragingly similar.

Likewise the mountains have had missionaries for soul saving, health missionaries and councils of social workers. But poverty still stalks the creeks and hollows.

To Be Effective, Must Treat Causes, Not Results

All of these efforts, including surveys, missionaries and social workers, initiated no basic changes. They treated results rather than causes. This is not to say they were not dedicated, even sometimes sacrificing workers. This is only to say that whenever results are treated, leaving the root cause intact, bad conditions will continue, as they have in Appalachia.

We are anxious to see what the current "anti-poverty" program will do. We see scant evidences so



Courtesy Baltimore SUN

far that politicians grasp the size of the problem. To speak in terms of a billion or even two billion dollars solving the problem is to be facetious.

Great Fortunes Drained from Appalachia

There is irony here. Great fortunes have been made from Appalachia's resources and people, and sent or used elsewhere. From the early beginnings of this nation there is no part of the country that has been more loyal in defense of the basic principles of the founding documents. Yet, while lawmakers calmly speak of up to \$40 billion on a moon trip, many are

nonplussed by thoughts of a billion or so for the domestic needs in Appalachia.

We hold that the amount under consideration for Appalachia is totally inadequate. Conditions are such that demand realistic thinking to be in terms of \$10 billion or more. That is, if the problem is to be treated any more effectively than it has for the past 100 years.

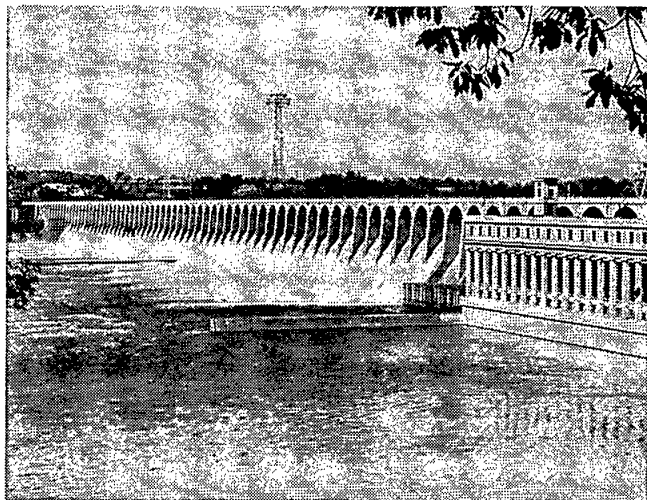
Program Must Fit Needs

As for the program itself, we claim to have no blueprint. We do know a lot about the people, conditions and needs. We had hoped for the formation of a Federal Appalachian Mountains Authority in which each state involved is represented. This might function something like a king size T.V.A.

There are pressing, immediate needs of an emergency nature demanding expansion of the public works program with a living wage, surplus commodity distribution and provision of health and medical facilities. When the United Mine Workers Union had to dispose of its many hospitals many, especially the unemployed, were left stranded. This was a good beginning program and should be rebuilt and greatly expanded throughout Appalachia.

Educational excellence is basic to any future growth and progress. Appalachia has a deficit here. Aid to schools should provide adequate classrooms, well trained teachers who receive salaries equal to other areas, and a curriculum that meets the needs of the area and people. All schools should have a lunch program and, when conditions warrant, two meals a day. Hungry children can't be expected to concentrate.

Many areas of Appalachia are suitable for dams, and that's about all. But by building many dams after the TVA pattern cheap hydro-electrical power



Wilson Dam. Built for war purposes, it was a cornerstone upon which President Roosevelt and Senator Norris built the T.V.A. idea.

might encourage a variety of smaller industries to come in. They could also control floods, aid soil and water conservation and furnish tourist attractions for recreational and vacation purposes.

Because so much mountain land has been devastated by strip-mining, we need a massive conservation program. In the old New Deal days the CCC camps furnished emergency employment for thousands of youth who did such jobs as road building and reforestation. Something like this, with a program of education, could aid in the present emergency. It could give employment and educational opportunity to thousands of young mountain men now unemployed and unable to get an education.

Housing in the coal camps have usually been atrocious. We need a huge housing program throughout the mountains, low cost homes on an FHA basis.

Roads are woefully inadequate. We are pleased to see projections of plans to remedy some of this.

In addition to these more or less material measures, we would like to see encouragement and aid to the revival of folk culture. Folk festivals similar to a few already in existence might be greatly expanded. This could serve to enrich and revitalize mountain folk culture.

To Humanize

Basically Appalachia, like the rest of the nation, faces the problem of humanizing our vast technology. A massive adult education program throughout the nation would help. Why not give every worker who has worked on a job for a certain number of years a sabbatical — a year off to go to school? It certainly is not because we are not able as a nation to do it, but because we are lacking in vision and dedication to human values. Some such approach is necessary if we are to return meaning and dignity to men whose lives are now being eroded by a dehumanized technology.

PATRIOTISM

To love liberty is to be American.
To love justice is to be American.
To love peace is to be American.
To be patriotic is to love — and work for —
liberty, justice and peace.

A third of the nation in poverty is not justice. Hungry children in Kentucky, Mississippi — or anywhere in the land — is not justice.

Whenever men of any race, creed or belief are denied the full rights guaranteed under the Constitution, Liberty, the Constitution and Patriotism are mocked.

Liberty, justice, peace and patriotism demand action through unity.



Mother and Children



They share the worry and hunger too.

Why Mountain Folks Walked In Frankfort Freedom March

By Lola Moore



LOLA MOORE

In early February, 1964 word passed in the eastern Kentucky mountains that there would be a civil rights demonstration in Frankfort, Kentucky on March 5. Five car loads of miners and their wives around Perry County went to participate.

Why Mountain Folk Support Civil Rights

Now some people may wonder why a lot of us here in the mountains felt like we ought to be in that march. And I'm going to tell some of the reasons.

We're just mountain folks, mostly unemployed miners and their families. Some time we're called "hill-billies" and other names. Hard times have been with

us a long time, and the only way we ever were able to get anything better was by organizing and sticking together in the union. There are not many Negroes here in the mountains. But when Negroes worked in the mines they joined the union just like the other miners.

So when we heard that Martin Luther King and his people were going to have this demonstration in Frankfort it just seemed natural and important for some of us to go there. We believe strong in freedom, and justice and peace. That's what they were fighting for. We wanted to let the Negro people know that we felt their battles were our battles, too. We wanted

everybody to know that we think the colored people and poor whites must stick together.

Not Easy

It was not easy for us to make that 175 mile trip. Even extra pennies are hard to scrape up when you're an unemployed miner in Kentucky. And on that day it was raining, sleeting and snowing. The roads were slick and bad. My husband was up nearly all night before we got our five cars gased up, loaded, and lit out at 5 o'clock in the morning.

When some of the state police and reporters saw us in Frankfort they seemed surprised. The reporters ran over to take our pictures, but I never did see them in the papers. We carried signs, too. They read: "Hazard Unemployed Miners Want Jobs, Justice and Freedom Now." I helped make the signs. I sure did like putting in the word "Now" after jobs. For without jobs we never will get freedom and justice.

Time For a Change

I think the Negro people have waited a mighty long time in the slums, on back streets and alleys and going to back doors. It is time for a change "NOW." The poor class of whites and Negroes are both looked down on and used like carpets for the rich to walk on. And we want to let the world know we believe in equal rights for everybody. It makes no difference what color they may be. The poor white man and Negro have so many common problems it is time they realize it and unite in common purpose.

I was proud to be one of those who went to Frankfort. Since my husband is one of the thousands of unemployed miners, we know how poor folks have to live. We felt like we could learn something good in that Freedom March. And we did. First we learned how good it feels to see so many people gathered together in common action. I guess over half or two-thirds of them were Negroes. The estimate of the number ranged from 10,000 to 30,000. It looked more like 30,000 to me. The papers said Frankfort's population was around 18,000, and this was the biggest demonstration the town ever saw.

Jobs, Peace, Justice and Freedom

The marchers carried signs such as: "FIGHT FOR FREEDOM" and "LET'S BURY JIM CROW." We liked those signs. And we liked what the speakers said. They talked the talk of the poor man, about his troubles, and how they could be cured by united action.

It was really good. To see folks of different color joined together in common battles gives a good feeling. We took some of that feeling back home with us, too.

My plea now is let us weld a great chain and make every link stronger and stronger. When Lincoln signed the Emancipation Proclamation it was a great step forward for both Negro and poor whites in the South.

But today we still have rough battles ahead. They can be won only by joining of hands, black and white. Only then can we win a world with jobs, peace, justice and freedom for all.

Ed. NOTE: Lola Moore lives at Combs, Kentucky. She is the wife of unemployed coal miner, Charles Moore. Both of them believe strongly in the union principle. They are working now with others of eastern Kentucky to convince the nation that Appalachia needs a massive rehabilitation program to conserve both human and natural resources. They believe that the current welfare dole is not the answer, that men with human dignity want jobs and not a hand-out.

Since we try to present a varied view of the Appalachian South we are glad to be able to print this story by Mrs. Moore.

"The mountaineers simply did not like the overlords who were riding high in Richmond and had no intention of supporting their cause by force of arms . . . This part of the South had never shown any enthusiasm for secession. Had the decision rested with it there would have been no Civil War."

—Burton J. Hendricks, Statesmen of the Lost Cause

The Appalachian Dulcimer

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BLACK WALNUT OR CHERRY MATERIAL



The three-string dulcimer, simple in design and construction, easily played, is fast coming back into popularity with folk music enthusiasts. It makes an unusual and long appreciated gift.

Appalachian folksinger, Hedy West, owns an Amburgey dulcimer and declares it to be "a work of artistic craftsmanship."

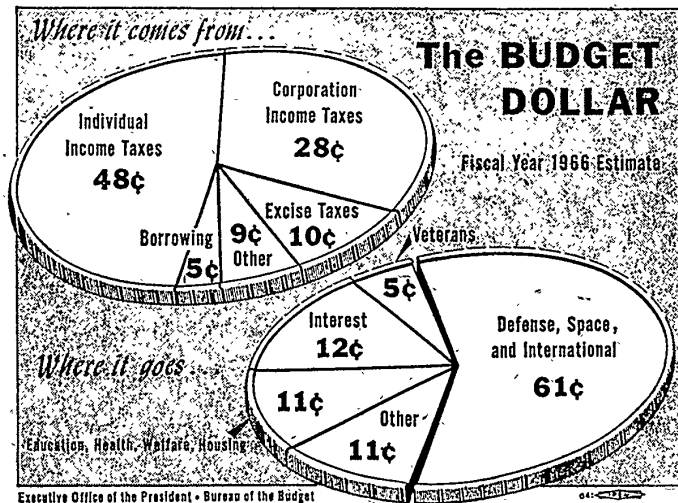
Made by Jethro Amburgey in his home workshop on Troublesome Creek, these dulcimers may be purchased only from the maker.

Priced at only \$37.50. Order from

JETHRO AMBURGEY

Hindman, Kentucky

SPEECH BY
ANTHONY J. CELEBREZZE
SECRETARY OF HEALTH,
EDUCATION, AND WELFARE
AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS
JANUARY 27, 1964



Poverty in A \$600 Billion Economy

The fact that the gross national product has passed the \$600 billion mark is a matter of national pride and satisfaction.

But it has little meaning for an unemployed coal miner and his chronically hungry family.

It has little meaning for the small farmer who has not been able to pay back the money he had to borrow to produce last year's crop.

It has little meaning for the boy of the slums whose world is a prison of squalor, misery, and hopelessness.

Because poverty in a modern industrial society has no single or simple cause, it can occur anywhere and everywhere. And it does.

In one form or another, it can be found in every State and in every locality.

It can be found in city slums, and it can be found in the desolation of semiabandoned rural areas that once were depended upon to feed a growing nation.

This need not be. Today, in America — as in no other time and in no other country — the long-sought conquest of poverty is clearly possible.

We have the necessary productive capacity. We have the political and social mechanisms. We have the knowledge, and we have the leadership.

Now all we need is the will.

We must neither overestimate the magnitude of the task nor underestimate the value of the benefits that can be achieved.

The attack against poverty must be waged on many fronts and at all levels — Federal, State, local.

If this battle is to be won, it will be necessary to mount some major offensives using the resources at our command — as effectively as possible in bringing our total educational, health, and welfare programs up to necessary strength.

—From "Poverty In The United States"
 U.S. Dept. of Health, Education and Welfare



Appalachian Committee For Full Employment

BACKGROUND and PURPOSE

BY EVERETTE THARP

Conditions in east Kentucky have attracted national attention with news media, including television, presenting some of the facts. In this story Mr. Tharp, who is a native of the area and active with unemployed efforts to gain Federal support for a program for jobs with living wages, gives some reasons why the unemployed should organize. Mr. Tharp is Recording Secretary of the Appalachian Committee for Full Employment, Hazard, Kentucky.

Photos from "Labor Today"

The 1964 United Mine Workers contract laid the basis for automation, large numbers of unemployed miners, and the need for the unemployed of Appalachia to organize.

To keep coal competitive with other fuels they adopted a policy of high wages and high profits by standardizing coal wages and increasing productivity by encouraging improved machinery. Subsequent developments caused *Fortune Magazine* to call John L. Lewis "the best salesman the machinery industry ever had."

Undoubtedly conditions such as developed in Perry County, Kentucky were not foreseen by John L. Lewis. Instead of fewer firms, there are more. Instead of wages stabilized at a higher level, they have fallen. The number of workers have decreased while conditions got worse. The stability and profit margin of the unionized firms are jeopardized and, in Perry County, at least, the union is destroyed.

Fifteen years ago, by the Bureau of Economic Security statistics, there were 97,000 jobs in Perry County; today there are about 3,700. With a huge labor surplus the big rail mines saw a way to avoid paying the 40c per ton to UMWA's Welfare Fund by "farming out" operations to small "Dummy" corporations. This also served as a means to divide the large local unions, thus weakening and ultimately destroying organization.

To protect the UMWA's Welfare and Retirement Fund the Board of Directors cancelled medical cards issued to its members who then worked for companies failing to sign the national agreement. This left thousands of workers throughout this area without health and welfare protection. This condition caused a spontaneous uprising of tens of thousands of eastern Kentucky coal miners with no organizational leadership. In the Hazard area we selected Berman Gibson as leader of what the news media dubbed "the roving pickets." In opposition to workers' efforts to close down non-union mines and restore some stability and security to mining, a campaign of terror and vilification was maintained. Homes of the "roving pickets" were dynamited, churches, bridges and power lines were dynamited in efforts to blame and discredit the pickets.

In the November, 1963 election a judge friendly to labor and the roving pickets was running for re-election. On the morning of election State Police and county sheriffs showed up with warrants to arrest Berman Gibson and seven other pickets, carried them to a Letcher County jail charged with assault with a deadly weapon which carries the maximum penalty of death in Kentucky. This was part of an effort to defeat the friendly judge and destroy the roving pickets' movement. The judge was defeated, but a jury found Berman Gibson and the others "not guilty."

Conditions in the area got progressively worse. In January, 1964, supported by the Committee for Miners in New York, a chartered bus load of some dozens of unemployed miners journeyed to Washington to talk with our law makers. We visited Senators and Representatives from all the Appalachian counties. We asked for an appointment with the president and were met

with in conference with his Aide, Mr. George Reedy. In this conference Mr. Reedy suggested that we go back home and organize so as to be in better position to assist the Government's efforts in the War on Poverty. Our efforts in Washington resulted in the first million dollars for the unemployed in seven eastern Kentucky counties.

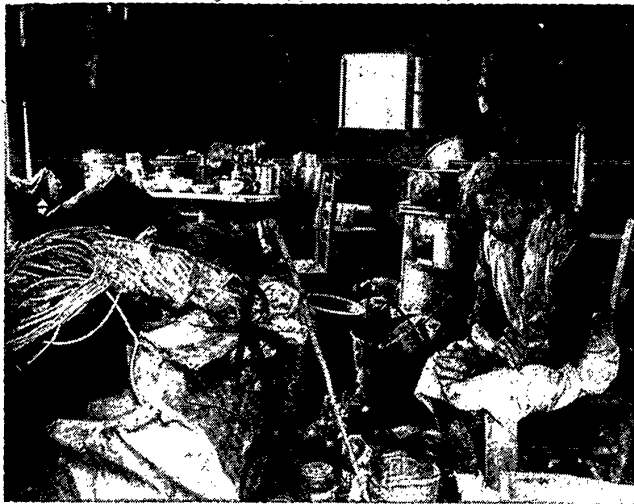
Back in Hazard we promptly called a mass meeting to be held at the court house with all public officials, churches, schools and others invited to help set up a county organization to aid the Government efforts to eliminate poverty.

The local power structure which has long ruled with an iron hand not only failed to cooperate, but opposed such efforts. It looked like it was left up to the unemployed people of east Kentucky to aid the fight against poverty. The President's Emergency Aid Program was initiated. Immediately the Kentucky River Area Development Council, a power structure organization, passed a resolution saying the Aid Program was not needed in eastern Kentucky.

Then on January 24, 1964, the unemployed miners, meeting at the Allais UMWA Hall, set up the Appa-



She's 14 and mothers five younger brothers and sisters.



Hard times leaves lasting tracks.

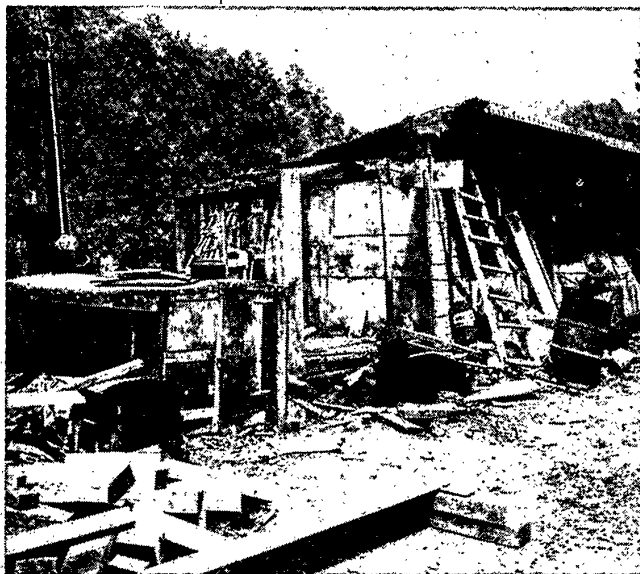


No hospital bed for him

lachian Committee for Full Employment. Berman Gibson was elected Chairman, Rev. Jason Combs, Vice Chairman, Lola Moore, Financial Secretary and Everette Tharp, Recording Secretary.

This beginning unemployed organization created great concern for the local power structure which mounted a new campaign of terror and intimidation, sometimes lawful and sometimes unlawful. Our efforts to set up community action committees to help the President's fight against poverty were met with threats and coercion by local police.

We tried to initiate a Federal Lunch Program for all the children of Perry County, instead of about fifty percent as it was. This was challenged by both the School Board and County School Superintendent. We raised the issue of discrimination in the Hazard Social Welfare Office, we managed to transport sick and afflicted to various hospitals and were instrumental in getting doctor and hospital care for a great number who would otherwise have been deprived. We also protested the policy of Federal Government funds being



An old Kentucky home.

placed in the hands of state bureaucratic machines without Federal supervision as to use. We cited the dollar an hour wage scale for unemployed fathers as "legislated poverty." Our efforts to submit a nine point program to the Upper Kentucky River Area Development Council was met with the statement that we were not a legally constituted body to submit such a program. Thus, it seemed, the unemployed were excluded by the National Congress from direct participation in the "War on Poverty."

Although we defeated the efforts of intimidation in two major trials, it continued. It took on a character of violence and banditry. In the dead of night the home of Rev. Jason Combs was riddled with high powered rifle bullets while the family slept. The office of the Appalachian Committee, 501 High Street, Hazard, was fired upon by several shots the same night. Other legal or extra-legal efforts to harass and hinder continued.

As conditions in eastern Kentucky were published throughout the nation large numbers of college students and other interested persons have rendered assistance to our efforts, visited or both. This interest crystalized in an Easter Conference at Hazard in 1964. Aided by the Committee for Miners, some 200 students and friends met in the UMWA Hall at Allais after being denied meeting facilities anywhere else in Hazard. This conference was met by the local press with ugly epithets. A large headline ran: "The Communist Had Come to Eastern Kentucky."

This kind of false accusations came to be a chief weapon used by the opposition. Students who came to work with us have been harried and harassed.

Our protests to the Federal and State Governments for flagrant violations of the Constitution and Bill of Rights have born some fruit. The atmosphere has now changed for the better. Dynamite blasts and rifle shots are heard less frequently. And finally, on January 16, 1965 the Appalachian Committee for Full Employment was invited to elect a representative to represent the unemployed on the Perry County Development Association.

Perspectives for Appalachia

By Edward L. Ericson

Mr. Ericson comes from a North Georgia background — Stephens County near Toccoa. He is now the leader of the Washington, D.C. Ethical Society. This is one of his regular Sunday morning's radio broadcasts.

Social action to eliminate poverty requires us to move beyond the notion of charity. If we talk and think in terms of charity, we shall fail to make realistic steps toward the elimination of poverty. Poverty is much more involved than just being without money. The typical person caught in the problem is generally deprived in many other ways as well. The removal of the causes of economic deprivation must proceed hand in hand with the cure of a wide variety of social, educational, and psychological infirmities which poverty generally involves. To break the circle requires an attack from many directions at once.

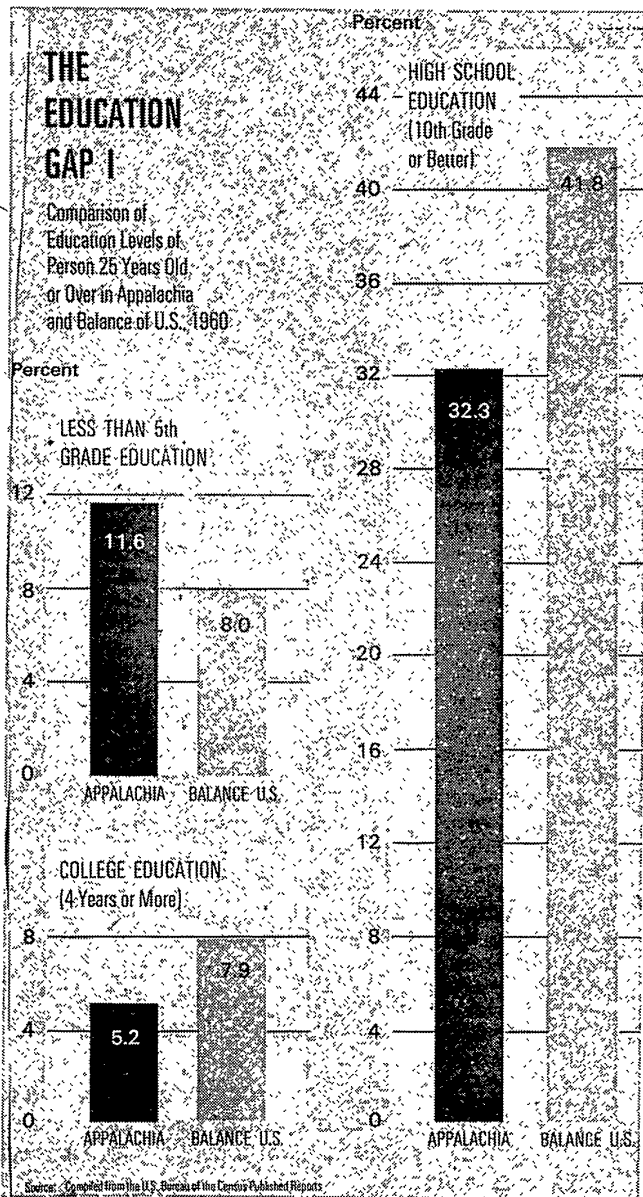
So, as we consider the poverty question, we must rid our minds of old-fashioned notions of charity. We are attacking a social malady which affects every one of us. The fact that so much of our municipal tax dollar goes to welfare is the result of poverty. The fact that such extensive remedial work in the schools is needed is closely related to poverty. Much of our tax dollar to support even larger police forces is related to poverty. The magnitude of the poverty problem and its octopus-like tentacles which invade every facet of community life, making our cities into prisons and battlegrounds for the rich as well as poor, is evidence of the complexity and urgency of this problem.

In rural life it means that whole areas are depressed; the migrant workers and share-croppers suffer the most. But the small town merchant and the whole business community in such regions are limited by the low ceiling of general prosperity. Therefore, we are not discussing a special class—the poor—who can be considered in isolation apart from those of us who are more fortunate. Because poverty has many settings, it must be attacked by different regional programs—requiring national planning and coordination to be effective.

Let me use an example of how we might go about the elimination of poverty—beyond the notion of charity—in a way that would benefit the whole society.

When Mr. Johnson spoke in his state of the Union message of making America beautiful, of preserving our rivers and recreational areas, he opened an area of general and immediate appeal. Anyone who has lived in the Western United States will recall the sense of wealth and well-being which one feels in our great national parks and forests. The state of Oregon, in which I once resided, is a land of vast mountains and forests which belong to the people, which are preserved by earlier conservation programs for the generations to come. A freedom-loving people who have a feeling for the Earth, a natural reverence for clean air and crystal-clear skies at night, for trout brooks and hiking trails, are a little less harried and less subject to pressures and mass neuroses than those who have no share in these resources of the body and the human spirit.

We in the East have far fewer such resources despite of our large population which needs open spaces. In Massachusetts one recent summer I searched in vain to find available space in which to camp overnight in the parks while traveling from Washington to Maine. Many people who had planned camping vacations for their families were being turned away. The camp sites were booked up for months. Even the great ample forests of the West are filled. And still the popu-

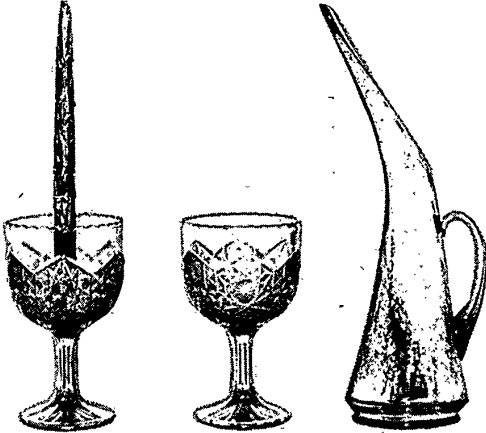


lation of America continues to increase and more people want their children—and themselves—to have the inner renewal and the refreshment of the sources of our humanity which comes from sleeping under the stars in the great woods of our mountain areas.

One of the greatest of such resources lies only a few hours away from our most concentrated cities of the Eastern seaboard. From western Pennsylvania and Maryland southward through West Virginia and Virginia, the Carolinas and Tennessee to northern Georgia and Alabama stretch the Appalachian Highlands. Some of the most beautiful land in North America lies within this region. No area has been more deeply infused with our national history. This was a land of the independent frontiersmen in whom the spirit of self-sufficiency burned as an unquenchable fire. These were the small farmers of the highlands who resisted slavery, speaking with a stalwart voice for equality and democracy.

But today the little farms squeezed between the hills are not competitive with modern agriculture. The coal mines which hired a half a million miners a decade ago now employ less than a third of that number. Bad times have come to Appalachia, and the little people whose skills and crafts are now outmoded have neither the money nor the sense of direction to reshape their region. Such a vast undertaking requires planning—as TVA was planned. It requires government interest and participation, just as the Homestead

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THE INCOME GAP III

Per Capita Income for Appalachia by States and Balance of U.S., 1960

	Dollars
BALANCE U.S.	\$1901
APPALACHIA	\$1405
PENNSYLVANIA	\$1680
MARYLAND	\$1589
OHIO	\$1396
WEST VIRGINIA	\$1378
TENNESSEE	\$1257
ALABAMA	\$1254
GEORGIA	\$1194
NORTH CAROLINA	\$1169
VIRGINIA	\$1008
KENTUCKY	\$841

Source: Compiled from the U.S. Bureau of the Census Published Reports

Act begun under President Lincoln gave immigrant American farmers a chance to be something more than the landless peasants of old Europe. Government action can be used creatively to release individual talents and the wealth of the nation, if we know how to employ it wisely. It represents the common-sense cooperation of private and public enterprise, avoiding the extremes of absolute capitalism and absolute collectivism with equal zeal. Those who call this cooperative relation between public and private initiative "alien" do not know the history of America.

The people of Appalachia can build a new prosperity on the basis of the parks and playgrounds, roads, campsites, lodges, stores and service industries which will be required if we are to conserve and enjoy the beauty of this now largely dormant and neglected area. And the people? Will they subsist on relief, or pack into the slums of overcrowded cities looking for scarce jobs? On the contrary, they will build the roads and tend the stores and service stations in the communities they know as home.

This is only a sample of what a constructive war on poverty must undertake, eliminating the sources of poverty and ignorance and thus moving beyond the need for handouts.

Estes Kefauver, Mountain Man

It has been said that the true statesman is an instructor to the nation. To a certain extent, his services, his opinions — the record of his life—is an extension and exposition of the spirit of the people he represents. The people have the right to claim it, not merely as a past memory of history, but as inspiration for the present and light for the future.

In the late Estes Kefauver Southern Appalachia has a pre-eminent example of such a statesman. Among modern Congressmen he was a rare man. Holding his office to be an opportunity for service, Kefauver held a steady course, close to the people, always identified with their welfare. His untimely death was a deep loss to all America. The nation can well afford to be instructed by an Estes Kefauver.

The Southern Mountain people, regardless of party or state, can be proud of him. Time after time he was sent back to Washington despite big money opposition. His investigation and exposure of the drug monopoly's robbing the people of millions of dollars by sale of useless patent medicines, etc., brought him



ESTES KEFAUVER

bitter opposition from those trusts. Thousands of dollars from the corporations were said to flow into the opposition camp in a vain attempt to defeat Kefauver's re-elections. But he continued to hold the people's confidence.

Estes Kefauver was a Southerner, born and raised at Madisonville in East Tennessee. But he was not a

racist. He was the one member of the Southern bloc who refused to sign his name to a condemnation of the Supreme Court's 1954 anti-segregation school decision. It is to the credit of the good sense of his Southern Mountain constituents that they ignored slander and baiting and continued to return Mr. Kefauver to Washington.

We are glad to note that an appreciative people have organized the Estes Kefauver Memorial Foundation with headquarters in the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. It deserves the fullest support. The common people, whether Negro or white, have opportunity to show appreciation and aid in this worthy undertaking to perpetuate the living spirit of this man who was so dedicated to principle. It can be a fitting memorial living in the hearts of a grateful people for a man who forgot neither his origins nor his duty.

In a future issue we plan a full length feature on this man who portrays so well the best in the Southern Mountain tradition. For now we print below a Charleston (W. Va.) GAZETTE editorial.

Kefauver Never Broke the Faith

To some people the late Sen. Estes Kefauver, D-Tenn., was an awkward jokester, an intellectual hick, and a poseur who undertook investigations in behalf of the so-called forgotten man at the expense of the vested interest for political considerations alone.

Actually, Kefauver was a hick—in that he was the product of the Appalachian Mountain area in which he was born. He was also, if not an intellectual, an extremely intelligent man with a keen, quick mind capable of absorbing and of analyzing vast amounts of complicated information and knowledge. The sole concession he made to his environment and to the need for gimmicks to attract voter attention was the coonskin hat he wore throughout and after his campaign for the Democratic nomination for president. Furthermore, his was a much more honest symbol than the hole-in-the-shoe trade mark thrust upon his successful opponent by the latter's political counsellors after the primary.

The trade mark for which Kefauver became nationally known and which allied him so closely with his mountain heritage accurately symbolized his fierce independence, uncompromising honesty, silent, yet deep-rooted, patriotism, and simple friendliness. No poseur could have aroused so much genuine enthusiasm, even among those he sought to help, as did Kefauver in his travels across the nation. Nor was his unshakable zeal to expose corruption within underworld and big business ranks a pose.

The sordid testimony emanating from McClellan's committee differs from testimony presented to Kefauver's committee only as to names and incidents. Otherwise, the theme remains the same. But unlike McClellan, Kefauver never hesitated to spotlight immorality, no matter where it arose. Thus, the nation owes thanks to Kefauver for uncovering Dixon-Yates and the conspiracy of drug manufacturers to keep drug prices high.

What put us to reminiscing about Kefauver was a question and answer in Sunday's Parade Magazine. A reader wished to know the size of Kefauver's estate and to whom it was left.

Answer: "Approximately \$30,000 to his widow and four children."

In this age \$30,000 isn't a great sum for the prominent individual to accumulate for his heirs. \$300,000 would be more like it. But the estate Kefauver left speaks volumes about his life. He was too busy looking out for those in America in desperate need of protection to make a fortune for himself or family.

Kefauver's estate is added evidence of the devoted service he rendered his country, another tribute to the man, to his beliefs, and to the fact that he never broke faith with those Tennessee mountaineers who sent him to Washington.

THE EVIL POWER OF FEAR

"I was so scared," the woman said. "I was waiting there on the corner and these three men staggered out of the dark."

(They were miners from a dog-hole operation, one with a smashed foot).

"But then I saw they meant me no evil," she said. "I was no longer scared. I saw they needed help."

These words say much about modern America, about our world today. We are a scared people. Man the world over is a frightened creature. The thing he fears most may be himself. Fear can cause people to do mean and ugly deeds. Potentially good men, drunk on fear or hate, may do bestial acts.

Yet, in the great majority of cases we believe men want to do the good and right thing. So often the thing we think we are scared of means us no evil, indeed may need our help or can help us.

Once a great warm hearted American told our country it had nothing to fear but "fear itself." He talked in plain words about good human truth. Our country listened, and loved and trusted him for it.

Many of the plain folk — and others — still know that fear can distort and destroy human qualities without which men may become animals. It can turn hope into hate.

"Suffering will not go away. Poverty will not go away. Neither will aspiration and hope from the hearts of the oppressed. Men will always love freedom and equality . . . why will we not then as a people forget the doubts of our minds, take the problem into the sanctuary of our hearts, and find security and peace in love for our fellowmen."—Dwight Dummond

Appalachian Conference Organized

In mid-December, 1964, representatives of 15 organizations involved with and interested in problems of Appalachia, met in Knoxville, Tennessee. Out of the conference came a new organization with a multi-purpose program oriented to needs of the Mountain South. It is called the APPALACHIAN ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL ACTION CONFERENCE, AEPAC. For short, it refers to itself as the "Appalachian Conference," and set forth the following purpose below.

Statement of Purpose of Appalachian Conference

Our purpose is to encourage a strong alliance between jobless and underpaid Negroes and whites in Appalachia and unite them in solving their common problems.

We will help people to develop their own organizations for the following purposes:

(1) For persistent action for redress of grievances; (2) to demand jobs or income; (3) to elect candidates favorable to equal opportunity for all; (4) to seek proper education, medical care and housing; and (5) to come to understand the economic and political situation in which they find themselves.

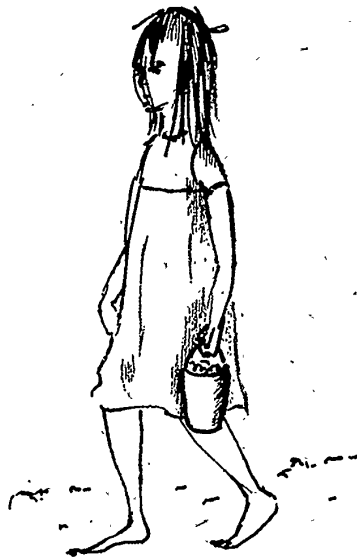
We will be available to aid existing organizations and to encourage people to form their own organizations for the above purposes. We will work to arouse concern of people and organizations throughout the nation and encourage their active participation in this program.

AEPAC is made up of representatives of the following organizations:

- Appalachian Committee for Full Employment (acfe)
- Alliance for Jobs or Income Now (A-JOIN)
- Committee for Miners (CFM)
- Highlander Center
- Madison Students for a Democratic Society
- National Committee for Full Employment (NCFE)
- Oak Ridge Congress of Racial Equality (CORE)
- Political Action Committee of Affiliate Organizations (PACAO)
- Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC)
- Southern Student Organizing Committee (SSOC)
- Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF)
- Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee (SNCC)
- Tennessee Voters Council (TVC)
- West Tennessee Voters Project

Cherries

For Sale



A Short Story

BY MAY JUSTUS.

The cherry crop was fine that year on the far side of Little Twin Mountain. Folks were saying there had never been such a wonderful crop before.

The O'Dells had the best cherry orchard in the neighborhood. As the fruit ripened during late June, Dixie helped pick and fill the baskets which Pappy and her brother Rufe peddled five miles away in Far Beyant, the county seat.

How Dixie would have liked to go along with them just for the fun of going, and for a chance to see the sights—the stores along the paved streets, the new faces, the automobiles, the flag waving over the courthouse. But there was too much work around the house for her to be spared. Mammy and the new baby needed her when she wasn't hoeing out in the garden or helping in the orchard.

One afternoon as Dixie was helping Rufe and Pappy pick a load of Black Hart cherries to sell in Far Beyant the next day, Cousin Abel Dyer came meandering through the orchard.

"Howdy! Howdy, all!" he hollered as soon as he spied them. He was grinning from ear to ear.

"Howdy!" Pappy answered. "What you doing now, so far away from home?"

Cousin Abel laughed. "To tell you the truth, I've come on a little business." In a wheedling tone he added, "Just between you and me, Jim."

The two went away from the cherry trees and sat down in the shade of a sassafras thicket.

"What do you reckon Cousin Abel's up to? Rufe asked Dixie.

So busy were her thoughts for a while, so busy her fingers, that she didn't see Rufe slip from his place in the tree, a limb or two below her own. First thing she knew he was clambering up again.

"Guess what I found out, Dixie!"

"I never could. Do tell."

He braced himself in a crotch of the limb from which which she was picking cherries.

"Cousin Abel's going to buy our cherries—all the rest of them."

"What! What do you mean?"

"What I say," answered Rufe. "What I say. Can't you understand plain talk?"



May Justus, at left with two young neighbors

May Justus is a well known author of children's books who lives near Tracy City, Tennessee. When we asked her for a few words about her own background, she wrote: "I am a mountaineer born and bred. My teaching and writing careers have been in the Great Smoky Mountains and on the Cumberland Plateau. I taught for 25 years in the public schools. I now teach only special pupils in my own home — mainly the handicapped. I love the Tennessee Mountains and I love the mountain people. That is why I have chosen to spend my life with them."

Miss Justus has written over 40 books with a Smoky Mountains background. They range from *Let's Play and Sing* for nursery school age, to *The House In No-end Hollow*, a junior age novel. Her latest books include *Winds A'Blowing*, a book of verse for all ages, and *New Boy In School*, a book on integration for young children. The latter has been chosen as an Ambassador Book by the English Speaking Union.

She knew from the look on his face that he was teasing, keeping back part of the tale, and this was no time for that trick.

"Out with it, Rufe!" she said. "Untie your tongue and tell me the whole truth. What's Uncle Abel up to? What will he do with our cherries? How will he pay for them?"

"Cousin Abel claims Pappy owes him all these cherries on that cow he let him have back last fall. Pappy says he got cheated in the cow and that he doesn't owe all the cherries. Says he doesn't owe more than half the ones on the tree now. They're still arguing over there."

"Keep your jaw latched about this, Rufe," Dixie told him. "Don't make mention of it before Mammy. It'll worry her."

"All right," agreed Rufe and began picking cherries again, all the while whistling under his breath. What were his thoughts, Dixie wondered. But he kept them to himself.

They had finished that tree when Pappy came back. He eyed the sun over Big Twin.

"We'll have time enough, I reckon, to pick a few gallons yet afore dark."

He didn't mention the deal with Cousin Abel at all. But his face wore a sober look. At supper he told them that he had agreed to let Cousin Abel have all the cherries except a load apiece he meant to keep out for Dixie and Rufe to pay them for picking.

"I settled with him for the sake of peace," said Pappy, "but you shall both have your share—that's your just due. You can sell that and buy what you want."

"Hurrah!" yelled Rufe.

Dixie looked up. "Much obliged, Pappy," she said. She was thankful to get this much. Perhaps her share would pay for a new dress and a pair of shoes, both of which she greatly needed.

Little Em, the baby, fretted all night long. It bothered Dixie to hear her. Poor little thing! Maybe if they got a doctor-man to look her over he could see what ailed her. The doctor's fee was five dollars, however, and they never had that much saved up at one time.

Mammy called softly from her bed, "Are you awake, Dixie? Maybe you better get up and brew a swallow o' catnip tea for Little Em. She whimpers and whines like a colicky baby."

There were live coals in the ash heap which even in the summer were kept alive on the hearth in the back of the fireplace. A tiny flame flared up through

the twigs heaped on a handful of embers as Dixie blew a long, steady breath upon them. A minute later she had the teakettle on the crane, with only a half gourdful of water in it so it would boil in a hurry. She sniffed the bunches of herbs until she found the catnip among all the many kinds hung here and there on drying pegs on the wall.

"Don't make it too strong," cautioned Mammy. "Brew it about a minute, then pour off. Sweeten it a mite—a drop or two of honey."

When it was ready Dixie took the cup to Mammy. She dribbled a drop or two on her elbow to see if it was cool enough. Then she gave the baby a sip out of the spoon. Little Em sucked it as if she liked the flavor. She took it greedily to the last drop. Her fretting stopped.

"She'll be asleep in a minute," Mammy whispered.

Dixie banked the fire and crawled back into bed. But she didn't sleep for worrying about the sick baby.

At dawn she left her bed and slipped outside. A cool wind blew up the hollow. She ran to meet it. At the edge of the corn patch she stopped to heed the whispering laughter running along the rows from stalk to stalk. At the barn the rooster was crowing. Over Little Twin the wings of dawn were bringing another day.

The dewy grass was pleasant underfoot as she wandered through the orchard. From the ground under the cheery trees arose a smell of crushed fruit trodden underfoot. Dixie ate a handful of dew-chilled cherries, enjoying one by one their delightful flavor. In the half-light she stumbled against a bucket which had not been set into the wagon bed—her last picking yesterday, she remembered, slipping a careful hand through the grass to find the fruit which had rolled from the measure.

All at once a starry thought came a-twinkling through the murk of worry within her mind. What if she took these cherries to Dr. Llewellyn in Far Beyant to swap him for medicine for Mammy and the baby? That's what she would like to do with her share. Of course, it would be found out—she couldn't slip away, anyhow, with no excuse to Mammy. She would tell her and hurry off to Far Beyant before the others woke up.

The way to Far Beyant had never seemed so far as on that morning when, for the first time, Dixie traveled the trail alone with the bucket of cherries.

She wished for a little bite of journey bread; the crust of a corn dodger, a dried-out, day-before crust

would have satisfied her then. And she could have put a piece in her pocket if she had had her thinking cap on her head. A few bushes of half-ripened huckleberries were growing near the spring. She sampled these, enough of them to stay her hunger. The cherries she never touched—not a one!—although they tempted her. The two-gallon bucket, heaping full when she started, now appeared to be slack measure which would half shame her when she offered it for sale. Cherries and huckleberries always shake down on a lengthy jaunt.

At last Far Beyant! The Courthouse Square. The railway station. One street going straight through town. Big back-lettered signs she hadn't seen since last summer.

Straight ahead she hurried, on past Starr's General Store almost before she knew it. That was one place in Far Beyant where they would pay cash money for the stuff you took to sell, if they took it at all. Other places you had to take your pay barter fashion, choosing from the merchandise in showcases and shelves.

She went on down the street. There was Old Doc Llewellyn's house on the next corner, a big high-gabled two-storied, white house, set in a grassy yard shaded all about with maple trees. His little one-room office sat apart on the far side of the yard.

The door of the office was open. Maybe by luck Old Doc would be in. Maybe he would swap her some medicine for these cherries.

Old Doc was in his office. "Howdy, Sissy!" he called. "Come on in! What have you got there? Cherries! Well, I'm always hungry for cherry pie. How much do you want for them?"

"Maybe you'd swap me medicine for 'em," and Dixie felt her heart beat quicker.

"You're not sick?" A keen look flashed above his spectacle rims.

"No, sir—Mammy and Little Em. I thought maybe you'd be willing . . ."

"To trade?" The blue-gray eyes twinkled.

"Yes, sir," she answered him, able to smile back.

"Have a seat," Old Doc bade her, "and let's start bargaining."

A little later she set-out for home with a lighter heart. A bottle of medicine for Little Em was cradled in the crook of her arm, and she had Old Doc's promise to come see her the next day. Pretty good bargaining, Dixie thought, remembering his words. He would take his pay in cherries. His wife liked cherry preserves better than he liked cherry pie, he said.

She did not mind the long trip home. It did not matter that she still had no new shoes, no new dress. She was taking back some that was more precious than these things—a hopeful, happy heart.

PURPOSE

For long mankind has been subjected
Most, if not all, of recorded history
To the convenient myopic tradition
That the individual possession of things
Distinguishes men one from the other.

Over the long centuries bright sparks of light
Have shot out from the tongues and the pens
Of poets, prophets, philosophers
Darkening this singular privileged idea
Which had its fateful origin in the fearful past
When force alone was supreme.

How many generations yet remain
For man to reach the place where he says:
"I wish to do this well for I am of mankind!"?

"I wish to grow this crop . . .

"Construct this bridge . . .

"Paint this picture . . .

"Devise this plan . . .

"Mold this clay . . .

"Create this device . . .

"Sing this song . . .

"Ease this pain . . .

"Teach this lesson . . .

"Because it will improve the lot of us all

"And as all are thereby improved

"So shall I be

"For I am a part of them."

"This then do I wish to do

— "Not for any private individual gain,

"Not to possess power and exercise my will over others

"Not to be exalted upon the debasement of others

"But simply because it is good to do."

—R.E.

"Preparation for war is a constant stimulus to suspicion and ill will."

—James Monroe, 5th U.S. President

"All animals are equal but some animals are more equal than others."

—Orwell, *Animal Farm*

"Give to every other human being every right that you claim for yourself — that is my doctrine."

—Paine

"Your Tory is always a fascist at heart."

—Vernon Parrington

"Reverence for life affords me my fundamental principle of morality."

—Albert Schweitzer

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BOOKS

● *Fear On Trial*, by John Henry Faulk, Simon and Schuster, (New York), 1964. Cloth, \$6.50.

During the McCarthy period the careers and jobs for many intellectuals were destroyed. John Henry Faulk was one of these victims. But he fought back—and won. This book is the story of that fight, climaxed by Faulk's winning \$3,500,000 damages by a jury decision. A hopeful book.

● *Ten Years of Prelude*, By Benjamin Muse, The Viking Press (New York), 1964. Cloth, \$5.00.

The fact that Negroes are citizens is still hard for some people in Alabama, Mississippi, or New York, to recognize. The precedent shattering school-desegregation court decision of 1954 did not just spring from the clear blue. There were long years of struggle, of prelude. Benjamin Muse delineates some of these major issues in *Ten Years of Prelude*.

● *One Continual Cry*, David Walker's appeal to the Colored Citizens of the World, arrangement and comment by Herbert Aptheker, Humanities Press (New York), 1965. Paper, \$1.95.

The current struggles against poverty and oppression have precedents in our own nation's history. The yoke of slavery and the hunger of poverty have always goaded men to action. This was true of the slaves of the old South. Contrary to contentions of some history writers, the slave system did not produce a happy, satisfied bondsman. There were numerous efforts toward freedom. The Underground Railroad itself is evidence of this. The some 200 or more slave uprisings or plans for such, now documented, give further proof.

But among all the actors and activities in the anti-slavery drives of the early nineteenth century, none perhaps is more controversial than David Walker's *Appeal*. Controversial then, it still is—but is well worth reading for the understanding it gives.

● *American Character and Culture, Some Twentieth Century Perspectives*, Edited by John A. Hague, Edward Everett Edwards Press, Inc., Deland, Fla., 1964.

In this book ten American university professors take a critical look at history, conditions, institutions and attitudes that have influenced the development of American character. While being bothered by much they see, there is evidence for some cautious optimism for the future.

● *Nightmare County*, by Frank Harvey, Bantam Books, Inc., 75c.

Based on hard facts, "Nightmare County" is a fast moving novel depicting the theft of the land, the insatiable greed of the "robber barons" of the Coal industry and the slow, evil corruption of the mountain men who mined the coal.

The story is set in the coal fields of eastern Kentucky and begins at the turn of the century when "yankee" speculators first went into the hills to buy up the mineral rights using what was known as "long form" deeds. These deeds were the key opening doors leading to the most disgraceful saga in American history. For as one of Mr. Harvey's characters states in addition to the mineral rights the deed gave the owner the right to: "cut timber for mine props, run roads through a coal property any place they seen fit, fill a creek with garbage and coal dust, turn the air black with smoke from burnin' slag heaps, and many years later when them big strippin' shovels come in, that old long form deed give them the right to tear the hills themselves down and turn them into-spoilbanks nine stories high."

In the heyday of King Coal a single \$300.00 investment for mineral rights brought \$45,000,000 out of the eastern Kentucky hills. Most of these millions wound up in the pockets of absentee Northern coal operators and Mr. Harvey has done an excellent job in telling what these millions cost the mountain men and women in terms of the exploitation of their land and the corruption of their once free and independent way of life.

Mr. Harvey's method of using a series of characters tell their story of how King Coal affected their lives has resulted in a cohesive well-written novel. In this manner he brings out through a period of 1900 to 1964 the ruthlessness of the coal operators, the animal-like cruelty of the company cops and the bewilderment of the men who labored in the mines. He shows true insight to the problem facing these once proud and independent mountain men forced by the economy of our times onto the welfare rolls of the state.

What will become of these people? Mr. Harvey calls for both government and private programs to revitalize the economy of the now abandoned coal communities in the eastern Kentucky hills. He calls for drastic action and to this we must all agree.

—Jean M. Buckner

Jean Buckner cut her teeth on the Southern Union movement. Her father, John S. Martin, was for years Vice President and Southern Director of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union, AFL-CIO. She was herself that Union's Educational Director for the upper South for a time. She also worked for the Government as Labor Consultant for the Mutual Security Agency under Harriman.

Jean has also edited newspapers, one in the Army as she served in World War II. "Presently," she writes (about her husband), "I am keeping house for a very crazy writer."



BERNARD GRAVITT

Bernard Gravitt, native Kentuckian, educator and licensed Methodist preacher, has had wide experience with the people of East Kentucky. As a youth, he was a member of the National Guard sent into Harlan County during the labor struggles of the early 1930's. As a public school teacher, principal, superintendent and university instructor, he knows the Kentucky mountains as few men do. For three years he taught and directed the Education Department for the University of Kentucky's South-eastern Center at Cumberland, Harlan County. From there, and for the past two years, he has been doing further study on an assistant grant in the University of Maryland. When this is finished he is coming back to the mountains.

Night Comes To The Cumberlands

A Biography of a Depressed Area by Harry M. Caudill, Little Brown and Company, Boston, 392 pp, \$6.75; paper cover \$2.45.

REFLECTIONS ON THE BOOK

BY BERNARD GRAVITT

As a native Kentuckian, this writer concurs with the widely held view that Mr. Caudill has written a fine book.

Inasmuch as the book is devoid of the characteristics of scientific research, I cannot accept the following which is on page six: "It is apparent that such human refuse, dumped on a strange shore in the keeping of a few hundred merciless planters, was incapable of developing the kind of stable society under construction in the Puritan North." It seems to be an unfortunate choice of words — "human refuse"—on the part of Caudill. Since all men are human, it seems ill-advised to label such a great bulk of them as "refuse."

(Ed. Note: See the article by historian Carter G. Woodson on the Appalachian origins elsewhere in this issue.)

I have known the people of Eastern Kentucky for more than a quarter century. My first acquaintance came as a member of the National Guard in the 1930's during the union-management disputes. They worked and lived under intolerable conditions. They had a right to protest and join a union. This they did and won better conditions for themselves and their children. The mountain men were hard-working, decent, self-

respecting people. They, and their sons of today, would prefer work to doles—if work were available. They who have gone under the ground to produce millions in wealth are not responsible for the current poverty.

In every crisis this nation has known these mountain men have risen to defend what they thought to be the principles of democracy. In all the wars a more proportional share of their sons have fallen on the battlefields. They fought for a way of life which contends that all men have dignity simply because they exist as human beings. Such people would hardly come from "human refuse."

Neither would "human refuse" espouse such principles as were exemplified in struggles to build our beloved Kentucky. These East Kentuckians, like men in all Appalachia, possess a rare quality of endurance under hardships, and a dignity which even the kind of poverty Mr. Caudill portrays so excellently, has not been able to entirely destroy. They still—in spite of present poverty—dream their dreams, hope their hopes, and struggle for a better life for their children's tomorrow.

Aside from this one instance, Mr. Caudill has produced a profoundly significant book with an analysis and proposals that could well point the way toward that better tomorrow.

Billy Edd WHEELER

FOLKSINGER COMPOSER PLAYWRIGHT



Billy Edd Wheeler lived his first years in the mining town of Highcoal, West Virginia. Today his town, like many others in Appalachia, no longer exists.

Billy Edd studied at Warren Wilson College in North Carolina and Berea College in Kentucky where he graduated in 1955. From there he went to study playwriting at the Yale School of Drama.

We were classmates at Berea. When I used to listen to Billy Edd sing for student functions I knew then we would hear more of him. One with his friendly warmth and natural folksong voice would not remain an amateur.

Billy Edd had an unusual ability to hold his audience with an empathy that brought listeners close and right into the song. He didn't need to sing loud, nor bang his guitar, to hold attention. The softer he sang the closer you listened. His voice had that pleasing tone quality which could be listened to indefinitely without tiring. He played the guitar with an equal skill.

The music world is enriched by Billy Edd's recordings. His two earlier albums, "Billy Edd: U.S.A." and

"Billy Edd and Bluegrass, Too," are with Monitor Records. His later album, "Memories of America," is recorded by Kapp. More recently he made a hit with a single Kapp record release, "Ode to the Little Brown Shack Out Back."

He is acclaimed for his song writing as well as singing and playing. Many songs on his albums are of his own writing.

Of the three albums, the first one, "Billy Edd: U.S.A.," has more of the genuine old Billy Edd and genuine folk quality. In his later albums big city commercialism seems to creep in. He loses some of the natural fine quality of his earlier singing. One gets the sad feeling of listening to more of the loud, banging commercial folksinging made popular today by the fast buck chasers.

This is such a shame, because almost anyone can sing and play loud and fast to make up for vocal quality short-comings. Billy Edd doesn't need to do this.

—Ann Williams

RECORDINGS

Patrick Gainer Singing Folksongs of the Allegheny Mountains

FOLK HERITAGE RECORDINGS, MORGANTOWN, W. VA.

Ethnic folk music owes a great debt to Dr. Patrick Gainer of West Virginia University. An authority in the area of folk culture and song, and with the humble spirit of the genuine scholar ever searching for deeper truth, Dr. Gainer is also an accomplished and sensitive folksinger. To listen to his recordings is both a joy and a learning experience — albeit a very pleasant learning experience as good education ought to be.

In *Folk Songs of the Allegheny Mountains* Patrick Gainer presents some of his choice findings in the West Virginia Alleghenys over the past quarter century. There are 16 of the old songs, many of them unusual versions, including a rare five tone scale rendition of the popular Barbara Allen ballad.

Dr. Gainer comes to his study of folksong and culture with deep respect for the people's dignity. He does not accept the popular "hillbillyized" version of the mountaineer. He believes "The people who settled the Allegheny Mountains were lovers of freedom and were willing to accept great hardships in order to be free." They also had a passion for beauty which is shown not only by a vast treasury of song, but also in the "beautiful 'coverlids', quilts and other hand-work." He cites the traditional importance of the mountain singing school and the treasury of song as evidence of a rich cultural background.

He is concerned that shallow understanding may cause many to confuse "hillbilly song with genuine folk-

song," and stresses that there is "no relation between the two."

In 1950 Dr. Gainer organized the West Virginia Folk Festival as an extended activity of his class in Folklore which he was teaching at Glenville State College during that summer. For the next few years the festival was continued under the direction of Dr. Gainer. Since then the Festival has become a permanent organization through the formation of "The West Virginia State Folk Festival, Incorporation."

Dr. Gainer is professor at the University of West Virginia, Morgantown. His classes are always crowded. As a graduate student doing my master's thesis in the folksong field, I managed to get squeezed into his Folk Literature class. It was one of my richest experiences — informative, extremely interesting and inspirational. Students who take his classes not only get rare presentations of content but gain in a deeper respect for the dignity of man. Dr. Gainer's generous assistance in writing my thesis was invaluable. Later when I participated in the West Virginia Folk Festival I found him the same warm-hearted human being concerned for genuine folk quality and the people.

There is no doubt about it, lovers of true folk music and culture are deeply indebted to Patrick Gainer. I recommend his recordings to all such people.

—Ann Williams

Some Favorites from "Folkways Records"

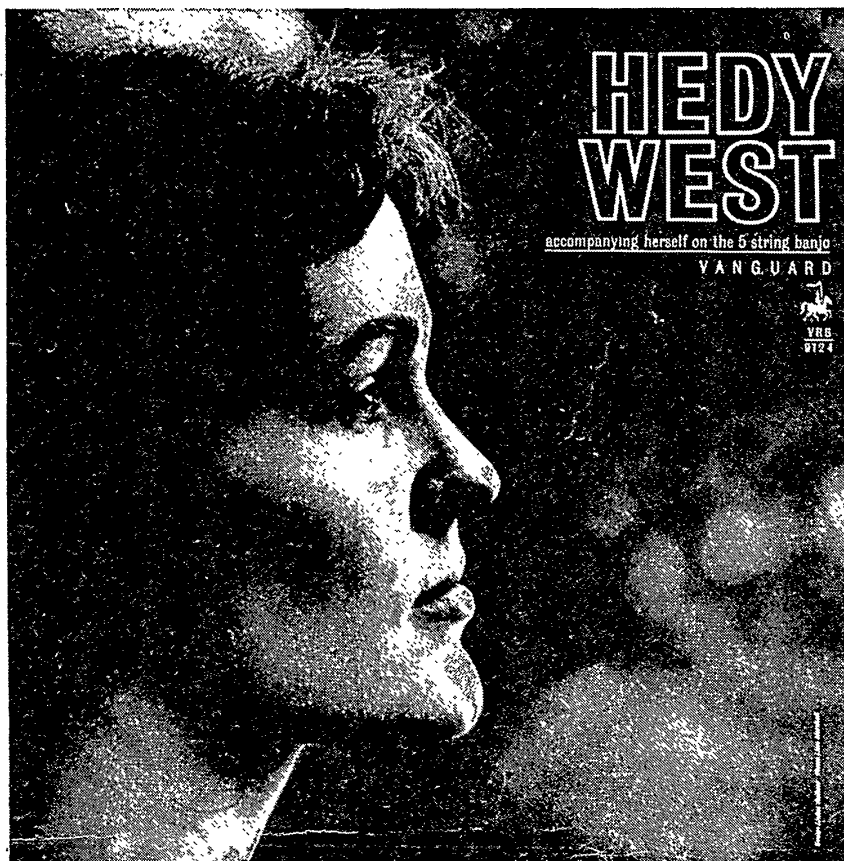
A pioneer in recording and preserving significant phases of our American folk heritage, *Folkways Records* deserves our gratitude. They were seeking out and recording folk materials long before the current re-awakened interest. In fact, Folkways contributed vitally to this re-awakening. They have recorded some of the classic old songs and some of the most authentic singers.

● *Friends of Old Time Music* is a folk album featuring a half score of the old timers. Hobert Smith, Almeda Riddle, Roscoe Holcomb, Dock Boggs, Jesse Fuller, Mississippi John Hurt, the Watson Family, Clarence Ashley, the Stanley Brothers and others are featured singing some of their old time favorites. This Folkways album belongs in the collection of all folksong lovers.

● *String Band Instrumentals*, by the New Lost City Ramblers, features instrumental selections. Although they are skilled at playing, it is not the kind of record

that holds your undivided attention. It is not a pleasing music for listening but gets rather monotonous before the record is finished. It would be more appropriate for a square dance. This reviewer gets the impression of a group of city players giving their concept of what country music is like. No doubt it will be popular with many city folk music enthusiasts.

● *Uncle Dave Macon*, Re-Recordings conceived by Pete Seeger, is well worth purchasing by the collectors of authentic folk music. For years Uncle Dave was featured on W.S.M.'s "Grand 'Ole Opry", Nashville, Tennessee. He may be controversial as to label — a kind of cross between "hillbilly" and true folk. But whatever can be said about him, Uncle Dave was a natural, close to the soil of his Cannon Country, Tennessee farm. He was indeed one of the folk and garnered his songs in the most natural process of learning from living. No put on, no pretense, ever mars the music of Uncle Dave Macon.



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| 4. Pans of Biscuits | 4. Poor Little Lost Baby |
| 5. The Little Carpenter | 5. Anger in the Land |
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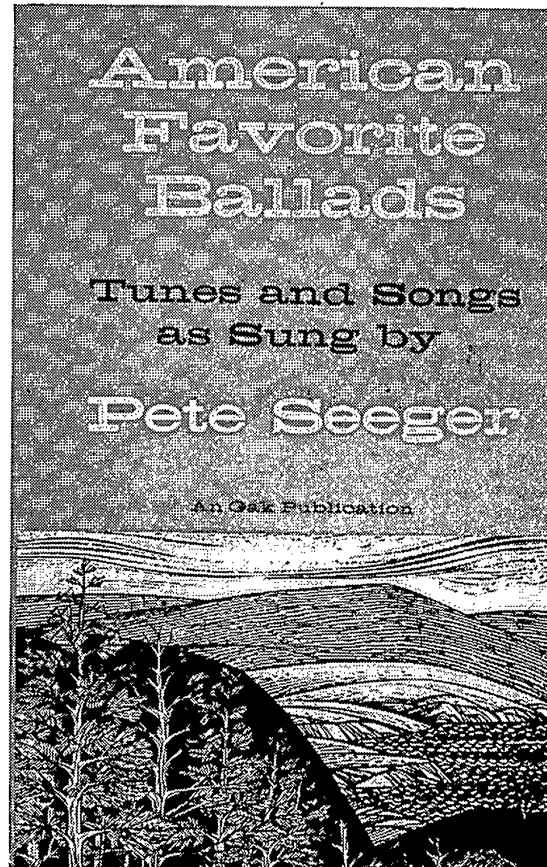
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POVERTY
and
AFFLUENCE

Appalachian Wonderland

By

HARRY M. CAUDILL

and

WILLIAM C. BLIZZARD

REPRINTED FROM

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INTRODUCTION

This is a great and wonderful land. Her resources are bountiful. The potential surpasses the imagination. No material need is beyond our ability to supply in super abundance for all our people. These are known realities.

But why are some people poor — some forty millions — and a few rich? Is it because the poor are lazy, good-for-nothings? Is it a poor man's fault if he is not rich? Are people poor because of some inner quality. Or are they poor because they have refused to work?

Appalachia's poverty has been well publicized in recent times. It is a well known fact that great fortunes have been and are being drained out of the mountains. Harry Caudill has documented and emphasized this fact, and that Appalachia is still a vast storehouse of natural wealth. He has also stressed that while great wealth has been drained out and piled up in Northern cities by absentee owners, poverty and waste have piled up and blighted the mountains.

When at the turn of the century these vast natural resources were discovered under the mountains, and outside speculators and corporations grabbed up the mineral rights for a song, those great future fortunes were only potentials. The coal and gas were still under the ground. The tall virgin trees still topped the mountains.

A lot of labor had to be put out before they became spendable fortunes in Pittsburgh, New York, Chicago or Boston. The coal would stay there till doomsday and the trees would only continue to conserve wildlife and water unless labor power was expended. The coal and gas, those massive forests, became real spendable wealth only after a lot of people took pick, shovel, ax and saw to dig and chop and saw. Others laid pipe and railroads to carry the raw materials to the great cities.

Who dug the coal? Who went under the ground, got killed, crippled and blackened with coal dust till it was ingrained in the very pores of the skin? Who chopped the trees? Who laid the tracks, strung the wires and laid the pipes. Was it the absentee owners who got rich from the process?

The people who did all that work are the very people, or their descendants, who today are the poor of Appalachia. They are those on DPA, who live in shacks up the hollows unfit for animals, the "fathers" work gangs, the "muskrats," or the even less fortunate thousands who, with no jobs, or welfare, barely eke a miserable existence from stingy hillside patches — the poor mountain whites, the "hillbillies."

But why? If these are the people, or their descendants, who tore the coal from the mountains, chopped down the great virgin forests, strung wires and laid the tracks for great fortunes to ride out on, why are they now poor? Why aren't they rich?

Somebody ought to come up with an answer.

Somebody ought to tell us why this poverty in the most affluent, the richest nation of all history. And somebody ought to present a program to cure it.

Of one thing we are sure, and that is that sedatives such as the so-called "War on Poverty" is not really going to end it. The disease eats deeper than a sedative can reach. Obviously a new and different treatment is needed.

We don't claim to have the answer, but we do have some strong notions. First, we think it is time to stop blaming the poor for their poverty. Since they are the ones who have labored and sweated to produce the great fortunes it is certainly not due to their failure to work that they are poor.

It is time for the poor themselves to quit being ashamed of being poor. We don't mean they should be placid or satisfied with poverty. But there should be no stigma attached to it, nor to receiving welfare aid when no jobs are available.

Those who lay the cause of poverty to some peculiar characteristic of the poor overlook reality. They seek to "psychologize" poverty out of existence. But it rises from social conditions and not from characteristics peculiar to its victims. The mountaineer's plight cannot be explained in terms of his own inadequacy. To effectively treat his problem demands removing or changing the conditions that cause it.

To aim at changing the poor rather than conditions that shape them and their poverty is merely to continue the old routine of treating results rather than causes. It is an effort to psychologize poverty rather than seeking and treating its causes. This has been the role and remedy of certain agencies in the Southern mountains for years. That such groups may now wield a strong hand in directing the "War on Poverty" does not alter this truth. The fact that poverty grew progressively worse in spite of their sedative treatment is further proof of the fallacy.

Actually, we believe, nobody is going to do anything that really counts for the poor. The "War on Poverty" itself can become merely a sop-like sedative unless the poor themselves and their allies get organized with a voice and power to speak and act for their own interests.

Organization is the great need in Appalachia. We mean democratic organization of the poor themselves

and not some welfare or missionary effort from the outside even though ever so well-intentioned.

It is our strong belief that if the "War on Poverty" is not to degenerate into a mere sop, dulling and discouraging more effective action, the poor must be encouraged to organize. As long as they have no voice or power to speak and act unitedly, the causes for their poverty will never be eradicated. In the absence of such organization the poverty program will continue to be a weak, half-hearted gesture dominated by courthouse politicians.

Eventually, we believe, we must come to face the reality of automation. We must have a guaranteed annual wage for everyone. Our productive machinery is certainly capable of doing this. It remains for social vision to work it out. Because the poor have no strong, united voice, this vision is dimmed.

These reprints from the *Appalachian South* continue the effort toward understanding the problems of Southern Appalachia. The two men who write them are superbly suited to the job. Not only are they native to their areas and brilliant, but they are gentle men who feel deeply, and have given long years of study and concern to these problems.

Harry Caudill has written extensively on Eastern Kentucky and Southern Appalachia. His book, "Night Comes To The Cumberland," was a mile-stone on the way to understanding and solution. Kentucky has produced no modern writer of equal stature and importance. We have called him "God's Angry Mountaineer," for in so many ways — the timelessness of his message, courage in expressing it, clarity of his words — he reminds us of the Prophet, Amos, who had such a telling message for his own time.

Bill Blizzard is similarly qualified. He is on the staff of the Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*, a rare daily newspaper with an editorial policy close to the people in understanding and presenting their problems and needs. Not only does Mr. Blizzard write some of its most perceptive editorials, but as photographer and feature writer, helps to preserve appreciation for the best qualities in our cultural heritage. In this booklet he gives the background and makes incisive analyses of the forces that caused West Virginia's poverty.

Appalachian Associates is pleased to present this booklet to the public in the hope for greater understanding that may begin to meet the basic needs of our mountain people. — Don West

Faces Show Character

The articles and pictures in *The Appalachian South*, particularly the pictures of the mountain people, portray strength and character. In every seam and line in the people's faces a story is told of will and determination. The innate, perhaps stubborn, independent spirit of the mountain people lives in these pictures like a physical presence.

These are not the faces of a people who have learned to dissemble. Good, or bad, or indifferent—they stand up as they are. Many people seem to think that the mountain people are wrong-headed. Perhaps they are, but their opinions are their own, formed from observation and reflection on the people and circumstances that have helped shape their lives. In this age of the fast buck and the big deal, when most of us seem to look to Hollywood and Madison Avenue for our manners and morals, the mountain people use their own judgement. A man's integrity of character is considered more important than glibness of tongue or the size of his bank account. A friend is a friend, not someone to be cultivated and used to "get ahead."

It has been suggested by various writers that the mountaineer will never amount to anything until he drops this kind of "quaintness" and becomes an

"American." This kind of advice to the people of Appalachia is the equivalent of suggesting to a victim of pernicious anemia that he can gain robust health if he will merely leave his bed, don some borrowed finery, and attend a banquet to which he hasn't been invited. The mountain people are not suffering from poverty because they are "quaint." The primary cause of poverty in Appalachia was and is the exploitation of the region's wealth by absentee owners. The causes and cures of Appalachian poverty are not to be found in sociological studies and advice, but rather in understanding, controlling and changing the political and economic forces that have exploited the immense wealth of this vast area for the enrichment of a few and the impoverishment of the many.

May *The Appalachian South* continue to portray the mountain people as they are. Such a true picture is needed to offset the distortions of mountain life by certain inane TV programs and the drivel written for some of the popular magazines by professional mountaineers. The people of Appalachia are far from perfect; but there are qualities of steadfastness and courage among our people that no one should discount in this frenzied age.

—Floyd Buckner



From The MOUNTAIN EAGLE, Courtesy Louisville Courier Journal

Recent months have seen East Kentuckians by the hundreds in mass meetings or carrying picket signs like these. Here we see part of over a hundred who went to Frankfort and Lexing-

ton in June to voice their grievances. At extreme right Nathan Combs contemplates the question that bothers thousands from the Big Sandy to Troublesome Creek and Harlan.

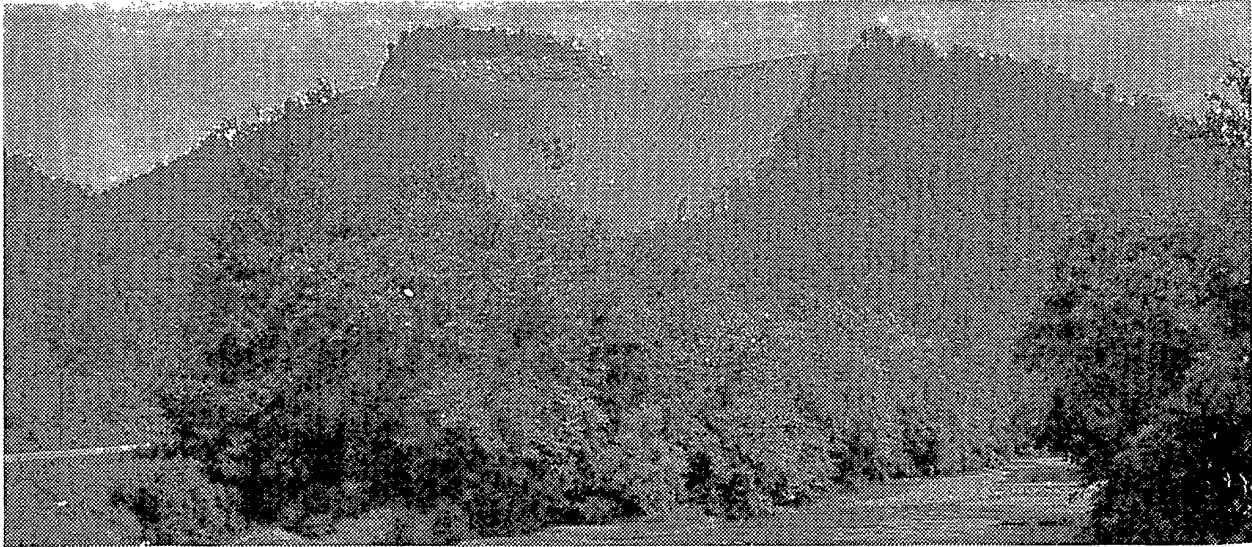
Poverty and Affluence In Appalachia

HOW ABSENTEE OWNERSHIP IN AN EXTREMELY RICH LAND
PRODUCED A REMARKABLY POOR PEOPLE

BY HARRY M. CAUDILL

The publicity which preceded passage of the Appalachian Development Act of 1965 focused attention on the poverty of the huge mountainous region. The Congressional hearings revealed that median per capita income in Appalachia is substantially below that of the nation generally — only \$1405 in 1963 as compared to \$1901 in the nation as a whole. Pennsylvania mountaineers enjoy the highest income—\$1680. The figure descended progressively to the abysmal sum of \$841 in Eastern Kentucky. In many Kentucky counties the per capita figure was less than half that average. In Martin County it was only \$381. In fact that pathetic territory embraces six of the ten poorest counties in America in terms of per capita income.

The television camera has brought before the public gaze the spectacle of destitution in the Kentucky highlands. Affluent America has looked into the eyes of shy, ragged undernourished children. The prosperous and comfortable have seen crumbling mining shacks, filth-strewn streams, road sides littered with rusty automobile hulks, and grim hillsides devastated by strip mining. They have been told that one-fourth the adult population is illiterate and have seen the dilapidated school houses which have for so long symbolized the failure of education. In the nation's mind, Eastern Kentucky has become synonymous with poor people. It is essential that this poverty not be associated with the land itself. Eastern Kentucky is a fabu-



—Courtesy The CHARLESTON, GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

lously rich corner of the American land -- natural wealth crawling with human destitution.

Kentucky entered the Union in 1792. At that time the "Commonwealth" was a veritable paradise of great forests and beautiful meadows, sparkling with clear streams and swarming with game. No other part of the new state was so bountifully endowed by nature as was the mountainous eastern third.

It boasted the widest variety of timber to be found in the world's temperate zone, and the trees were immense and superb. The forest loam was yards deep in places. The creek and river bottoms were narrow, but fertile. In and under the hills lay thirty-five billion tons of high quality coal. In huge pockets were billions of cubic feet of natural gas and rich pools of oil. The region was underlain by great brine beds. The Pine Mountain bulged with limestone and was capped with a ledge of sandstone rich in silica. Millions of tons of low-grade iron ore gave rise to iron works and later attracted investment capital from Europe.

Historically Kentucky mountaineers used a supremely rich land to become a remarkably poor people. They achieved this unenviable situation through the same factors which brought the Irish to starvation a century and a quarter ago—primitive agriculture and absentee ownership.

The immigrants brought an Indian style agriculture which relied on "new grounds"—often cleared by fire—for crop lands. Settling at the mouths of the creeks where the fields were broadest and richest, they moved up the streams, generation by generation as the lower lands lost their fertility. They never got onto crop rotation and cover-cropping. As the population grew the agricultural techniques which had worked reasonably well for a handful of Indians proved disastrously inadequate. The mountaineers did not know how to change their agriculture and began to starve. Unlike the Irish, however, they had a fairly benevolent govern-

ment. It came to their aid thirty years ago with the WPA, and now it sustains them with food stamps, the commodity dole and welfare grants.

Northern capitalists began buying Eastern Kentucky minerals more than three quarters of a century ago. The illiterate and inexperienced people put their marks to deeds which conveyed "all mineral and metallic substances and all combinations of the same" and the unconditional right to remove them by any method they "deemed necessary or convenient." For prices ranging from fifty cents to five dollars per acre these instruments delivered almost unlimited natural wealth into the hands of the harshest, most exploitative capitalists the nation has ever seen.

These companies and their lessees have mined billions of tons of coal and pumped out millions of barrels of oil. They have quarried millions of tons of limestone and now are piping away silent rivers of natural gas. The extraction of East Kentucky's wealth staggers the imagination. It continues today — as in the past — under the direction of people who have sympathy for neither the Kentucky land nor its inhabitants.

At one time the people had some considerable part in the extractive process. The mines required large numbers of workers and the mountaineers were paid to bring out the coal. To a remarkable degree modern technology has replaced miners with machines and now two-thirds of the population are irrelevant to the main business of the region — the carting away of wealth.

The poverty of the people has become publicly known — the affluence of the exploiters has been kept out of view. American business does not want to be associated with the monumental failure of the East Kentucky economy.

Victim of Great Corporations

East Kentucky coal fires the furnaces of the world's greatest steel corporations — Inland Steel, Bethle-

hem Steel, U.S. Steel. The world's biggest steel producer has reduced the Big Black Mountain, once one of the world's most majestic terrain features, into a colossal wreck, ripped apart by bulldozers and dynamite to recover the outcrop coal left by the underground mines. United States Steel's legacy to Kentucky is this ravaged mountain and hundreds of miles of streams which flow thick with sediment from the spoil banks.

Pittsburgh-Consolidation Coal Company is the world's biggest privately owned coal producer. Put together by the Mellon family, its operations dot the Appalachian coal-field, including Eastern Kentucky. Its profitable mining operations have enabled it to buy a controlling interest in Chrysler corporation. The President of Pitt-Consol is the Chairman of the Board of Chrysler.

In April, 1965, Dunn's Review and Modern Industry carried an article by Thomas J. Murray which pointed out that Eastern Kentucky is now probably the nation's best investment opportunity. Mr. Murray shows that coal production is rising with the expanding electric power market and that the profits are immense. For example, in 1964 General Motors made a profit of 10.2 cents out of each dollar received and paid a dividend of five cents. But an obscure Philadelphia corporation, Virginia Coal and Iron Company, netted 61 per cent of gross and paid a dividend of forty-five cents out of each dollar received. It owns 100,000 acres in Kentucky and Southwestern Virginia and is rated by Mr. Murray as the most profitable corporation in America.

Kentucky River Coal Corporation did nearly as well. This enviable record was approached by Elkhorn Coal Corporation which paid out as dividends some 35 per cent of all income.

In addition to mineral royalties, such companies enjoy substantial revenues from their thick stock portfolios. Virginia Coal and Iron owns 275,000 shares in Southern Railway Company and received income therefrom of \$770,000, 85 percent of which was tax exempt under Federal law.

Such corporations — and there are more than a score of them — enjoy an unparalleled tax bonanza. Uncle Sam treats them as favorite nephews. A combination of depletion and long term investment allowances exempts about 76 per cent of all income from federal taxation. By normal standards operating expenses are nominal. Virginia Coal and Iron had a gross income of \$2,484,840. Its administrative expenses were only \$234,322.

Limestone, too, has proved profitable. For example, one young man commenced a quarrying operation on borrowed capital in the late 1940's and a decade later was an authentic millionaire.

Perhaps the greatest success story is that of thirty year old Ashland Oil and Refining Company. It draws crude from the hills of Kentucky and West Virginia.

In the spring of 1965 it offered to buy Pure Oil Company at a price of several hundred million dollars.

Last year Eastern Kentucky sent some 700,000 car-loads of coal to the markets of the world, but after half a century of such inroads the seams have been scarcely scratched. Approximately 33 billion tons of the original lode remain.

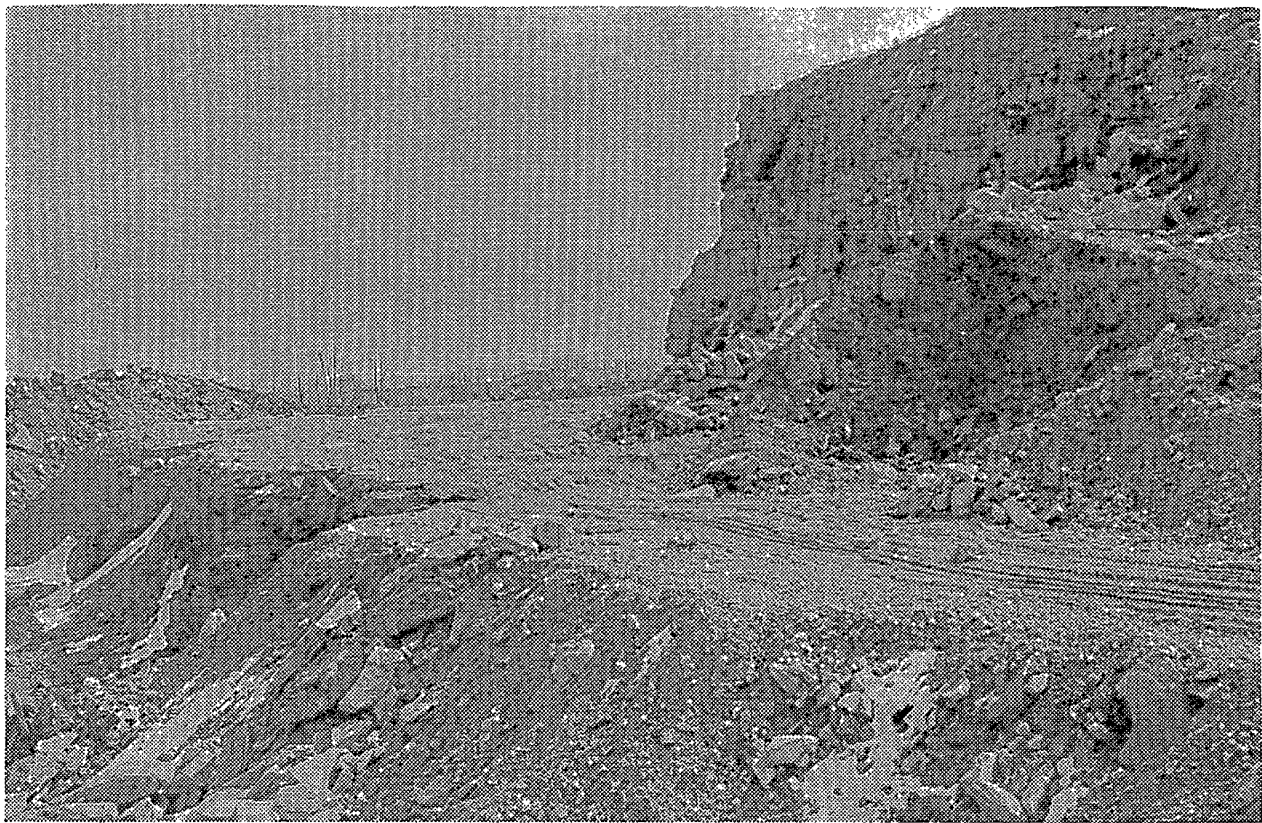
How, then, did Kentucky permit this monumental expropriation of its wealth without building a viable society and a strong economy in the hill country? The present mess, it would appear, could have been achieved only by deliberate and diabolical planning. This is not the case. Kentuckians stumbled into their present sorry plight because of indolence and ignorance.

The first two Governors of Kentucky, Isaac Shelby and James Adair, were tough old Indian fighters. Like their electorate, they were rugged individualists. Neither of them ever mentioned in any public document the need for schools. Education was left to the parents, and the parents did little about it. Until the 1850's the school house was unknown in the mountains and the first were log huts presided over by semi-literate teachers. Thus a century without education produced ignorant men and women who practically gave away the wealth of their region and reduced themselves to tenants by sufferance. Their almost equally ignorant office permitted the wealth to filter away almost untaxed decade after decade. Taxes on mining property were — and are — nominal. For example, a few years ago my \$3200 Ford automobile paid as much taxes as a \$75,000 mining machine. Used in the mine of a mammoth corporation, it had been originally purchased by a West Virginia subsidiary. Five months later it was sold to the Kentucky company for \$5,000. When it entered the assessors books nearly a year later the \$5,000 bill of sale was proof of its market value. By then, though, it had depreciated by a couple of thousand dollars, leaving a mere \$3,000 to help finance the county schools.

Federal Treasury Underwrites Greed of Exploiters

Marrowbone Creek in Pike County is a museum piece where all the elements of the Kentucky tragedy are concentrated. Here where the seams were richest the mining first began about 1903. Giant tipples spewed endless streams of coal into trains which clattered away at the rate of eight or ten a day. Coal camps lined the valley and a little town, Hellier, grew up. Later oil and gas lines followed the railroad. Thirty years after the mining began the WPA built the community a school. The hundreds of millions of dollars worth of untaxed mineral left virtually no benefit to the populace. The town collapsed. The federal treasury had to underwrite the greed of the exploiters by building such educational facilities as now exist.

It is profitable to compare developments in Eastern Kentucky with the Swiss experience. The Swiss obtained their independence from Napoleon some twenty



—Courtesy The CHARLESTON GAZETTE, Charleston, W. Va.

years after Kentucky achieved statehood. The little country is almost the same size as Kentucky's mountain region, but Switzerland is comparatively poor and bleak. It contains no oil, gas, coal or iron. About one-sixth of it is suitable for timber growing and another sixth is crop-land. The remainder is barren,—beautiful but unproductive.

The Swiss recognized the imperative need for education and have done an astonishing job of developing their human resources. They built schools and the schools grew into colleges and universities. Illiteracy vanished. The people developed complex skills and their country became a manufacturing power—the watchmaker for the world. It boasts seven universities, including several medical centers. The Swiss have conserved their natural beauty and their cities and countryside swarm with tourists. Swiss banks lend the wealth of the world. Inhabitants of a poor land, they have built the finest social order on the planet.

Historically, Kentuckians have neglected their human resources and today in consequence the state reaps a bitter harvest:

How Long Will This Continue?

Forty-five thousand mountaineers draw food stamps and another 80,000 line up for commodity hand outs, gifts from the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Thousands of others while away their lives at makework jobs set up under grants from the Office of Economic Op-

portunity—a shrivelled version of WPA. The listless people are controlled by ruthless political machines which vote them with clock-like precision. The valleys are littered with decaying houses deserted by the quarter of a million highlanders who have fled to other states. The streams reek of filth. And coal—the black brute of American industry—accelerates its odious onslaught upon the people and every facet of their land. Kentucky's priceless beauty is being gouged to rubble and with it may go the people's last hope for a prosperous and dignified future.

How long will this situation continue? Until Kentuckians decide to control their own affairs. Until they tax the privilege of severing the wealth from the land and invest the money in schools, health centers, libraries and other public facilities. Until a knowledgeable electorate can be created capable of curbing the corporations which operate in their midst. Every ton of coal and limestone, each barrel of oil and comparable measure of gas should leave in taxes the price of at least one new brick for a Kentucky school house. These goals may be distant but the time to begin is now.

East Kentucky is sick—sick with multitudes of paupers atop mountains of wealth—sick with an ineffective political system maintained by an uncomprehending electorate. The Swiss learned long ago how to run their affairs and to prosper in the process. Will Kentuckians ever learn as much?

West



Virginia

WONDERLAND

BY WILLIAM C. BLIZZARD

To Believe Impossible Things

Alice laughed. "There's no use trying," she said: "one *can't* believe impossible things."

"I daresay you haven't had much practice," said the Queen. "When I was your age, I always did for half an hour a day. Why, sometimes I've believed as many as six impossible things before breakfast. . ."

The White Queen in Lewis Carroll's famous fable must have spent her childhood in West Virginia. For the Mountain State is indeed a Wonderland similar to that traveled by Alice, a mirror world where everything is ~~upside down and backward.~~

Everything? No. There are many positive virtues in West Virginians and many positive aspects of West Virginia. But is it not impossible for a rich state to be a poor state? Is it not impossible for West Virginia politicians to boast of their sympathy for the common man while at the same time imposing the most regressive system of taxation in any of the 50 states?

Is it not impossible for most wage earners to overwhelmingly support a Democratic party which recently piled still more overwhelming sales taxes upon their already heavily burdened backs? Is it not impossible for highly educated school administrators in the West Virginia Education Association to advocate and become parties to the passage of such taxes, knowing their regressive and unjust nature, when teachers are supposed to inculcate in the young the virtues of fairness and justice?

Is it not impossible for newspapers and businessmen to complain that West Virginia is run by labor leaders (it used to be John L. Lewis exclusively), when the power of the coal operator in the Mountain State has for more than 50 years been undisguised, unashamed, and supreme? Is it not impossible for a governor of West Virginia to be reviled by West Virginians because he advocated a severance tax to retain some of the wealth of West Virginia for some of those very same West Virginians?

None of the above six conditions is impossible. If the White Queen *had* spent her childhood in the

Mountain State, she might have easily believed them before breakfast. For they are perfectly true. If modern Alices or Als need practice in believing the impossible, they should step through the looking glass into West Virginia.

Rich Area, Poor People

The problems of other states of Appalachia may not resemble those of West Virginia in detail, but it is probable that residents of such other states may find enough parallels to be instructive. For, as Harry Caudill and others have pointed out (not in these words), common miseries inflamed by common causes make common bedfellows.

West Virginia has been and may yet well be one of the richest areas in the world in natural resources. Since about 1931 it has led the nation in bituminous-coal production. The late Jesse V. Sullivan, of the West Virginia Coal Association, once estimated that if all the coal in the mountain State were stacked into a monument one acre square, it would make a sort of pylon for astronauts 17,526 miles high.

West Virginia once held first or second rank in the nation in natural-gas and petroleum production. Both industries have been declining for 50 years, but Paul Benedum, of the famous oil family, has stated that three-fourths of West Virginia's original oil deposits are still underground, waiting to be tapped.

Immense sand deposits enable West Virginia to rank second in the United States in glass manufacture. West Virginia timber production once placed the state among national leaders in that field, although production is now about one-third of its peak.

It is evident, without further elaboration, that West Virginia is a rich state. Yet it is also obvious that West Virginia is a poor state.

Colonial Type Exploitation

This paradox is more easily understood if the situation is described a little differently: Much wealth has been extracted from West Virginia natural resources, but little of that wealth has remained in the hands of

West Virginians. The reason for this, of course, lies in the exploitation of Mountain State natural resources by outside capital.

The resemblance of West Virginia (and much of the rest of Appalachia) to the colonial domains created by Great Britain and other powers during the 19th century imperialist era has been pointed out by several writers. That is, outside capital in both cases milks its victims of natural resources while dominating the native government and treating the natives as contemptible, expendable, and a source of cheap labor. The fact that such capital may serve, willy-nilly, an ultimately progressive end does not alter its essentially aggressive, brutal character.

The situation has not changed, basically, in West Virginia today. The coal industry, obviously, has been the principal architect of the Mountain-State economy, and, as such, has dominated state government. In recent years (since Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal), labor unions, particularly the United Mine Workers of America, have had some influence on legislation and legislators, but the coal industry and its allies yet dominate the state.

On occasion, it is true, the natives have rebelled, as they have rebelled in all colonial areas. These rebellions, after being harshly suppressed, are usually pointed to by some politicians and economists as examples of the "unfavorable labor climate" which, they cry, is ruining the state.

By Manipulating Tax Structure

In fashioning the economy of the Mountain State, the coal industry and its allies have necessarily given much attention to taxes. When a single coal company may own thousands of acres of property in a single county, this concern is understandable, as is the concern of the coal company with the health, welfare, and attitudes of the local assessor.

Stated in the simplest terms, it has been to the interest of the coal industry to keep its own taxes low or nonexistent, so that the wealth coming from the hills of West Virginia benefits those not from West Virginia; conversely, it has been in the interest of West Virginians (or would be) to tax the coal industry rather heavily, so as to retain at least a portion of West Virginia's wealth in West Virginia.

In this continuing war, small-income West Virginians haven't had a chance. Key battles on behalf of the West Virginia taxpayer have invariably been generated by organized labor, and the fight has sometimes been impressive. But the tax structure in West Virginia remains largely as the coal industry wants it.

This structure is most interesting, and, from the point of view of the wage-earner, small businessman, and white-collar worker, most revolting. Before examining this system as it is, it might be well to comment on tax systems generally. Any good encyclopedia will amplify the following brief information.

Economists classify taxes as progressive if they are based on the ability of the taxpayer to pay; they are regressive if they are a flat rate on rich and poor alike, without regard to the ability to pay.

An example of the progressive tax is the graduated income tax. An example of a regressive tax is the sales tax on consumers or on gross business. Although taxing in accordance with the ability to pay seems most fair and equitable, the principle is widely disregarded.



William C. Blizzard comes from early Appalachian pioneers. He is from a long line of coal miners and fighters for a better life through union organization. Both of his grandfathers were miners. So was his father, the fearless "Bill Blizzard," noted for heroic leadership in pioneering union struggles on Cabin Creek and elsewhere. In those days union men faced both the company gun thugs and treason indictment in the courts. "Bill Blizzard" was a part of the leadership in the famous armed march against the coal operators in September, 1921. He was tried for treason. (We plan a feature story on him in a later issue).

At the age of 70 William C. Blizzard's paternal grandfather quit mining because of ill health. He and his wife started a restaurant on Cabin Creek which became a landmark as "Mother Blizzard's Restaurant." Striking, hungry miners were never turned away from its doors. The restaurant is now run by a Blizzard uncle.

William C. Blizzard is a West Virginia University graduate with English literature major. He studied at Columbia in journalism and did further studying in photography. He is now on the staff of the State Magazine of the Charleston GAZETTE and MAIL as photographer and feature writer.

Nowhere is it more widely disregarded than in West Virginia.

Thirty-three states, West Virginia among them, levy consumer sales taxes. West Virginia in addition has a gross sales tax, levied not on the net income of a business, but on gross sales (even if there is a net loss). It is a highly classified tax which falls with unequal force upon different businesses, and it penalizes most heavily the small businessman and the man just getting started. The state also has special sales taxes on cigarettes, liquor, soft drinks, and other items which are obviously not absolute necessities.

The combination of these three sales taxes, plus similar local taxes, makes West Virginia taxes the most regressive of any in the nation. The consumer also gets hurt by the shifting of taxes imposed on businesses, but this standard markup as part of the cost of doing business is general everywhere, and not specifically a Mountain State problem. State Senator Paul Kaufman points out:

"West Virginia collects about 45 per cent of its general revenue from gross sales taxes, 30 per cent from consumers' sales taxes, and 10 per cent from sales taxes on specific commodities such as cigarettes and liquor. These figures are inexact . . . but in any event we collect approximately 85 per cent of our total general revenue from sales taxes (*none* of which are based on 'ability to pay') as compared to Kentucky's 26 per cent and Illinois' 44 per cent, for example."

No Corporate Income Tax

There is no corporate income tax in West Virginia, although Senator Kaufman has introduced a bill providing for such a tax in the current session of the legislature. There is no severance tax on natural resources, an omission in West Virginia comparable to a failure to tax coffee in Brazil. There is a property tax—and coal companies own much of the surface area of West Virginia—but this tax is light.

A 1954 report of the Governor's Commission on State and Local Finance concluded: "In West Virginia, property is valued erratically; taxed lightly; and distributed unevenly." The Commission further reported: ". . . the total assessed value of all real estate in West Virginia in 1953 was \$105 million *less* than it was before 1932 (*my italics*.)"

It is no doubt true that the tax on coal company personal property is often absurdly light. A friend of mine in Clay County once told me that he knew for a fact of a coal company locomotive that was assessed at less value than his old-model car.

The gross sales tax applies to the coal industry, as it does to chemicals and metals. But in the January 23, 1966, issue of the Charleston Gazette, columnist George Lawless made this point: "Theirs is largely a resource-based raw-material industry, as is coal, and they do not pay a state tax on point-of-sale transactions at distant markets—where real profits are

made." In contrast to the large, high-profit industries, the low-margin businessman is hurt badly, at times, by the gross sales tax, for it taxes total volume whether or not a profit is made. That is, the low-profit man, which means the little man and the beginning business man, often takes a loss but must still pay a tax on his gross.

Tax Burden on Little People

Just to add insult to injury, the West Virginia sales-tax law exempts sales of machinery and supplies to be used or consumed in the business of manufacturing, transportation, communication, and production of natural resources! The law is careful, however, to collect one penny on each six-cent purchase (through 35 cents) from a widow living on a welfare check. This amazing feature of the Mountain State sales tax is a tribute to the thoroughness of coal-company tax experts. No one knows how much money repeal of this exemption could mean in tax dollars, but estimates range to \$30 million.

It should not be forgotten, however, that the primary consumer aim is the replacement of a regressive tax system by a progressive one, not amending of the gross sales tax to include those deliberately excluded.

In short, the coal-industry-dominated government of West Virginia has created a tax structure which has shifted nearly the entire tax burden to the consumer and small businessman. In so doing, it has ignored a principle of taxation set forth by Adam Smith in "Wealth of Nations," namely, that each taxpayer should pay in proportion to his ability.

It has adhered to a taxation principle attributed to Colbert, the finance minister of Louis XIV: "Pluck the goose so as to obtain the most feathers with the least squawking."

The inequity of the sales tax, for the benefit of those yet unconvinced, was described by the noted economist E. R. A. Seligman before the Senate Finance Committee of the 67th Congress as long ago as May, 1921:

"But when you come to a general sales tax you are dealing with a tax on necessities, inasmuch as the great mass of sales are sales of necessities. . . . Therefore, as the French writer in the Middle Ages pointed out, a general sales tax is a sort of upside down income tax. Instead of taxing the man with a higher income a little more, or much more, as we do, you tax the man with the smaller income not only relatively as much, but relatively more. It is this instinctive reaction of the common man to the proposal of a sales tax which is responsible for the opposition to it manifested from the time of the Romans under Tiberius all the way down through the Middle Ages, when the riots took place, down to modern times, as in this very country, where the laboring classes are now up in arms against it.

"No civilized country before the Great War has ever succeeded in maintaining a general sales tax."

Seligman, needless to say, would not be happy with the present West Virginia tax structure.

Organized Labor Opposed Unfair Tax

He would not be alone in his unhappiness. The West Virginia AFL-CIO has consistently tried to rectify the lopsided tax structure. Small business has found a voice in Sen. Paul Kaufman and others. Ordinary West Virginia taxpayers complain, but it is unlikely that they, as a whole, understand to what extent they are being bilked. A purpose of this article is to inform that understanding.

Administrators and politicians in state government are becoming more and more alarmed about an obvious fact: West Virginia revenue is insufficient, in this modern age, to provide adequate state services. This is true even though a 1960 Tax Study Commission report revealed that West Virginia ranks first among 12 selected states in per-capita taxes as a percentage of income—although the same study showed that in most cases West Virginians have less per-capita income to pay it out of.

"Bad Taxes Drive Out Good People"

West Virginia educators have been yelling for a long time about lack of funds for buildings, teachers, and administration. There is no doubt whatever that West Virginia has for years been training teachers who have promptly moved out of the state to lower hills and higher pay.

Other professionals are also leaving, and are difficult to recruit from other areas. The president of the W. Va. Medical Association recently pointed out that only 20 of the first 150 graduates of the West Virginia University Medical School are practicing in the state.

This general exodus of trained professionals is an example of what might be called Taxation's Coal-Dust Law: "Bad taxes drive out good people." The well-known exodus of former coal miners from West Virginia is another matter, a movement based not so much on a search for higher pay, but for any pay at all. As I have written before, all workers should observe the plight of the coal miner in Appalachia and beware. That highly automated, electronic bell tolls for thee, and automation will come to all job classifications and all industries.

Educators Help Make Temporary Sales Tax Permanent

It was largely in response to demands of educators that Gov. Hulett Smith and the 1965 Democratic legislature made a "temporary" three per cent sales tax permanent. Since 1933, the tax has been two per cent (beginning at one penny on six cents) on the dollar until upped by Democratic Gov. W. W. Barron in 1961 to three per cent. Barron, in asking for the increase, explained that it was to finance a work and training program for the unemployed, and was to last for only seven months. A Charleston Gazette editorial

of January 14, 1961, told West Virginians: "As we said, this is a temporary measure. The extra tax which will be collected Sunday will expire August 31. . . ."

Because there was no untoward squawk from the plucked geese, this tax did not expire, but was extended no less than four times. Encouraged by the lack of organized opposition to the added sales tax, the Hulett Smith administration made the "temporary" tax permanent. It would be bad manners to suggest that the hoopla about the tax being temporary was a strategical hoax on the public.

To close students of Mountaineer fiscal history, or even to a casual student like me, the ploy of a "temporary" tax being made permanent sounded and looked like West Virginia tax history repeating itself.

Small Time Politicians Exploit Roosevelt Memory

The original West Virginia consumers sales tax was passed under the leadership of Democratic Gov. Herman Guy Kump, a small-town mayor, banker and politician. Kump scooted in with the Roosevelt landslide of 1932, a landslide so complete in West Virginia that every branch of state government belonged to the Democrats for the first time in 40 years.

The Democrats have been in power ever since, although the Republicans did manage to elect Cecil Underwood as governor in 1956. The Democrats regained their complete grasp of state government with the election of Gov. W. W. Barron in 1960.

A major reason for the continuous Democratic power in the Mountain State is the high percentage of unionized workers and their trust in and affection for Franklin D. Roosevelt and his memory. Yet one of the first acts of the West Virginia Democrats, who rode to power on the coattails of FDR, was to pass a consumers sales tax, the sort of tax which FDR publicly denounced at every opportunity. This is not to say that the common man should desert the Democrats for the Republicans.

A Donkey or An Elephant?

It is to say that the coal operators and their allies would just as soon ride a donkey as an elephant—and they do. They are too shrewd to place blind faith in party labels, and the ordinary consumer would do well to become as shrewd.

To revert to Kump's original, two percent sales tax, it also was enacted, in 1933, as a "temporary" revenue measure to aid public schools. And it also was later made permanent, in 1937, under a succeeding Democratic governor, Homer Adams Holt. It seems that the Barron-Smith tax ploy was merely a copy of the earlier Kump-Holt strategy.

In 1941, the legislature exempted certain foods from the sales tax, and in 1943 another law abolished that amendment, but eliminated the tax on the first 50 cents spent for foodstuffs. These slight, temporary gains for the West Virginia consumer were wiped out in 1951. Today there are no food or drug exemptions of any

kind and you start paying a penny tax on a six-cent purchase, if you can find anything to buy for six cents.

A Penny Tax on Six Cents Purchase

West Virginians now pay a penny sales tax on commodities costing six cents through 35 cents; two cents from 36 to 70 cents; and three cents sales tax from 71 cents through one dollar.

In levying a penny tax bite on six-cent purchases, West Virginia may be the world's champion sales-tax collector from the small-income taxpayer, particularly in view of the fact that West Virginia exempts no food or drugs. West Virginia begins its sales tax at a lower level than any other state.

Despite this increase, there are indications that state officials and legislators are looking desperately for additional sources of revenue. Howls of educators have not ceased. On January 24, 1965, a team of Concord College officials warned that West Virginia higher education is slipping fast and "in real danger" because of inadequate funds provided for colleges and universities.

The West Virginia Welfare Department recently told the House Finance Committee that unless more funds were provided in the 1966-67 budget, 10,000 poor would have to be stricken from the rolls of the ADCU (public works and training) program. This was the program instituted by Gov. Barron, to be paid for by the "temporary" one per cent sales tax increase. The fact that this added sales tax has been made permanent is apparently not enough, today, to keep the welfare program going.

State School Superintendent Rex M. Smith told the same Finance Committee: "I think it will be impossible to take care of the (educational) needs of the state under the present revenues." Dr. Leonard C. Nelson of West Virginia Tech was also grim about higher education under present legislative budgets. He pointed out that the proposed budgets were based on an expenditure of about \$650 per pupil, while the national average is about \$950.

Another hole in the West Virginia tax sock was a recent adverse decision by the State Supreme Court concerning a transportation privilege tax levied against gross income (for the most part) of various transportation media. The State Supreme Court held last summer that certain aspects of the tax were unconstitutional.

But the tax is still being collected, the state taking the position that the matter is still in litigation, pending a possible appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court. Although this may make tax receipts look a little better, it is likely that up to \$20 million will have to be refunded to transportation companies, and more than \$2 million of tax revenue a year will be lost.

An ironic footnote is that a statewide property re-appraisal program, which optimists hoped would improve the West Virginia tax picture, may have to be abandoned unless the state budgetary agency, the Board of Public Works, gives reappraisal officials more money to work with. The reappraisal program, in existence for seven years, has been completed in 36 of 52 counties.

In order to help out the school system, Gov. Hulett Smith is trying to get the current legislature to prepare a constitutional amendment to make school-bond levies possible by a simple majority vote. At present, 60 per cent of those voting must approve a bond issue. Sometimes bond issues are desirable, but they are expensive (in interest charges) substitutes for an adequate tax system.

As an example of how expensive bond issues can be, I'll quote a letter to the Charleston Gazette from E. E. McMurray of Ravenswood. McMurray points out that the original amount of a Jackson County school bond issue passed in 1960 was \$2,676,000. with an interest rate of four per cent, to be paid off by 1984. In 1966, according to McMurray, the principal remaining is \$82,000, and the interest is \$90,000.

Plucked Goose Beginning to Squawk

In short, West Virginia state government in 1966 needs more money, and needs it badly. It has gone about as far as it can go with sales taxes, for the goose is beginning to squawk.

This is evidenced by the introduction in the 1966 legislature by Senator Paul Kaufman and Delegate Kenneth Auvil of a bill to tax corporate income. Quite predictably, the bill is opposed by the West Virginia Chamber of Commerce, the West Virginia Coal Association, and the West Virginia Manufacturer's Association.

It is interesting that Kaufman, who is leading the fight for the bill, is not merely introducing specific legislation, but is arguing for a different philosophy of taxation in West Virginia—a philosophy endorsed by Adam Smith—based on the ability to pay. Kaufman desires to eliminate the gross sales tax and reduce the most glaring inequities of the consumers sales tax.

Marland Fought for Severance Tax

It is possible that he will eventually work for a severance tax, although there will be many a legislative skirmish before this main battle can take place. Making headway against the coal operators and their allies is no easy task in West Virginia. But in the realm of taxes in West Virginia, one thing is sure: More revenue must be derived from some source, and the consumer is going to resist mightily any additional burden.



Above Governor William Marland signing bills at his desk at the Statehouse in 1957. His fight for a severance tax on natural resources brought down the ire of press and coal operators upon him. In 1965 he was found driving a taxicab in Chicago. When he died a little later, his ashes were brought back, at his request, and scattered by plane over the hills of his beloved West Virginia.

With small businessmen and small consumers squawking like a whole gaggle of geese, the legislature will be forced to attempt to impose taxes on the large corporations doing business in West Virginia, and the attempt will be interesting to watch. It has been tried before.

A noteworthy attempt, the most noteworthy in West Virginia tax history, was made under the administration of the late William C. Marland, West Virginia governor from 1953-57. Marland, a Democrat, proposed and fought for a severance tax on natural resources. But before examining Marland's interesting tax proposal, let us look, very briefly, at a few more tax facts in West Virginia, and review a few previously mentioned.

Before the second decade of the 20th century, West Virginia was predominately an agricultural state. The principal tax base was property, and this remained true until 1933, when a Tax Limitation Amendment drastically curtailed existing and potential revenue from that source.

Since 1933, sales taxes have been the principal source of state revenue. The consumers sales tax remained at two percent from 1933 until the raises mentioned above in 1961 and 1965. The gross sales tax began at only one-tenth of one per cent for all industries, but over the past 30 years has increased from 20 to 70 times that amount, depending upon the industry taxed.

Nevertheless, the gross-sales-tax burden on West Virginia manufacturers is not nearly so great, relatively, as the sales-tax burden on consumers. Vance Q. Alvis, associate professor of economics at West Virginia University, is authority for this in a special study of the gross sales tax. "Although most states," says Professor Alvis, "do not levy a gross receipts tax, the tax upon manufacturers does not appear to constitute an unduly heavy tax burden in the states which do. To the extent that the tax is shifted to West Virginia consumers, it is light by comparison with the consumers sales tax rates."

Unions For Progressive Tax

The West Virginia AFL-CIO, Senator Kaufman, and a few others, plan to replace the gross-sales tax, eventually, with progressive taxes such as a corporate income tax and a personal state income tax. No corporate income tax exists at this writing, but a personal income tax does, enacted by the 1961 legislature. The legislature did not, unfortunately, ease the personal tax burden by lightening the consumers-sales-tax load, so the West Virginia consumer in 1961 found himself with yet another tax burden, as he does today, only more so.

From the point of view of the consumer, the worthy tax aim in West Virginia today is to abolish regressive, inequitable taxes, and establish taxes based on the principle of ability-to-pay. From the point of view of the coal industry, other extractive industries, and large manufacturers, the desirable tax aim is to keep matters pretty much as they are (more sales taxes on consumers being almost out of the question).

But if more state revenue is needed, and indications are that it is desperately needed (even the matching of federal funds on a magnificent 90-10 basis is becoming difficult), tax revenue must be increased. It appears that the time is fast approaching when what may loosely be classed as "Big Business" in West Virginia must be taxed.

How heavily it will be taxed, and the tax relief granted the "little man," will be determined not by good or bad intentions but by the political strength of the contending parties.

As was mentioned, Gov. William C. Marland had the temerity to propose, in coal-industry-dominated West Virginia, a severance tax on natural resources.

On January 23, 1953, Marland, in the conventional introductory message to the legislature, proposed his most unconventional (in West Virginia) tax to raise \$18 million a year.

Except for an "inner circle" which almost surely was consulted, his proposal came without warning to friend or foe. The natural-resource industries, headed by coal, immediately declared war. Marland in turn called in all available allies, an array which was outwardly impressive.

In the first place, Marland's severance tax had the support of the United Mine Workers of America, an organization which then had 115,000 members in West Virginia, and was a powerful political force. The AFL-CIO added its endorsement.

West Virginia educators publicly supported the severance tax (although in the light of their support of a heavier sales tax, it is probable that desperate Mountain State teachers will support any tax measures which will contribute to teacher salaries and general school aid). State School Superintendent W. W. Trent said he favored the tax "without qualification," and Phares Reeder, Executive Secretary of the W. Va. Education Association, also voiced his support.

All but one member of the entire West Virginia national congressional delegation—two U.S. senators and five representatives—voiced approval of the severance tax. The lone dissenter was Republican Representative Will C. Neal of the fourth district.

These seven senators and representatives not only voiced their approval of the severance tax, but all or nearly all actually journeyed from Washington to Charleston to argue for the bill in public hearings. One U.S. Senator, the late Matthew M. Neely, had much of his argument for the tax printed in the February 18, 1953, issue of the Charleston Gazette.

Battle Between Absentee Owners and People

His argument concluded as follows: "The battle raging over the pending question is largely between absentee captains of industry on the one hand and the men, women, and children of West Virginia on the other. It is what Lincoln described as a contest between the God-made man and the man-made dollar. In such case, count me on the side of the God-made men, women and children every time."

At the state legislative level, House Majority Leader Martin C. Bowles, who was also an AFL-CIO attorney, was for the severance tax. In 1953, there were almost three times as many Democrats as Republicans in the W. Va. house, and more than twice as many Democrats as Republicans in the senate.

Both the Speaker of the house and the President of the Senate were Democrats, which meant that im-

portant committee chairmanships (often vital in the passage of legislation) were in the hands of the party of Governor William C. Marland. If voting had been along party lines, Marland would have gotten his severance tax without a struggle.

But voting on the severance tax was not, of course, along party lines. Just what did motivate the legislators who killed the proposed legislation will not be suggested by this writer, inasmuch as it is considered impolite to question the motives of politicians. I shall merely show the deployment of forces.

It is almost superfluous to point out that the forces against the severance tax were led by the coal operators and their varied associations in West Virginia, ably backed by the other natural-resources industries which the bill would have taxed.

Press Opposed Severance Tax

The West Virginia press was almost unanimous in its opposition to the severance tax. The Charleston Gazette, the state's largest paper and not so liberal in 1953 as it is today, may be said to have led the fourth-estate fight against Marland and his tax. The Gazette ran many editorials and many cartoons, some of them quite clever, purporting to prove that John L. Lewis was threatening to take over West Virginia.

Above the signature of the late Frank A. Knight, then managing editor of the Gazette, appeared this dire warning: "John L. Lewis, as the real mastermind, will get control of the West Virginia coal industry, of the state police, of the Workman's compensation fund, and of the unemployment compensation fund, making it a strike fund."

Governor Marland reacted by mailing a "letter to the editor" to the Gazette, writing that "it would seem only fair to the readers to inform them . . . that a distinguished member of your editorial board is Mr. Carl Andrews, Secretary of the West Virginia Coal Operators Association."

Although it is never wise to underestimate the role of the press in shaping public opinion, that role has been complementary rather than decisive in West Virginia. Marland's severance tax was defeated in the legislature, or, rather, by maneuvers which were manifest in later actions of the legislature.

In retrospect, it is evident that the severance tax never really had a chance, despite the impressive outward strength of the pro-Marland forces. The bill did get out of the House Finance Committee, as amended, but without recommendation, on March 3, 1953. On March 5, the house voted by a majority of 56 to 41 to postpone indefinitely further consideration of the bill. The senate version had been killed two days earlier in the Senate Finance Committee, so the battle was ended.

Said Senate President Ralph Bean (who had opposed the tax) a few days later: "The 1953 legislature has been independent in its thinking and actions; it has not been controlled by any one person, group, or faction." And who could *prove* him wrong?

West Virginians who yet favor a severance tax—and many do—might study in detail the 1953 battle for such a tax which I have outlined so briefly. The basic opposing forces have not changed. They are the coal industry and its allies on the one hand and consumers represented by organized labor and more-or-less organized consumer groups on the other.

Even a cursory study indicates that changing the tax philosophy and tax structure in West Virginia involves first changing the legislature, and this is a political task not likely to be accomplished quickly. Practically, it means work within the dominant Democratic party to strengthen its liberal and progressive segment and wrest leadership from the now-powerful conservative faction. This means increasing attention to candidates in primary elections, inasmuch as the Democratic nomination is so often tantamount to election.

Progress is not apt to be easy or rapid, nor is the West Virginia press, generally, likely to change its coal-dust spots and inform ordinary West Virginians concerning their best tax interest. It is also true that the UMW has in the past decade lost political influence, if only because it has lost so many members, and, with politicians, votes count, or even potential votes.

This means that a once-powerful advocate of the severance tax in West Virginia has been weakened since 1953. Also, it seems evident that the UMW leadership, at least on a local level, no longer feels so strongly about such a tax.

On the positive side, it is probable that the AFL-CIO will grow in West Virginia. This is by no means certain, however, as national events and national politics only indirectly related to labor can have a pronounced effect, pro or con, on the Mountain State labor climate. It is certain that tax reform in West Virginia depends a great deal upon AFL-CIO growth, assuming that the union does not deviate from its excellent past record on tax reform.

Regional Problem

It also depends upon the growth of independent consumer organizations of a local or regional nature, or both. A regional outlook seems logical, for the states within Appalachia are plagued by many common problems.

Although taxation in a single state, in detail, is an extremely complex animal, it is possible to pick out its major bones and thus get a better idea of the nature of the whole beast than if the creature is studied bit by bit in its enormous, living detail.

Fossil experts thus recreate the detailed appearance of giant animals that once strode the earth. I believe that an examination of the bones of the West Virginia tax structure reveals a sort of fiscal *Tyrannosaurus Rex* astride the backs of ordinary Mountaineers.

But this great toothed reptile can, in time, be turned into a harmless chameleon. On a short-term basis, some of its fangs can be pulled. Does this sound impossible? Perhaps so, but I prefer to believe it. Like the White Queen in her youth, I sometimes believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast. It makes life not only bearable, but hopeful, in a looking-glass world.

A MARK TWAIN "EDITORIAL" ON WAR

(From "*The Mysterious Stranger*.")

The loud little handful—as usual—will shout for war. The pulpit will—warily and catiously—object—at first, the great dull bulk of the nation will rub its sleepy eyes and try to make out why there should be a war and will say earnestly and indignantly, "It is unjust and dishonorable and there is no necessity for it."

Then the handful will shout louder. A few fair men on the other side will argue and reason against the war with speech and pen, and at first will have a hearing and be applauded; but it will not last long; those others will outshout them, and presently the anti-war audiences will thin out and lose popularity.

Before long you will see this curious thing: the speakers stoned from the platform and free speech

strangled by hordes of furious men who in their hearts are still at one with those stoned speakers—as earlier—but do not dare to say so. And now the whole nation—pulpit and all—will take up the war-cry and shout itself hoarse, and mob any honest man who ventures to open his mouth, and presently such mouths will cease to open.

Next the statesmen will invent cheap lies putting the blame upon the nation that is attacked; and every man will be glad of those conscience-soothing falsities, and will diligently study them and refuse to examine any refutations of them; and thus he will by and by convince himself that the war is just and will thank God for the better sleep he enjoys after this process of grotesque self-deception.

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Dear Friend:

Have you had enough of the old political ways?

Are you looking for new ones?

NCNP is -- both tired of the old, and determined to find the new. During the last two years, the Board and Council listed at the left, backed by contributions from several thousand concerned Americans, have been searching for ways and means of changing the political scene, so that THE PEOPLE have a real voice in the decisions that affect all of us so intimately. We believe the old pro's should be replaced with the new pro's -- leaders who have real concern for THE PEOPLE.

We believe we have found some answers. These past two years, having raised funds for candidates who believe the war on poverty should replace the war on people; promoted discussion of Vietnam through this and other means; encouraged new candidacies for local leaders at the election district level as well as for the U. S. Senate; and having helped to smoke out politicians who have avoided committing themselves on the war, we are now prepared for new steps.

Enclosed is a call to "The New Politics Convention on 1968 and Beyond." What is our best strategy for '68? What will be the policy guidelines for the year ahead? How most forcefully to attack poverty, bad housing and inferior education? How to make giant strides toward an age of dignity of man?

Answers to these and other vital questions will be the concern of the Convention. We will be an assembly of Americans who have been marching, voting, and organizing for social change. Participants will include local New Politics groups, affiliated organizations, our Board of Directors and National Council, and our members at large.

We invite you to become a CHARTER MEMBER of NCNP, to attend the Convention, and to take part in shaping the policies of the organization for the year ahead. Join our ranks. Help

speed the changes so long over-due in the political life of America. Use the enclosed envelope to send your contribution TODAY; make it as generous as you possibly can.

Sincerely yours,

William F. Pepper

William F. Pepper
Executive Director

P. S. All members receive a membership card and button, and our monthly bulletin NEW POLITICS NEWS.

NEW POLITICS CONVENTION ON 1968 AND BEYOND

Keynote Speaker, Martin Luther King, Jr.

Thursday, August 31 to Monday, September 4

Palmer House, Chicago, Illinois

CALL to Convention

This is the American present:

We need doctors and decent houses and decent food in Harlem and in Harlems everywhere, because slums breed an infant mortality rate twice that in middle-class America.
Yet we spend our money on napalm that burns Vietnamese children to death.
In order to make children die abroad, we let children die at home.
And the President says we have chosen the lesser evil, to avert a greater evil.
What greater evil? That both the children of Vietnam and the children of Harlem should grow up and be free?

Who created the American present?

Did the people of Harlem decide that their children should die?
Did the people of Vietnam decide to have Americans kill their children?
Did our young men — high school students, college students, drop-outs — decide to spend their youth killing and being killed, instead of teaching and being taught, healing and being healed, loving and being loved?
Did even our solid middle-class adults decide to make America the scourge of the world?
We think not; but it happened.
Was it an accident? An aberration?
Did it happen because the President usurped power?
What happened to the "checks and balances"?
Do the people of Harlem, the young men, and the solid citizens have a **right** to make those decisions?
Do the people of Vietnam have that right?
All Mankind has a right to membership in the body politic; all men have a right to power, to share in making the decisions that affect their lives.

Who runs the American present?

We do not feel that we now can govern our government.
We do not feel that we can even govern our own private institutions — the ones we work in — for our own good: our schools, our hospitals, our stores, our factories, our transportation systems.
Who decided that our schools should be dreary, ugly prisons of body and mind, instead of arenas of discovery and conflict of ideas? We didn't.
Who decided that strip mining should wipe out towns in Appalachia? We didn't.
Who decided to put a man on the moon, to give 80 billion a year to the military establishment, instead of making our country a healthy and creative place to live and raise children? We didn't.
Whoever runs America, it is not the American people.

We intend to build a different American future.

We intend to end the destruction of Vietnam.
We intend to end the destruction of scores of other countries by the economic and political pressures of the great powers to keep them poor and powerless.
We intend to abolish the armies that consume the world's substance.
We intend to begin the building of "Mankind" — which we know our children will have to continue.
We intend to end poverty, fear and despair at home.
We intend to end the bribery and subversion of our private associations, unions and churches by the secret agencies of "our" own government.
~~We intend to make our government accountable to us.~~
We intend to make our own workplaces accountable to us.
We intend to make the election process meaningful again.
We intend to make it available to those who have always been excluded from it.
We intend to use other kinds of tactics of creative disorder: sit-ins and marches, rent strikes and labor strikes and school boycotts.
We plan to invent our own institutions, to found neighborhood governments based on neighborhood power; to open new kinds of schools and grocery stores and medical centers, new sorts of law firms and social work agencies and research institutes and to transform the old ones.
We will not be trapped inside the old parties; and we will not be trapped outside of them.
And if we should build a party, it will be not merely a party, but a movement.

We intend to start now.

~~Many of us started years ago.~~
But we will start again now.
We will start again next year, too.
We will always be starting, because our vision of the future that we intend to build will constantly be changing as we learn from our new experience, and new people join us.
We are making one such new start now, because >we are coming together in convention.
All of us in the new politics, coming together on the basis of one member, one vote.
We who sign this Call see ourselves as midwives only.
You are the fathers and mothers of the new politics, just as all of use are its children: reborn in the last few years in the travail of America.
We ask all of you to join us to decide how to start again.

We want to talk about **1968 and Beyond**.

We start with one commitment!

Don't mourn for America — (ORGANIZE!) Communist Party
They just don't put name here

Partial List of Invited Organizations

- Alabama**
Lowndes County Freedom Organization
- California**
Contra Costa Community for New Politics
Berkeley Oakland Community for New Politics
San Francisco CIPA
Marin County Community for New Politics
United Farm Workers Organization
Santa Barbara Community for New Politics
Long Beach Community for New Politics
Southern Californians for New Politics
Oakland Peace Center
- Connecticut**
American Independent Movement (1st, 3rd and 6th CD)
Hill Parents Association
Connecticut PAX
Independent Political Action Committee
Greater Waterbury Committee for Peace
Danbury Peace Fellowship
- Delaware**
Delaware Constitution Party
- District of Columbia**
Concerned Citizens for Peace
City Wide Welfare Alliance
POWER (Poverty Workers Unit, Local 1, American Federation of State, County and Municipal Workers)
Cardozo Area Arts Committee
New School of Afro-American Thought
Barry Farms Tenant Council
Washington Draft Resisters Union
Washington SNCC
Washington Mobilization
Washington AFSC
- Georgia**
136th District Democratic Organization
De Kalb County Confederation of Community Organizations
S. W. Georgia Project
- Hawaii**
Volunteers for Independent Politics
- Illinois**
Citizens for a Democratic Society
East Garfield Park Community Organization
49th Ward CIPA
Galesburg CIPA
East St. Louis Progressive Citizens Committee
Independent Political Organization
JOIN Community Union
Kenwood-Oakland Community Organization
- Latin-American Defense Organization (LADO)**
Politics for Peace
West Side Organization
Champaign Group
13th CD Politics for Peace
- Iowa**
Peace Independents of Iowa
- Kentucky**
Committee to Save the Land and the People
Poor People of Whitley County, Inc.
United Appalachian Committee
979 Community Action Council
Southern Conference Education Fund (SCEF)
Clover Fork Independent Citizens, Inc.
Millstone Community Action, Inc.
Blackey Community Action, Inc.
Union of Unemployed Fathers
Grassroots Citizens
Community Action Group
Horse Creek Community Centers Program
South Richmond Community Action Group
Sand Springs Community Action Group
- Massachusetts**
Mass Political Action for Peace
Mothers for Adequate Welfare
- Michigan**
Ann Arbor Citizens for New Politics
Inner City Organizing Committee
West Central Organization
Detroit Citizens for New Politics
East Lansing Citizens for New Politics
Flint Citizens for New Politics
- Mississippi**
Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party
Delta Ministry
Poor People's Corporation
Freedom Now Brick Company
Tougaloo College Political Action Committee
Sunflower County Improvement Association
Child Development Group of Mississippi
Hinds County Citizens Action Committee
Mississippi Freedom Labor Union
- Minnesota**
St. Anthony Park Project
Bryant Project — Vietnam Summer
South Central Project — Vietnam Summer
Minnesota Committee to Draft King/Spock
- Missouri**
5th Ward Independent Democratic Organization
21st Ward Independent Political Organization
22nd Ward Independent Democratic Organization
Committee for United Action (CUA)
- New Jersey**
Newark Community Union Project
Peace and Equal Rights Committee
New Jersey Political Alliance
R.I.D. (Republicans, Independents, Democrats, United)
12th CD Political Association
Morris County Committee to End the War in Vietnam
~~Vanguard Democrats for Peace~~
Mercer County Political Action Committee
- New Mexico**
Citizens Acting for Peace
- New York**
The Brothers
Buffalo Council for Citizen Responsibility
Citizens Peace Party
FIGHT
Harlem CORE
Independent Voters Peace Committee
Lower East Side CIPA
- Mid Hudson Council for New Politics — 28 CD**
New York Political Action Committee (PAC)
Peace and Freedom Party
United for Peace and UFP — 2nd District
Voters for Peace
West Side CIPA
West Village CIPA
First Voters for Peace (CCNY)
Committee for Peace Politics of Columbia University
Committee for Peace Politics — New York University
Queens CIPA
Cole for Common Council Committee
Independent Democrats
- Ohio**
Akron Community for New Politics
West Central Community Organization (ECCO)
- Oregon**
Society for New Action Politics
Human Rights Center c/o Vietnam Summer Project
- Pennsylvania**
Allegheny Alliance
Freedom Party
- Rhode Island**
Rhode Island Committee for Independent Political Action
- Tennessee**
Tennessee-Voter's League
The Original Fayette County Civic and Welfare League
- Texas**
Center for New Politics
Houston Committee to end the War in Vietnam
VIDA (Voices in Democratic Action)
Valley Farm Workers
Texas Southern University SNCC
- Virginia**
Committee of 100
People's Committee of Wise County
- Washington**
Washington State Peace and Freedom Party
- West Virginia**
Community Action Assoc.
AACYD and Union
Mercer County Community Action Program
McDowell County Chapter, Council of Southern Mts.
Vincent Street Community Action Group
Mountain Project Community Organization
- Wisconsin**
Milwaukee Organizing Committee
- Puerto Rico**
Movimiento Pro-Independencia

Partial List of Invited Observers

- Clergy and Laymen Concerned About the War in Vietnam
Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy (SANE)
Congress of Racial Equality (CORE)
Council for a Livable World
Draft Resistance Unions
The Resistance
Inter-University Committee for Debate on Foreign Policy
National Council of American Indians
National Committee for Free Elections in Sunflower County
Northern Student Movement
Southern Christian Leadership Conference
Southern Student Organizing Committee
Spring Mobilization
Student Mobilization
Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee (SNCC)
Students for a Democratic Society (SDS)
- Teachers for a Democratic Society
Trade Unionists for Peace
WEB DuBois Clubs of America
Women's International League for Peace and Freedom
Women's Strike for Peace
Vietnam Summer
National Sharecropper's Fund
Southern Conference Educational Fund
Illinois Alliance for New Politics
Californians for Liberal Representation
Freedom Information Service
Niagara Region Coordinating Committee to End the War
Minnesota Peace Cooperative
Louisiana CORE
National Welfare Rights Movement
Citizens Crusade Against Poverty
Catholic Peace Fellowship
Young Christian Movement
- University Committee on Problems of War & Peace
Fellowship of Reconciliation
Campus Coordinating Committee
Lawyers Committee on Vietnam
Medical Committee for Human Rights
RESIST
Committee for Non Violent Action (CNVA)
Law Students Civil Rights Research Council
- Magazines**
Liberation
Dissent
New University Thought
Studies on the Left
War / Peace Report
National Guardian
Texas Observer
Nation
New York Review of Books
~~Ramparts~~
I. F. Stone's Weekly

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The Appalachian SOUTH

Cultural Heritage — Folklore, Song, History, People Vol. 2, No. 2 Fall and Winter, 1967

Frank George



Our last issue had an article written by Frank George, "5 String Banjo." Due to printer's oversight his name was left off. This issue, our front cover carries a likeness of Frank. To many people, familiar with mountain lore, he has come to symbolize that music. His albums, published by Kanawha Records, are examples of some of the finest produced anywhere. They are a genuine treat for those who love and appreciate mountain folk music.

We know Frank George and we are proud to have him on our editorial staff. We appreciate his warm humanity, his sensitive concern. If he is anything, Frank is an independent thinker, a man with dignity and self respect. In so many ways he typifies the old mountain spirit that once caused us to be a proud and independent people.

In a recent letter Steve Kelley sends us his reactions on meeting Frank again at the 3 River Art Festival, Pittsburgh.

"The music of the mountains and I met on Friday after not seeing each other for ten months. We talked of man and his beginnings. He made the music of

(Continued on page twenty)

The Music Man

Appalachian South

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The editors take no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts. When stamped, self-addressed envelopes are enclosed we shall make every effort to return unused manuscripts.

Opinions in signed articles and stories are not necessarily those of the editors. As much as space permits we strive to present varied opinions, particularly on issues involving the mountain South.

We welcome articles, stories, poems, pictures or drawings dealing with mountain subjects.

—The Editors

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We Move To Pipestem

You may never have heard of Pipestem. Some map makers leave it off. But it is the *Appalachian South's* new home. We like it. We chose it for several reasons. Among them, we liked the people, the area and the name.

Driving on Rt. No. 20 one day we saw the sign: "Pipestem, Unincorporated." The name caught our fancy. Stopping at the Pipestem Cafe kept by Violet Vest we asked an old gentleman there if he knew of any farm for sale. (We were looking for a farm which might be base for a school for dropouts, orphanage and southern mountain folklife center. We planned to build on hope and faith.) His prompt reply was, "Yes, my son has one." The man was Vivian Vest, dulcimer playing musician and pipe maker. We eventually bought the 300 acre farm from his son, Montie, and here we are.

Already we've received mail addressed to "Stovepipe" and "Boxstem." And Guernsey Norman, who knows the trails of Troublesome Creek, Hell-Fer-Sartin and Kingdom Come in east Kentucky mountains, wrote: "Pipestem? You don't mean it!" With his background as one time editor of the *Hazard (Ky.) Herald*, Guernsey shouldn't be that surprised.

MAYBE LIKE THE ELEPHANT

What is Pipestem like?

Well, maybe like the elephant three blind men went to see. Depends on where you touch it, how you look or maybe who you are and what you are looking for.

The Pipestem State Park, now in process of being built, represented an investment of some \$14 million, attracts some. To them that will be "Pipestem." A mighty promising sight it is, too. Over 5 thousand acres of mountains, valleys, gorges. Two golf courses, one a championship course, country store, a few dozen cabins, 120 room main lodge above Blue Stone Gorge, 31 room river lodge, Olympic-size swimming pool, riding stable, outdoor theatre and other attractions are being built.

NO COAL FIELDS

Our own place has an awe-inspiring beauty, too. From our back yard there are majestic mountain views where one may stand at early dawn to gaze in wonder



VIVIAN VEST

at the crumpled loveliness coming up for 50 miles or more. At night the lights of several mountain towns flicker across the miles like spikes of gold half hammered into the hill tops.

Pipestem is not a coalfield community. It lies between Beckley area mines and Princeton-Bluefield, in Summers County. This is John Henry country — Big Ben Tunnel through Big Ben Mountain near Hinton. Here the folksong hero literally broke his heart to lie down and die in an early symbolic struggle against automation.

AMONG THE POOREST OF THE POOR

Summers County is among West Virginia's poorest. Its population declined sharply between the 1950-60 census — 19,183 to 15,640 or 18.5 per cent. (The state of West Virginia decreased by 7.2 percent). Pipestem district population went from 1,400 in 1930 to 880 in 1960. The median county income per family is among the lowest in the nation, \$2,696. (The West Virginia median is \$4,572, the U.S. is \$5,660. The median U.S. Negro family income is \$3,233).

Few rich men live in Summers County. Over half the incomes — 54.2 per cent — are below \$3,000. Only 3.7 per cent make \$10,000 or over. (The U.S. Bureau of Labor statistics study currently shows the cost of living has doubled since 1951 and declares a minimum for keeping a family of 4 in modest comfort now to be \$9,200 per year.)

There is no public library in Summers County.

The Blue Stone Lake, State Park and annual Water Festival now attract thousands for sport, vacation and fishing. The Blue Stone Dam, a majestic feat of engineering, stands as a sad irony in Summers. Built by federal funds in the T.V.A. tradition, Blue Stone water makes beautiful splashes over the Dam—but it makes no electricity. Private power company opposition entered here. Engineers estimate that some \$5 million in unused but potential kilowatts flow down the river annually. \$5 million would make quite a difference to the economy of a poor county like Summers. The Congress for Appalachian Development

(C.A.D.) has proposed public power production at Blue Stone.

BUT NO POLLUTION

We knew all this about Summers County, but came to Pipestem because we liked the people, the area and the name. There are many positive values, too. Neither the water nor air are polluted. Nor are our mountains here scarred by bulldozer stripmining. There are rolling fields bound by ancient chestnut fence-rails. Shady lanes wind between the rails with maple, black locust or sasafra saplings growing. One may get the feeling that here time has stood still and it is possible to commune with another age — the folk who split the chestnut rails, peeled tanbark, felled great oaks to shape logs for houses with broad-axe, and eased the loneliness on Saturdays with banjo, fiddle and the old square dance.

There is the Pipestem bush, too, with its long slender shoots from whence comes the community name. Once Indians came seeking it for their clay pipes. White pioneers and the Red Men used it for peace parley pipes. An old Indian trail runs through. In an earlier issue of this magazine we ran a feature on Vivian Vest, the Pipe Maker of Pipestem, mentioned above. We didn't then know it was to be our home place.

THE PIPESTEMIANS

Pipestem is all this, plus. And the plus is in the people. We've been in quite a few places in this and other countries. We ourselves are native to the Southern Mountains and familiar with many of their hills, valleys, people and pig trails. Nowhere have we known folk who seem to typify the old pioneer mountain qualities more than here. Mountain folk tend to be strong believers. Few take fence-straddling positions on issues. For a long time we were predominantly Republican in politics, dating back to abolition and the Civil War when the Democrat was the slavery party. Came the New Deal, politicians tested the wind of peoples' sentiment. Many jumped on the Roosevelt coat-tail.

FAIR SAMPLING OF MOUNTAIN POLITICS AND RELIGION

Pipestem may be said to be a fair sampling of mountain politics and religion. Baptist-Methodist persuasion mostly in religion; a Democrat majority in politics, a sizeable Republican minority and a few independents. Republicans here are reputed to feel the sting of discrimination at times. For example, it is said to be difficult, if not impossible, for a Republican to get a job in the Pipestem State Park, due to the dominant West Virginia Democrat machine. These issues become points of argument and discussion in Pipestem.

The Pipestem people may not see themselves or each other as we do. Nor can we here mention all of

them. Those we do mention are considered a cross section, more or less representative.

THE POST OFFICE

The Post Office is a sort of communications center for the area. In the corner of a small cross-roads country store, it is kept by Mrs. Eva Neeley. Her father kept it there for 40 years. She has had it the past 15. The Pipestem Post Office atmosphere is easy going, congenial. Neighbors talk and visit with each other and with Mrs. Neeley. If she doesn't know postage to some of the outlandish places we send mail, she says go ahead to our work. She'll look it up and send. We can pay later. It is an atmosphere of trust and confidence.

THE COUNTRY INN

Billy Joe Neeley and his wife run the Country Inn. They probably do more business than any other in Pipestem. Here one may buy beer or bread and other items. One is impressed by the quiet, orderly home-like accommodating feeling that prevails. It too seems a place where neighbors come to visit — and drink a beer. Back yonder both Billy Joe and his wife worked as welders. Once when we broke a tractor part we drove by the Country Inn. Billy Joe took time off to weld and fix it. How much? No charge! This quality is not scarce in Pipestem.

MONTIE AND VIOLET VEST

Pipestemians we know are independent characters, each in his own way. Montie Vest is one, for sure. He operates a bulldozer, welds a broken truck bed (again, no charge!) or builds a classical colonial type house, doing all the fine moulding and intricate fittings himself. Truth is, Montie seems to do just about anything. Playing the banjo he makes you feel the old mountain music right down to the toes.

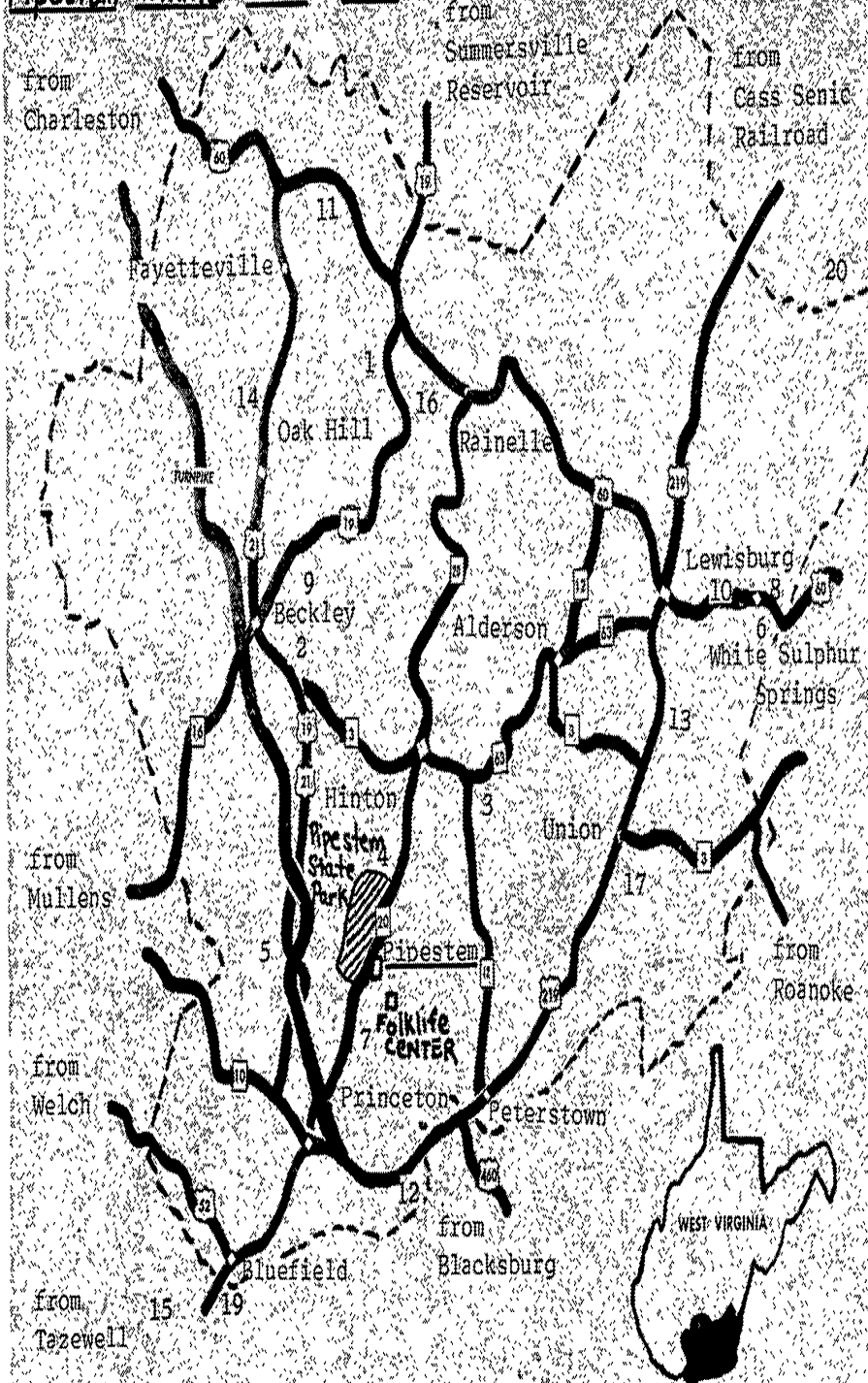
On the guitar or piano he makes fine music, and his rich tenor voice brings the old songs alive like yesterday. Montie has more irons in the fire than you can shake a stick at. He's never idle. But he'll stop any time to pull you out of a ditch — or just sit down and visit in good plain talk. Trouble is, stopping with Montie and Violet, his wife, for just a moment, time forgets itself and we're talking hours later. They do such interesting talk. Violet has worlds of antiques and has furnished her new home with such beautiful old pieces. She cooks mighty good food, too. We've eaten it many times.

THE TRAILS

Over the hill from our place the Trails are our nearest neighbors — Clifton, Thelma and Shelton. Clifton works as a toll taker on the Turnpike at Princeton. They have sheep and chickens, a cow and some little shaggy black dogs. They're the kind of folk who watch

Pipestem Folklife Center Area

DISCOVER



1. BABCOCK STATE PARK
2. BECKLEY EXHIBITION MINE
3. BIG BEND TUNNEL
4. BLUESTONE STATE PARK
5. CAMP CREEK STATE PARK
6. COAL HOUSE
7. CONCORD COLLEGE
8. FEDERAL FISH HATCHERY
9. GRANDVIEW STATE PARK
10. GREENBRIER HOTEL
11. HAWKS NEST STATE PARK
12. MERCER ANGLERS CLUB
13. ORGAN CAVE
14. PLUM ORCHARD LAKE
15. POCAHONTAS EXHIBITION MINE
16. PONDEROSA GAME PRESERVE
17. REHOOTH CHURCH (1786)
18. SHERWOOD LAKE
19. SKYLAND
20. WATOGA STATE PARK

Mountaineer Travel Council

Center for Economic Action - Concord College - Athens, West Virginia

Wyrick, Fred Nichols and Cletus Lyon and others, a small house was recently built for a shooting match to raise funds for the newly planned community center on the corner of our place.

Denzil Lyon reminds us of the old mountain black smith who was in so many ways indispensable to his neighbors, and who typifies the once proud mountaineer spirit of independence, determination and responsibility.

TOMMY NEELEY AND BRENDA

Tommy and Brenda Neeley live nearby on the Lick Creek Road. They are a beginning young couple with deep concern for community welfare and building. Tommy used to drive some 75 miles daily to work at a plant in Covington, Virginia. He now works at the Narrers about 30 miles in Virginia. Tommy and Brenda are active members of Community Action, serving on responsible committees to which they give much extra



JOHN HARVEY
Summers County
Community Action Worker

time. They are the kind of young people who ought to be able to stay and live and raise a family in the mountains. Too many have had to leave. They would like to see Pipestem and all the mountains a place where young people may look to a future of hope, a good living and enjoy the education and cultural advantages of the bigger centers.

BASIL WYRICK

Another near neighbor is Basil Wyrick. His buckwheat field joins us. He also raises pigs, chickens and strawberries. Basil was the first neighbor who came to borrow a tool from us. It was an old tractor drawn fertilizer distributor. He rigged it up to sow his buck wheat. We were pleased when he came asking to borrow the thing. Made us feel more like being a little help, maybe. Besides we knew mountain folk don't come borrowing things unless you're accepted as one. We wished he'd borrowed 2 or 3 more tools.

Basil's wife is dead. He takes care of his mother. She lives in the house with him. Andy, the son, drives to Concord College. Back yonder Basil worked as a welder in the ship yards. He is another who came back to live in the mountains. Basil takes great interest in community affairs. He is active in the Community Action Association and has volunteered to teach a welding course.

Like many other mountain men and women we know, Basil's face has a story on it. It is a face the artist wants to paint. Next summer we hope to have him sit for a portrait painting. This is part of our plan to build a mountain museum with artifacts and portraits of folk that will help to remind us of our heritage. We already have a portrait of Vivian Vest, painted last summer.

Basil Wyrick is a man we like to have time to sit down and talk with. He has understanding. He is concerned for his fellow beings. One can learn much from such men.

JOE HATFIELD

The C.A.P. Director of Summers County explained Community Action to the Pipestem organization. "Community Action is you," he said. "Nobody helps you. You have got to help yourself."

"Community Action is people getting together to help themselves — to improve the community and family. We let the people decide what the main problem is and what to do about it.

"We've got to stimulate change — change in local government, in the tax system and such. To help people to help themselves we must mobilize the whole county," Mr. Hatfield said.



THE WILLIAMS' HOUSE BURNED

Clarence Williams and wife, with his aged mother, live close by on Indian Ridge Road. We met them on that first trip. Looking around for a likeable farm we drove down to see Frank Brown's place at Lick Creek. At one spot along the road an acrid smoke rose from a great heap of smouldering ashes. The barn and sheds stood around about. This had been the dwelling house. We had no notion whose. But later at the Pipestem Cafe we learned it was the home of Clarence Williams and family. Clarence and his wife were at the cafe. The house and all belongings had burned.

When Montie Vest offered not to take pay for some groceries, we saw Clarence hesitate. He wasn't asking for handouts. It was the old mountain independence spirit. But mountain culture also includes helping human beings in distress. Clarence knew that, and accepted. A house burns and neighbors go about col-

after your things when you're away, and they're the kind you feel right at home with, too — if you're a hillbilly as we are. Thelma's table always has food and hospitality. We sometimes feel guilty about not paying board.

Clifton is modest about his banjo playing. But get him started and you've got a treat in store. Give him a strange instrument — a dulcimer — and in 2 minutes an old song tingles the strings. He never studied music. He just feels it and brings out its feeling to you. Do you need a hair cut, auto motor repair or a field plowed? Clifton turns a deft hand to either. Shelton, the son, knows ground hog lore and pups. He was the first to come visiting us. He came with an offer to help work. He goes to Concord College now.

DENZIL LYON

Denzil Lyon was among the first to light a spark of encouraging hope for us at Pipestem. He owns and

and paint a room we were doing over. They came night after night, working late.

Denzil and Joyce have friends, mostly among the poor. And here in the mountains where most all of us are poor the poor are not ashamed of being poor. The reasoning sometimes is that one may be poor honestly. Being rich by the same principle is questioned.

"The thing of it is," Huber Nichols said, as we ate of a bountiful dinner so excellently prepared by Mrs. Howell in the home of Junior Howell one Sunday, "most garages charge three prices and then you're not sure the work is done. Denzil only charges one, and you know the job is done right." Denzil gives credit, too. Some are slow to pay. Some may not pay at all. But no one in need is turned away, and everybody knows Denzil will get up at midnight to go through a snow storm if a human being is in need.

These are some of the reasons why people elected Denzil as President of the Pipestem Community Action



FRANK AUSTIN
Plays The Fiddle



DENZIL LYON
President of the Pipestem
Community Action Association



MONTIE VEST



MRS. WYRICK

runs the Lakeside Garage, the community's only auto and general repair shop. He's an example of a mountain man who went off to work up North, but came back home. There's less money in the mountains, but more living. So Denzil came back and built his shop, laying the blocks with his own hands.

Back when we first came to Pipestem we took our old ton and a half truck to Denzil for a tune-up, grease and oil job, etc. Calling for it later we expected a bill for \$15 or \$20. Imagine our surprise upon asking how much to hear Denzil say: "Nothing. I'm not able to make a money contribution, but I want to do this to help your work here. Any time you need repairs on your car, tractor, or truck, bring them in. My labor will be contributed free. I appreciate what you are trying to do." Later Denzil and his wife, Joyce, came with the family after work hours to help sheet rock

Association. He had closed up shop to go with us on some of the remote back roads in a house to house visit talking with folks about the need for organization, inviting them to an organizing meeting. Denzil had never chaired a meeting, nor made public speeches. He was not too familiar with parliamentary procedure. But the people wanted him for President. Since then their good judgment has been verified. Denzil is studying. He goes to night school. He is making an excellent President.

Denzil had a hard background. His parents were poor but hard working. His father used to walk 15 miles over the mountains and back to work each day. His mother had qualities that were passed on to Denzil. With a wife and three children, plus a younger brother, he still devotes much time to community activities. With the help of Tommy Neeley, Junior Howard, Basil

lecting pieces of furniture, clothing and such. In olden days there might be a house raising when folk for miles around came together to put the unfortunate back in a new home. It is all done without the victim doing the soliciting, however.

The Williams' now live in a nice new house on the old site. They are both active in county and community affairs. Clarence is a wonderful gardener, too. His was among the best we saw last summer. We enjoyed tomatoes, beans, cucumbers and peppers from his garden, too.

And do you need a horse shod, as we did? Clarence is an old hand in the blacksmith shop. He put shoes on a touchy young saddle mare for her first time! We helped a bit and learned more. The charge? Clarence made no charge. We've already said that quality is not scarce around Pipestem.

THE BLANKINSHIPS

Back of our place live the Blankinships. A narrow mud road winds like a lovely tunnel up the lane under huge tree boughs and around steep bluffs for 2 miles or so. The children walk it to the school bus rain, shine or snow. Talking with the grandmother Blankinship one gets that "time stood still" feeling again. Her fingers are busied making the myriad patterned piece-work quilts just as her own grandmother did.

George Blankinship is another community character in his own way. Disabled physically, he trades around. We bought an old dulcimer from him. He gave us a passel of panels of chestnut rails, just for the hauling. George has an old Gibson guitar, too. (So many mountain folk have such instruments or once made music who now seldom strike a tune. The banjo, fiddle

or guitar may be stored back in the closet. Mass media's musical junk drowned out their audience. One of our hopes is to help revive both interest and audience for the folk musicians of our area). George has a lot of mountain lore. One learns from him. And "George is a man who pays his debts," Montie Vest told us.

AND OTHERS

We know others. We hope to speak of them later. Such folk as Estil and Eva Neeley, for example. Eva is the efficient secretary of the Community Action Association. She is both articulate and interested. Estil is a carpenter. He builds houses. His useful hands are hard from tool handling, but his voice and eyes are soft, gentle. Care and concern have tracked his face. We have partaken of food at his table, listened, thought, looked and learned. His qualities remind us of those of another Carpenter who once toiled at honest labor, perhaps built houses too, in Galilee.

There are still many others — Keatons, Farleys, Lillys, Houchins, Gaitrels, Sinclair, Meadors, Howells, and more. These are people who come from people who always did useful work. They have qualities to give hope and courage in a world too full of despair and cowardice.

Earlier above we asked: "What is Pipestem like?" And we said maybe like the elephant three blind men went to see.

The above is a brief account of how we see it, a little of what we found, heard and felt — and we have two eyes and ears that see and hear and some sensitivity for the common folk lot. And these are some of the reasons we like Pipestem.

EDITORIAL

George Was and We All Are

BY L. T. ANDERSON — *In Reverse*

Since the whole world turns on "Image" rather than reality, it was inevitable that the Age of Flapdoodle, in which institutions succeed or fail in relation to the personal magnetism of hired representatives, would come upon us. It dates, I believe, from the day America accepted the butane candle.

History will record that the telephone company was the first American institution to bestow executive status on personable flapdoodle experts. Hordes of these neatly-pressed horn-rimmed young men, totally ignorant of electronic communication but vastly skilled in human relations, now accept splendid salaries. Only a fool could fail to see that they earn every penny they get. They are Image Projectors, with a great deal more than engineers, electricians, accountants, linesmen or installers.

If the telephone company was the first, other large firms quickly followed suit. Today the economy sup-

ports hundreds of thousands of flapdoodle experts who, in a pinch, don't know how to do anything. But if they are unskilled in the practical sciences, they are enormously valuable as smoothers-over, fixers, publicists, glad-handers, persuaders, arrangers, lobbyists, front men, integrity salesmen, cheerleaders, soft soapers and Pied Pipers.

The Kanawha Valley chemical plants employ powerful executives who never learned the formula for hydrochloric acid and couldn't if their lives depended on it, adjust a Bunsen burner. In our state government, almost every agency has its own publicist, or greeter. In addition, there is an impeccably groomed Department of Public Information which often attributes news announcements to itself, a practice which may be the apogee of flap-doodling.

A few years back the job of college athletic director was to arrange schedules and sell tickets. In this

practical function, it was unlikely that his name would be known to more than a few sports writers. His office was one to which elderly coaches were sent to live out their days, albeit in conformity with traditional American priorities, at a salary approximately three times that of an assistant professor of history. Today, the athletic director must be young, vital, and ever so sincere; a convincing image changer with ready hand and sparkling eye. He is better known than the star quarterback and, of course, the coach. He must exude the sort of zest usually associated with sales managers who fire pistols and throw dressed chickens into the air.

A classic example is Edgar Barrett, former press agent at West Virginia University, now athletic director, or flap-doodle expert, at Marshall University where he replaced, at nearly twice the pay, an athletic director who arranged schedules, sold tickets and was utterly without public affection.

Speculation on whether Barrett would take the job filled the sports pages and pool halls for two months before he finally inked a pact, as they say in the locker room. During this period of anxiety, sports writers did a reasonably good job of defining the role of the modern athletic directors—to generate and transmit a special kind of élan which, as it gains intensity, is capable of turning entire communities into seething pep rallies, loosening the strings of alumni pocketbooks, building stadia and persuading potential All-America players to ink pacts. In short, Barrett is expected to produce through personal charm what several coaches haven't been able to produce through the usual methods — champion football and basketball teams.

He has undertaken this task with the sincere smile of his breed, and at this moment is the toast of Huntington, although his concrete accomplishments are none. I have no doubt that his public status and income will rise considerably before greater opportunity beckons him onward.

Flapdoodle heaven, of course, is the federal government. There, flapdoodle is the official language, and flapdoodle experts abound. Every agency has a small army of them and each elected representative employs one or more to conceal truth and paint rosy pictures. To suggest that the millions spent to relieve poverty have actually relieved poverty is flapdoodle. The jargon of the well paid administrators in the poverty programs is flapdoodle of purest ray serene, and some of their impractical schemes are enough to boggle the mind. Yet the people are somehow under the impression that the poor are being helped.

The conviction of most Americans that there is justice, honor or righteousness in their war against revolutionaries in faraway Vietnam is a monument to flapdoodle which will be unveiled again next year when a President who won a landslide victory as a dove is re-elected as a hawk.

Of course Gov. Romney was brainwashed. We are all brainwashed.

—The Charleston Gazette

EDITORIAL

Time To Come Home

One of the few encouraging developments nationally this week was the announcement by an Eastern Kentucky representative in Congress that he believes that the United States ought to withdraw its troops from Vietnam and bring them home.

Rep. Tim Lee Carter of the Cumberland River Valley spoke on the floor of the House of Representatives to say, "Let us now, while we are yet strong, bring our men home, every last one of them. If we must fight, let us fight in defense of our homeland and our own hemisphere."

Carter indicated he agrees with other critics of the American policy in Vietnam that involvement of the United States there is not vital to American interests. And he discounted the argument that our role there is necessary to contain Communism. He said he does not believe that Communist countries, because they are Communist, must be enemies of the United States. He said communism, "as does every form of life and government," evolves and that in the end form it will be some sort of democracy.

Carter disputed the argument of some proponents of continued American involvement in Vietnam that American presence there will permit the people of South Vietnam to determine the type of government they want.

He said that in 1965 polls showed that, had free elections been held, 70 per cent of the citizens of South Vietnam would have voted to unify South Vietnam with North Vietnam.

"The Viet Cong fight fiercely and tenaciously because it is their land and we are foreigners and intervening in their civil war," Carter said.

Although Carter is the first Republican in either house to propose unqualified withdrawal from Vietnam, some other Republicans, notably Kentucky Senator John Sherman Cooper and more recently Kentucky Senator Thurston B. Morton, have also called for cutbacks in United States activity there. Cooper has been a consistent foe of the bombing of North Vietnam and has made several major Senate speeches opposing it. Just a few days ago Morton announced in a Senate speech that he had been wrong in opposing the cessation of bombing and that he now believes that the

United States should stop its attacks on cities in North Vietnam.

Carter pointed out that opposition to the war in his home counties is increasing.

Eastern Kentuckians have a proud tradition of military service and a record of dedicated loyalty to their country that is unmatched. Overwhelming feelings of patriotism have all but prevented frank and open discussion of the Vietnamese issue in the mountain. Although we don't have the figures to back it up, we strongly suspect that on a per capita basis there are more Kentucky mountain men in Vietnam than from

any other area of the nation, and this makes it doubly difficult to talk about the question of whether we should be there in the first place. Against this background, Carter's statements constituted an act of rare courage.

We believe, however, that Carter's statements reflected the overwhelming sentiment of Kentucky mountain mothers and fathers, and their sons and daughters.

It is time for Kentucky Democrats to speak up also, we believe. The Vietnam issue is of overwhelming importance, and questions of political party loyalties should be set aside.

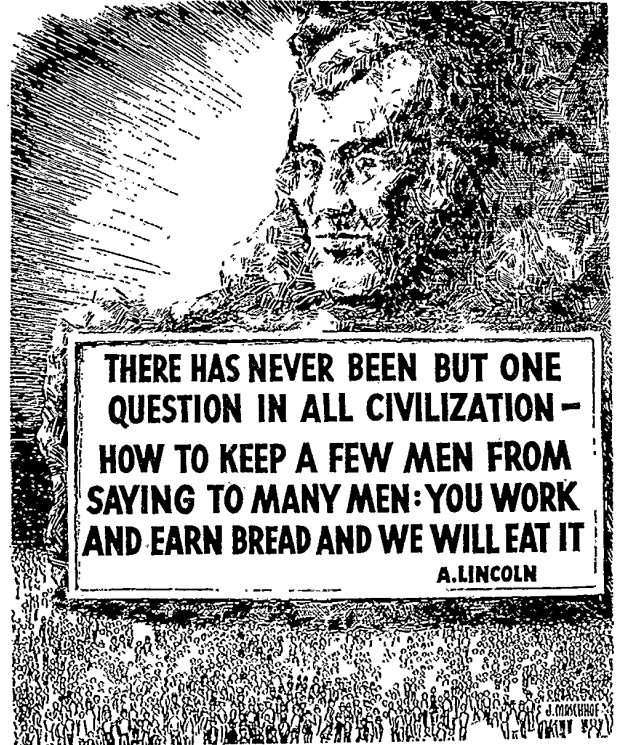
—*The Mountain Eagle*



Chester Workman

*Chester Workman's
Question . . .*

Who Got The Billions



**THERE HAS NEVER BEEN BUT ONE
QUESTION IN ALL CIVILIZATION —
HOW TO KEEP A FEW MEN FROM
SAYING TO MANY MEN: YOU WORK
AND EARN BREAD AND WE WILL EAT IT**

A. LINCOLN

EDITORIAL

Elsewhere in this issue Chester Workman speaks of highway signs extolling "Billion Dollar Coal Fields" and asks the question: "Who got the billions?"

It is a good question. In an area noted for producing billion dollar fortunes along with air and water pollution, ugliness and poverty, it is a logical and natural question.

Chester is a representative of the poor. As such he looks for answers that may help solve the problem of poverty. Where is the answer to his question?

It is an important question. To follow the inquiry might lead to an understanding that would help get at the evil cause of poverty and poor people. There are related questions, too.

Why must millions of Americans live in rat infested-slums? Why so many poor people? Why poverty at all in the richest nation in all the world's history? Why this hunger in the midst of plenty? Even cattle won't starve to death in knee-high grass. Do people have less sense than cattle?

Everybody knows there is plenty in this land. Everybody else knows that the people who now suffer most from poverty are the very ones who helped produce the billions by their labor.

The cause, then, is not that poor people have failed to dig coal or produce other goods. They did that aplenty. There is actually a surplus of many things. We must look elsewhere for the cause.

If we hope to end an evil — any evil — we must get to the basic cause and remove it. All the painting of mountain school houses, whitewashing of outside privies, cleaning up of trash piles and junk car lots, will not remove poverty. Not that these things don't need doing. They do. But everyone could be done to the finest finish and we'd still have poverty. Because ugly privies, unpainted schools, tin cans and junk car lots are not the cause. They are mere symptoms or products of the real cause.

Chester Workman knows the cause — and he knows

who gets the billions, too. His purpose is to stimulate thinking.

The cause is a corporate system that makes it possible for powerful interests to grab up the natural resources despoil and destroy both the natural beauty and lives of the people in extracting them, and leave the area worse off than before. The cause is that this system makes it possible for the few powerful ones to take advantage of the many. Appalachia is a classic example of corporate domination and exploitation of both people and resources.

Any talk of solving poverty — in Appalachia or elsewhere — that fails to recognize these facts is for

the birds. Such talk, further, serves to mislead the people by confusion and leaves the corporate powers in control. The people need to know. Until they come to see the necessity of structural changes that curb the corporate power, there will be poverty, pollution, ugliness and related evils.

To answer Chester Workman's question is to get at the heart of the issue. It means we need to study, learn, think. We need to build a steadfast organized unity of the people strong enough to curb and control — even replace — the corporate powers.

The Chester Workmans are on the way to doing exactly this.

EDITORIAL

Starving in Plenty

BY TOM GISH, EDITOR, *The Mountain Eagle*

The United States Department of Agriculture finally has found out what a lot of people in Letcher County some other Republicans, notably Kentucky Senator of American plenty, there are American citizens who literally are starving to death.

The department has decided to do something about this situation. It plans to lower the cost of food stamps to families who have no income at all. How the department expects these families to pay anything for food stamps when they have absolutely no income is still somewhat beyond our understanding, but at any rate some families will have a better chance to get food stamps than they have had before, because it is easier to beg \$3 than it is \$12.

Right now the department is not painfully aware of any starving citizens except those in Mississippi. It took a political tour by Senator Robert Kennedy plus a report from six medical experts to convince the department that Negro children in Mississippi are suffering acute hunger because their parents cannot get their hands on enough money to pay the government \$2 a person a month for food stamps, no matter how large the "bonus" they would get might be. The department has now lowered the price of food stamps without income to 50 cents a person; this change is effective so far only in Mississippi, and Kentucky stamp officials say they do not know when it will become effective here. Secretary of Agriculture Orville Freeman says the lowered price will be in effect eventually throughout the country, however, and his department estimates some 2,000 families in Kentucky will benefit. A good many of these are in Letcher and other Eastern Kentucky mountain counties.

We do not know how other counties have been handling the matter of families with no incomes who need from \$2 to \$12 each month to purchase food stamps. We do know that in Letcher County some of these families have been receiving the needed money from

several sources. The Salvation Army will use its funds for two months. Employees of the Leslie, Knott, Letcher, Perry Community Action Council have contributed from their own salaries to a private fund which they use to help families with whom they are working. Various church groups and private individuals help families as they learn of the need and have the money. None of these groups can handle the load individually, and they cannot meet the need even collectively. Under the new rules, what money they have will go farther until the government finally reaches the inescapable conclusion that some families are simply going to have to receive food stamps free.

We are in sympathy with the philosophy that requires purchase of food stamps — that families retain more dignity when they pay at least a token payment for what they get and that some people appreciate things more when they have to put out for them. But we also appreciate the fact that there really are some people who cannot qualify for welfare payments and at the same time cannot earn or otherwise come by any money. We know some of these people, and we know the terrible situation that faces them every month when food stamp time rolls around again, and they have to go through the indignity of "borrowing" money for stamps, knowing they can never repay the loan, or of simply asking an agency or a relative for an outright gift.

The medical experts who visited Mississippi returned to report to Congress:

"We do not want to quibble over words, but 'malnutrition' is not quite what we found; the boys and girls we saw were hungry—weak, in pain, sick; their lives are being shortened from hunger and disease, and directly or indirectly, they are dying from them — which is exactly what 'starvation' means."

One of the medical team members commented that "it is fantastic that this should be so in the wealthiest

nation in the world — the wealthiest nation that ever was.”

Inez Robb, in a nationally syndicated column on the Mississippi situation, wrote this week that “the most terrible indictment of us is that we could feed every hungry American and still, out of bounty, help feed the rest of the world.”

“That, in this land of almost vulgar affluence, even one child should go to bed hungry is a far sharper and more terrible indictment” of America than political leaders of any other nation can devise, she said.

The fact of starvation in Letcher County and Eastern Kentucky was reported nationally nearly four years ago — first, by Homer Bigart in New York Times and

second, by Jules Fast in the magazine, “Medical World News.” Other writers have mentioned the situation casually, but these two spelled it out and documented it.

Anyone who asks social work aides on the local anti-poverty staff can hear reports of families who do not have enough to eat now and have not had enough for a long, long time, and can hear the results of such hunger.

It is too bad that it took a political maneuver on the part of Senator Kennedy, plus a couple of stories in the New York Times, to bring the Department of Agriculture to action in Mississippi. We hope something will happen soon to bring similar changes to Kentucky.

EDITORIAL

Socialism For The Rich

Is big business really as “public spirited” as its various press agents would have us think? Do they really exist just for the good of humanity with never a thought for their own welfare? We wonder sometimes. Case in point: the new pilot plant for producing synthetic gasoline at Cresap, West Virginia.

Continental Oil Co., one of the larger oil companies, recently bought out Consolidation Coal Co. Consolidation was a large owner of coal reserves throughout Appalachia. Continental paid more than \$400 million for Consolidation’s coal. An outsider would wonder what the oil company wanted with all that coal.

At Continental’s annual meeting, one stockholder asked management to explain the purchase. The stockholder wanted to know why Continental suddenly wanted a lot of coal. Management replied that it wanted the coal to sell to the electric power industry. Continental’s management says that there are a good 20 year’s worth of possible sales before all power companies convert to atomic energy. Management’s story almost makes sense to this point. — Right?

Now comes the real story. *The Wall Street Journal* of May 29, reports that Consolidation has a \$5 million contract with the U.S. Department of the Interior to build a pilot plant for the production of gasoline from coal. Interior Secretary Udall was in Cresap, West Virginia, to dedicate the plant. It will be operated by Consolidation Coal (now a subsidiary of Continental Oil) for the Department of the Interior on a *cost-plus basis*. That is, the Taxpayer will pay for the total cost of operation for the plant, plus a fixed fee to Consolidation Coal for this service to the people.

Udall was real enthusiastic about the whole thing. He forsees commercial production by 1975. The new plant, when completed, will use about 25 tons of coal daily. Udall sees a time when a commercial plant would use as much as 10,000 tons daily. This, he says, “would involve the opening of large mines dedicated to this purpose.”

Boiled down, the deal comes to this: In a region where mechanization of the coal mines has caused widespread unemployment and hardship among the people — and where outside corporations have drained West Virginia of natural resources to the point where we rank 47th in the nation in terms of services, provided to our people, and yet rank 12th in terms of what we contribute to the nation’s economy — the government is paying out millions of dollars to a corporation (assets of more than \$1 billion) so the corporation can develop a process by which it can profitably exploit the coal of the region.

“Troublemakers” might argue that the corporation, with an earned surplus in excess of \$600 million and an annual operating profit of about \$250 million, could afford to pay for its own process development.

When workers strike for a living wage, big corporations and some politicians are quick to appeal to “patriotism” and urge “restraint” because of our nation’s sacrifices in Vietnam. But the same corporations are quick to dip into the federal till to swell their own bank accounts. This in our books, is “socialism” for the rich, and “free enterprise” for the poor.

Maybe it’s about time we started drafting excess profits from big corporations as workers’ sons are drafted to fight in Vietnam?

—West Virginia AFL-CIO News and Views

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE

*My son who valiant flies the sky,
Has killed eleven men,
And he will leave the earth at dawn
To fly and kill again.*

*The neighbors say that he will get
a shining cross to wear.
They talk as if eleven men
weren’t cross enough to bear.* —Anon

We Are Still Far From The American Dream

BY LOWELL KIRBY



Sometimes, when one is in high, good spirits, a casual backward glance will cause him to rejoice.

Man has come a long, long way since the time when the majority of the human race lived in bondage.

But we still have a long way to go. Poverty, ignorance and disease still exist. A new order has not yet been built.

Studies have shown that a family of four needs at least \$9,000 annually to provide the necessities and small comforts of life.

Yet more than one-third of all U.S. rural families had net incomes below \$3,000—half of what they need.

One in seven in the urban areas also lives in poverty. Two-thirds of the families in America have an income of less than \$6,000 a year.

Therefore, only a third of the families in the United States have realized the American dream of a life without fear and want.

And the picture is darker still.

Americans live as well as they do because of credit. Take away credit and fully 90 per cent of the American people would be reduced to a state of abject poverty.

Statistics show how Americans are living today on the wages they hope to earn tomorrow.

Mortgage debt runs to about a third of the total personal income, after taxes, of U.S. citizens. Installment debts, mainly for cars and household appliances, take another 11 per cent.

This is the condition in which Americans find themselves, in the richest nation the world has ever known, where corporation profits are the highest in history, and where 90 per cent of the people should their credit be abolished, would be facing a fate of poverty.

Surely, something is wrong with our economic system!

The reactionaries continue to beat their breasts and wail that America is being ruined by "creeping socialism." They screech that we are becoming a "welfare state."

This is utter nonsense.

Only about three per cent of the federal budget is allotted for social security, welfare and health.

Where do most of our funds go? For war preparation.

About 70 per cent of the total budget for the U.S. is appropriated for "defense." (Add to this the obligations for past wars, and the figure is 85 per cent.)

A welfare state? Hardly. Based on figures, one would have to say that we are a "war state."

Peace. That's what all mankind wants.

If America—and the rest of the world—could be free of the threat of war, our funds could be used for providing future generations with the things that would make the American dream a reality.

Our deteriorating educational system could be rebuilt . . . money for school equipment and teachers would be available.

The housing crisis could be dealt with. Slum clearance could proceed and substandard dwellings throughout this land could be replaced.

Funds could be provided for research, in an attempt to rid the earth of the dread diseases that wreck men's bodies.

Unemployment could be ended. Taxes could be reduced.

There would be more leisure time . . . more time for art, for culture.

Guaranteed employment, leisure, health care, old-age protection. A Utopian pipe-dream?

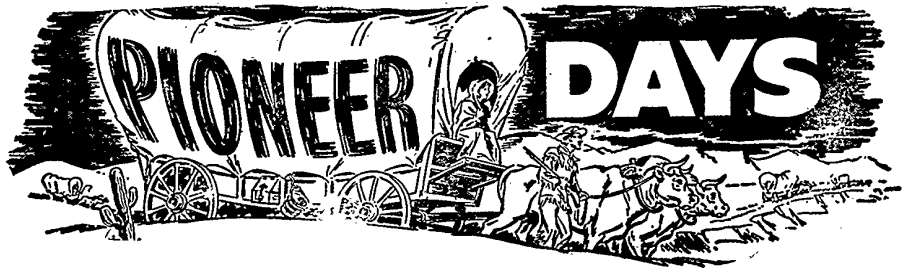
No!

Not if the American people want it—and I think they do—and work for it.



Steve Kelley at
Pocahontas-Marlinton
Pioneer Day Celebration

POCOHONTAS- MARLINTON



It was a great day in Marlinton, West Virginia, last summer when the people initiated their first Pioneer Day Festival. It was a huge success, too.

It all came from a dream Johnny Hill and others had — a museum to preserve the memory of our mountain heritage and a special festival to quicken the conscience to the importance of that heritage.

The whole affair revolved around the Museum as headquarters and center. Thousands of people laughed, talked together, sang and walked and danced together. The town streets were crowded with Indians, ox carts,

buggies, horses and people and kids. Among the throngs there were many from other places. Dr. James L. Hupp, Director of West Virginia Archives was there. So were Steve Kelley, Frank George, Jane Cox, Vivian and Ola Vest and others. The *Appalachian South* was there, too.

We spent the night with Johnny Hill and family on his lovely old six hundred acre farm. The house itself is an historical item, but Johnny has so many nooks and corners poked plumb full of the most interesting antiques. They are really old things from his own family, pioneers on that very farm.



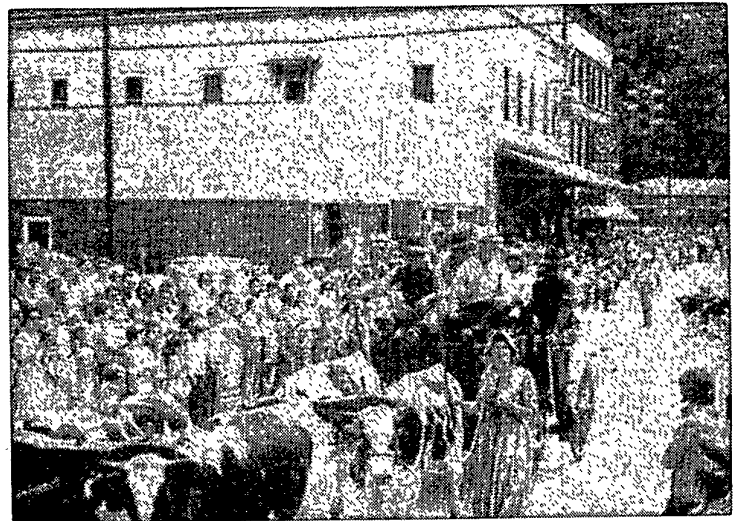
Johnny Hill in front
of his home-made
Ceramics Shop.



DR. JAMES V. HUPP
attended Marlinton
Pioneer Day Festival



PHYLLIS HILL
dressed for the festival



Pocahontas Pioneer Day. Street Scene

Frank George, (left) and Steve Kelly.

Johnny has also converted an old chicken house into a ceramics shop. In a low spot on his farm he found this excellent clay for making such artistic items. Folks from far away have heard about him and more and more are coming to see and buy his products.

Things are happening in Southern Appalachia these days. Not only do folks bestir themselves to organize into community action groups, hold Pioneer Day type festivals to inspire greater appreciation for the positive in our history, but some of the best topical songs are

coming from here. (Elsewhere in this issue we print samples by Mike Klein. Mike's songs are heard by poor people groups in east Kentucky, West Virginia and other places. One was used in a Berlin, Germany festival last summer. Folks love them because they come out and express the hurt and hope of the poor. Mike, himself, is a West Virginia hillbilly).

The people of Pocahontas and Marlinton are to be congratulated. They did a fine job on their first festival, but we expect even greater things in the future.

EDITORIAL

W. Va. Taxes — Time For A Change

West Virginia is 45th out of 50 states in money spent on education.

West Virginia is 47th in amount spent on roads.

West Virginia is 47th in money spent on health and hospitals.

BUT, West Virginia is 12th in wealth produced in her factories and mines.

In all, West Virginia is 43rd in the U.S.A. in money it spends per person for all government services.

Why is West Virginia so far back? ? ?

Taxes in West Virginia don't bring in enough money because they hit the poor man hard and go easy on corporations and people who can afford to pay more.

Counting all taxes, a man who makes \$2,000 a

year pays 14 pennies on the dollar in taxes; a man that makes \$10,000 pays 7 cents on the dollar.

We need to change our tax set up so that we get more money for things we need, AND so that corporations and people who can better afford to pay taxes, pay a fair share.

What can WE do to change our taxes?

1. We must learn about taxes.
2. We must tell our neighbors.
3. We must get together and insist that our law-makers in Charleston change the tax system to get more money and make it fairer.

To learn more about these problems so vital to West Virginia the Community Action groups held training sessions in Beckley with Professor Jack Robertson on November 4 and 11.

Growing Up In The Great Smokies

BY MAY JUSTUS

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I can see it yet, my childhood home, in the shadow of the mountains — two peaks which later in my books became Big and Little Twin. The little gray log house nestled in the middle of a clearing like a bird snuggled cozily on its nest. All about the house were the tall trees, some bearing treasures — chestnuts, walnuts, hickory nuts, persimmons — all free for our hands to pick.

The center of the house was the big fireplace, especially in the winter when there was leisure for story-telling, fiddling and ballad songs. My father loved to fiddle and my mother liked to sing. I cannot remember how young I was when I learned the fiddle tunes, the songs, the rhymes and riddles and tales which I can well remember after over half-a-century of years. They are all there in my head and in my heart. They are my most precious treasures.

It was natural that some of this folklore crept into the homespun pattern of the books I have written about the Smoky Mountaineers of whom I am proud to be one. From lullabies to meeting house tunes, these old songs have the mountain magic in them of a way of life which is going, going — and will soon be gone. In my stories and books I have tried to present a record of the mountain life I remember. The play-party songs such as "Fiddlers' Fair," "I'm as Free a Little Bird As I Can Be," The "No-End Song," reminds me of the fun that was allowed in the strict society prescribed among Church people who frowned upon dancing as the Devil's shenanigans. The ballads, because they were both romantic and tragic, were my own favorite songs. They were somehow satisfying. "Barbara Allen" was as colorful a heroine as any of Shakespeare's!

In the old log church there were few song books. The folks in the "Amen Corner" and the preacher were always supplied, for they brought their own copies from home. But I didn't need a book to be able to join in — I knew all the hymns they were singing, for my mother sang them when she rocked us to sleep,

NOTE: "Growing Up In The Great Smokies" is part of a book in preparation by May Justus who has devoted her life to teaching in the mountains of Tennessee and preserving the mountain culture in many books for children. The latest is THE COMPLETE PEDDLERS' PACK published by the University of Tennessee Press.

while she cooked and churned, washed clothes and scrubbed the floor.

Some of these old songs, so far as I know, have never been printed, at least not in the versions I learned in my childhood. People who hear them tell me they are "real Americana." For me they are like bright beads that I strung on a thread long ago and treasure as a sort of keepsake. Each one reminds me of a person or place I used to know.

The old log schoolhouse had a playground big enough for ball games, races and singing games, all going on at once. A creek ran along one side of it, a rocky road the other. Here we played games like Fiddlers' Fair. This was a fine game, too, for the play-parties, where it took the place of forbidden dances.

The same building where we went to school served as a church on Sundays — on those days, usually once a month, when the people could depend on the preacher being there. Here the singing of the old-time hymns made up a large and enjoyable part of the service. I learned to depend on my memory so that even today I can usually sing the hymns in church without needing a book.

In this old log church and schoolhouse where my grandfather and my father had taught school, I did my first teaching. Here we played the same singing games I had sung just a few years before as a child. When I began to write stories for my children, these folk songs and games appeared in them.

From the cradle to the grave the folk song was part of the pattern of the mountain culture of the people I knew. Near the old church was the graveyard where my kinfolks and friends were buried. The funeral songs that we sang by heart still sound in my inner ear: "There's A Land That Is Fairer Than Day," "The Beautiful Home of The Soul," "Hark From The Tomb A Doleful Sound," and "Asleep In Jesus." My grandmother's coffin was made by her friends from walnut wood, well seasoned, and it was drawn to its resting place by a team of oxen. It was this grandmother who brought from England early in the past century the ballads and folk tales that my own mother knew. These I remember, these shall I always treasure. As a mountain singer once said to me: "There's nothing so lasty as a song."

Next issue — Continue with Bat Harber School.

Memories of Old Doc

BY FUNSON EDWARDS, ED.D.

Memories of Old Doc with whom I became closely associated while teaching an an East Tennessee coal camp are prized as priceless pieces of learning that enables one to better judge human nature as he encounters problematic situations and endeavors to work with people.

The doctor was not referred to as old Doc out of disrespect by his countless associates and acquaintances, but, since his eldest son was also a practicing physician, he earned this title as a matter of distinction.

I have long since had fond memories of Old Doc because he was an impressive personality. His calm and casual speech coupled with his slow movement of body made it quite certain that he was in no great hurry to depart this life. He was a kind-hearted individual and his equal, when he was put to test, was hard to match.

He did not allow his profession, as worthy as we proclaim it to be, to over come him. He looked upon life with the attitude that each day is to be lived with as great a purpose as humanly possible, free from the common ailment of unnecessary worry over trite and insignificant affairs that often compel the best of minds to deteriorate.

He was a practical man in the sense that he exercised no great desire to hoard or over accumulate worldly goods that could not be put to proper use or provide a genuine enjoyment for his close friends or neighbors.

He lived by a home spun philosophy that there are really only two kinds of medicine — one kind for those who are sick and another for those who are not sick. He often asked me which kind of medicine I needed when I would go to him for the correction of a head cold.

He was a great believer in the doctrine that if a man eats, he must in turn exercise accordingly, though he be up in years the rule still applies, he still must not permit the body to dwindle away for the lack of activity. As a result of this firm conviction, he was a great eater of fried chicken and an enthusiast for square dancing. These traits were well known by his friends and associates as his official trade mark and to my knowledge he allowed neither of them to put him to shame.

He was not only a man well respected in his chosen field; he was also a professional in understanding human nature. Basically, he was a great one to joke. His vivid imagination often carried him almost into the realm of the ridiculous. Once he told me, "General,

(which he always called me for no logical reason), he said, "You know I dreamed last night that I went to Heaven and right off Saint Peter recognized me. He said, 'You're Old Doc from down in Reagan?' And I answered, 'yes.' 'Well,' Saint Peter said, 'get your square dance partner ready, we've just finished your square dance platform.' "

Old Doc never got past having a little fun in a refined, fashionable manner and perhaps that attributed to his wholesome outlook throughout a long life, which illustrates the fact that one can be serious and yet have a desirable bit of humor in his make up.

was almost certain to find him among the western

The week ends that found Old Doc in the coal camp movie goes in the camp theater. He explained that the reason he liked to go to the western movies was that they were sure to wake him up when they started their shooting:

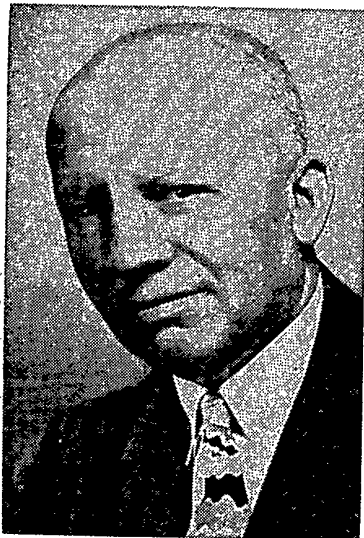
Old Doc explained to me in a somewhat confidential manner that one of the major problems with which he had been concerned throughout his adult life was to determine whether there would be more doctors or more lawyers in the infernal rest, and he concluded that both may be well represented, though the lawyers, no doubt, would protest the decision on grounds of defamation of character while the doctors would resort to the injection process to reduce pain.

Old Doc will live on in the minds and hearts of the East Tennessee coal miners who took both kinds of his medicine and more important who learned from him the invaluable lesson that it really doesn't pay to worry about those things over which one has little control.

I have been a bit discouraged to recognize the disintegration of the many coal camp populations including personalities like Old Doc and the different transient-natured, jovial, and robust coal miners who added a bit of spice and relish to the dispositions of our seemingly sullen or overly-sophisticated segments of a complex society.

No, I do not consider that Old Doc was a non-believer, on the contrary, he possibly believed more strongly than some of his would be accusers. It was just his unique manner of attention getting which he employed that proved a bit misleading.

He having been bred of pure mountain stock and endowed with a liberal share of ingenuous wit, implanted a wholesome influence upon many dispositions otherwise slanted toward sullenness and negative outlooks.

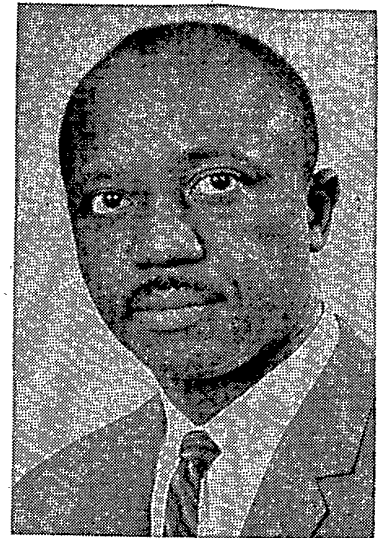


BLACK HISTORIAN FROM THE COAL FIELDS

BY EDWARD PEEKS

CARTER G. WOODSON

EDWARD PEEKS



A son of Appalachia, Carter Goodwin Woodson, must smile with approval from Valhalla on the earthly interest shown nowadays in the history of Negro Americans as an integral part of American history.

But the smile on his brown face with an undertone of new copper must be transformed occasionally by a raised eyebrow, if not completely erased by a flickering frown of displeasure.

No doubt he frowns when a Negro student at an integrated college stands before a mixed assembly and says, "The civil rights movement began in 1955. . ."

The smile must turn wry on Woodson's face, hardening the corners of his sensitive mouth and darkening the agate gleam in his eyes, as blacks and whites hail the late Malcom X as "the first Afro-American to tell it like it is."

Doubtless he raises an eyebrow when a white mother reacts to a public discussion on present-day race relations in America. "Why haven't I known before now that Crispus Attucks was a Negro who died for American freedom in 1770 in what we call today the Boston Massacre?" she asks on her feet, addressing no one in particular. "I want my children to know that," she says.

Chances are better than even that she will have to tell her children. They won't find any mention of Attucks and other Negroes in most history textbooks.

Ed. Note: *Edward Peeks is a journalist with a Georgia background. He has a B.A. in English from Roosevelt University, the M.A. from Northwestern. For seven years he was on the staff of the "Afro-American" and came to the staff of the Charleston, W. Va. "Gazette" in 1963. Mr. Peeks served as a lieutenant in the Infantry in World War II.*

Our first issue carried an article by Carter G. Woodson, "Slavery and Freedom in Appalachia," reprinted from the "Journal of Negro History". We asked Mr. Peeks to give us a story with some background on Dr. Woodson. This is it.

Although they have made an impressive start in recent years, Americans yet have to catch up with Carter G. Woodson, who is sometimes called "the father of Negro history." The former Fayette County, W. Va., coal miner wrote a dozen books and edited half a dozen others between 1915 and 1939.

He wrote numerous scholarly articles for *The Journal of Negro History*, a quarterly, which he founded in 1916, and later, the monthly *Negro History Bulletin*. Both periodicals are circulated today in school and public libraries throughout the country.

In 1915 he organized the Association for the Study of Negro Life and History in Washington, D.C. Five years later, he allied it with the Associated Publishers, a firm he started "to make possible the publication and circulation of valuable books on the Negro not acceptable to most publishers." Since then, the firm has brought out more than 50 books on every major phase of Negro life and history.

Woodson would let nothing stop these educational enterprises which he began almost single-handed and held on to at times with single-mindedness when others not only doubted their worth and purpose, but laughed in his face. He recalled in a rare instance of writing about himself:

"When I arrived in Washington, D.C., in 1909, and began my research, the people there laughed at me and especially at my 'hayseed' clothes. At that time I didn't have enough money to pay for a haircut. When I, in my poverty, had the 'audacity' to write a book on the Negro, the 'scholarly' people of Washington laughed at it. When I started *The Journal of Negro History* in January, 1916, a representative of the same group made fun of me in public. . ."

Maybe those who laughed could be forgiven for having no inkling of the scholarly monument that the man in the hayseed clothes, then 34 years old, had begun to build already without any outward show.

He was born December 19, 1875, in New Canton, Buckingham County, Va., one of several children in

the family of James and Anne Elizá (Riddle) Woodson. The parents were former slaves.

When he was a teen-ager, Carter and his brother, Robert Henry, came to West Virginia and went to work in Fayette County coal fields. Carter studied at night on his own, building on the skimpy schooling of the five-month term offered him and other Negro pupils toward the sixth grade in their native Virginia.

In the mines one day, Carter suffered a head injury from a mass of falling slate. He soon recovered and continued to teach himself at night with the aim of going back to regular day school.

"Nothing could stop Carter," a relative once recalled. "He didn't stay in the mines long. He was always interested in getting an education."

He and Robert moved to Huntington to realize the aim of returning to school. Carter was 19 when he entered Douglass High School, named for Negro abolitionist Frederick Douglass. Once in, he was out in less than two years with his diploma.

He went on to Berea College in Kentucky, an institution noted then for its integrated student body. After finishing two years at Berea, Woodson returned to West Virginia and began teaching at Winona, Fayette County.

In 1900, he became principal of his high school alma mater in Huntington on the basis of an outstanding score he made on a qualifying test for the position. Three years later, he had completed work for his bachelor's degree at Berea through summer study.

Woodson then took a position as supervisor of schools in the Philippines, where he learned to speak Spanish fluently. During his four years in the post, he attended summer school at the University of Chicago. He earned a bachelor's degree there in 1907 and his master's the next year.

He spent a year of study in Asia and Europe, including a semester at the Sorbonne, where he did post graduate work in history. He learned to speak French fluently.

Woodson became a language high school teacher in Washington, D.C., in 1909, at the time and place he evidenced the "audacity" to delve into research and study with the aim of writing about the Negro.

He also began work toward his doctorate at Harvard University. He made extensive use of the Library of Congress in doing research on his doctoral dissertation, "The Disruption of Virginia." Harvard awarded him the Ph.D. degree in 1912.

Campus and classroom figured largely in his unwavering determination to make research and scholarship the means of "saving and popularizing the records of the race that it may not become a negligible factor in the thought of the world."

He explained, "We should emphasize not Negro history, but the Negro in history. What we need is not a history of selected races or nations, but the history of the world void of national bias, race hate

and religious prejudice. There should be no indulgence in undue eulogy of the Negro. The case of the Negro is well taken care of when it is shown how he has influenced the development of civilization."

For a time, Woodson was principal of Armstrong High School in Washington, D.C. He spent much of his own money to further the programs he started to fill a historical void. He was dean of the liberal arts college at Howard University in Washington during the academic year of 1919-20. He devoted the next two years to organizing the liberal arts curriculum at West Virginia State College.

Of course, Woodson wasn't the first Negro American historian, but he perhaps was the second who had been trained thoroughly in the field. Before he and others completed their training, George Washington Williams, for example, wrote a "History of the Negro Race in America" and a "History of the Negro Troops in the Rebellion." Scholars today frequently list Williams in their bibliography.

But Woodson devoted his all to writing history and to advancing it through the association he founded. He never married and would tell friends with a sunny smile on his face, "I am already married to the association."

The Poverty War is Dead

BY MICHAEL KLINE
(TO THE TUNE OF AUNT RHODY)

CHORUS:

*Go tell Sargeant Shriver
And go tell Robert McNamara
And go tell Lyndon Johnson
That the Poverty War is dead.*

*The one that they've been a-saving on
The one that we've been a-slavin' on
The one they've been economizing on
Fer to feather their pretty head.*

*It died in the Congress
It died in the Congress
It died in the Congress
Because it was painted red.*

*The politicians are lying
Our boys in VietNam are dying
The Great Society is crying
'Cause their children won't be fed.*

*The President has washed his hands
We've got commitments, boys, in Asian lands
The government has other plans
To build bombs and planes instead.*

NOTE: Until recently Michael Kline was Kentucky director of the Appalachian Volunteers. He is a native of West Virginia.

Others took his training more seriously than he. For he believed that training alone could mislead the trained and others. He tackled this question in his "The Miseducation of the Negro" published in 1933. He contended that the American education system, with few exceptions, taught Negroes to disregard their African background and to be unrealistic about their position as American citizens.

He said a Negro could graduate from Harvard or practically any other institution with a feeling that he belonged to part of the human race which had never contributed anything of value to humanity. He insisted that education should be honest, practical and realistic in both application to life and the never-ending search for the truth.

Woodson told a Negro teachers meeting in Georgia: "I advocate a more realistic and practical approach in education. It took me more than 30 years to get over my Harvard education."

He was not so terse as a Non-Harvard Negro who recently fired a blast at his political opponent in New York. "Harvard has ruined more Negroes than bad whiskey," he declared.

Through the association, Woodson started "Negro History Week" in 1952 and the annual observance became a national event during the second week in February to coincide with the birthdays of Abraham Lincoln and Frederick Douglass. He regarded this observance as a crowning point of his mission to tell the story of the Negro and to interest Negroes themselves in their past and its relevance to the present and the future.

In 1926, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People awarded him the Spingarn Medal, which is given annually to an American of African descent judged to have made the greatest contribution to Negro advancement.

Woodson published his first book in 1915, "The Education of the Negro Prior to 1861," which historians have cited as a significant contribution in the area of original research. From then on the list grew to include "A Century of Negro Migration," "The History of the Negro Church," "The Negro Wage Earner," in collaboration with Lorenzo Greene, a Woodson protege; "The Negro in Our History," a college textbook, "The Story of the Negro," a high school text, and "Negro Makers of History" for elementary pupils.

The college text was published in 1922 and books for the secondary school level came six years later. At the time of Woodson's death in 1950, the college textbook alone had sold more than 50,000 copies.

It is now in its 10th edition with revisions by Charles H. Wesley, a historian and board member of the association during Woodson's lifetime.

Woodson made the association a proving ground for young scholars. Negroes and whites contributed to the Journal and the Bulletin. Young men of color who went on to make their mark as historians, today,

include Benjamin E. Qualls at Morgan State College, Rayford W. Logan at Howard University and John Hope Franklin at the University of Chicago.

Today's surge of interest and publications on the Negro in American history has a rich and rewarding source in the works of Carter Goodson Woodson, who altogether should be pleased as he looks on from Valhalla.

FRANK GEORGE, MUSIC MAN

(Continued from Page One)

man's beginnings and awoke the sleeping bear of the spirit. To know and understand . . . to recall, back through the generations, how man felt in the highlands of the world . . . to wonder how he felt while doing the things he needed in the plains and desert.

"Saturday night the music of the mountains stood proud with pipes and 'Garry Owen' on the shadows of Fort Pitt where the Black Watch stood proud with pipes . . . people had come to pay tribute to the creative efforts of their neighbors . . . to honor, in part, the heritage of their slightly distant neighbors to the west and south . . . the music of the mountains went into the city that night to share with young men who are moved by the craft in melodies of the soul . . . then, before he slept, he watched his memories of history and the Three Rivers from 19 floors up.

"One river, born in the highlands of our state . . . one river boiled from hills and fertile land to the north . . . joined by mutual need at the Golden Triangle to carry particled dusts of both past many other rivers to the west and south . . . to mingle with and leave, on the great delta of the Gulf of Mexico . . . not too far from where the renegade and righteous stood united behind cotton bales."



Gilbert Creek Co-Op Store is still in business.

The Devil's Court House

BY CHARLES CARPENTER

It was Sanders Whate, tall and bony Sanders — his wind as long as he was, wind so strong he could run straight up a mountain side until he got old enough to kick out — who handed the story down about the Devil and his courthouse on Spruce Knob.

Sanders said his grandfather, Cronk Whate, told about the courthouse years ago; old Cronk in his younger days having actually seen and heard the Devil firsthand carrying on his court; came upon it all accidentally.

The Whates were truthful people, not one of them was ever known to utter an untruth. No one ever suspicioned any of them drawing the long bow. Some folks said Phinney Whate, a near kinsman of Sanders', used to relate something about slaying three Yankees during the Civil War with one straight bullet-shot, and many times narrated another story of "Capterin nineteen Northerners from Pennservaner" by himself one night when he got "separated" from his company and was sleepin on a bed of pine needles under a pine tree" — took all the "Pennservaners" in a minute after he woke up.

Another Whate spoke of some pretty lively experiences he had overcoming Spaniards "down in Cuby" during the Spanish-American War. But these, quite naturally, were stories of a different texture from those of the Civil War period.

People knew the Whate family for a stalwart and bold one and nobody seemed to doubt any of their narrations, and especially so the one about the Devil's courthouse. Everybody hearing it stuck up for the story, never thinking there was a reason for doubting it. Wasn't the stones from the demolished courthouse right there on top of Spruce to warrant that the edifice once stood there?

Here is, just as Sanders told it, the whole story of the Devil's court:

Granpappy Cronk Whate was the dodgastedest hunter that ever lived in the up-country Potomac region. He could unlimber his gun, sight it, kill a bear er deer quickerin most fellers would be conscientus that there was sech a bloomin varment about. They say one time when he was only seventeen an didn't have his gun along, he chased a wilcat down, ketched it with his bare hans. I believe this was a phoby one the boys started up to have a little fun outer Cronk — but Grandpappy never nided that tale, never did. He liked fun hisself, and he had no objections to things like that bein told bout him. Yep, I think the whole account bout the wilcat ketchin was a fabercation; one Granpap kep agoin jes fur the on-



eriness of it. But the courthouse business wasn't no fabercation.

Granpappy used to go out huntin and stay three or four days; no one with him but a bunch of houns, sometimes four or five. Ofn his houns was as old as he was, but they was peart ones. My old Pap used to say Gramp in his early days kep his houns til they got roun thirty-five; made em stay on the go so much they couldn't get old atall, not if they wanted to; they jes didn't have time.

Once Grandpappy was out on Spruce Knob — you know Spruce. Yuh can see roun up there; yuh can see clear over into directions fur as the eye'll carry. Nary another mountain anywhere near so high.

Yep, t'was on one of them three er four day huntin trips Granpap come upon the Old Nick carrin on his court on Spruce. "It sure Lord surprised me," Gramp said.

The Devil through some of his underlins by some hook er crook set up a pretty fair courthouse on top of Spruce, an he run his court same as any other one is. There was always a passel of lawyers roun at court time. I'll bet yuh could go all over the country an couldn't find another terney half as cunnin as them lawyers was, though some lawyers terday can make yuh blieve black is white, er white is black.

Grandpappy said the first time he saw the courthouse was when he was asleepin in the woods not far from the top of Spruce. He said there was three houns with him that night, an after he'd been asleepin a couple of hours something woke him up, an long with this at the same time the noise skeered the liver an lights outer the dogs, and they jes tore off the-mountain.

Granpappy Cronk was not the kind to get scaert easy, an before he knowed it he was sleepin again; but before he got going good the secun time he was awoken wide awake — heard talkin — heard it plain, an not too far away. He listened tentively, then crept up twords where the talkin was an before he knowed it he saw the Devil's courthouse smack dab square in front of him not moen forty feet away; could see the old Scratch hissself through the open front of the buildin, and he was conductin his court.

The Devil's tail was twisted roun from behind the judge's bench, and he used it for a gable, poundin hard when things got unruly. People was bein tried one after the other, the Devil victin nearly everybody with his packed jury, lettin a few off, but not many though. No siree, I'm atellin yuh; the Devil didn't do business that away then and he don't now. He's got a daggone good holt on everyone. Them he freed, he muster done it fur show.

Grandpap said he was a bit skeered as he watched; the first time he had ever felt at all skerrt. He kep back as far as he could an hear things. Now let me tell yuh, that's the trouble with most of us, we just want to hear too much of what other people's asayin, most of the time things none of our business atall.

Gramp said he was disappointed when he fell off to sleep alistenin an didn't get to hear the Devil end court, bringing down his tail gabel to finish things up. Grandpappy said "I'd give old Bounce, my best houn, to asen the court windin up — old Bounce'd come back home anyway, just like any good Whate dog woulder."

When good daylight come an Gradpa woke up he listened an didn't hear a thing, an he said he jes had to creep twords the courthouse close enough to see how the lan laid. Yuh know curoosity kills lots of cats, and the Whate family has always been filled clear to the hilt with curoosity. Here, Grandpappy was alivin all his life only a dozen miles er a little worse from the top of Spruce, and he'd never his his live-long days heard tell of the courthouse up on the mountain. I guess twas too much fur him not to want to find out bout it when the findin out was right smack dab under his thum.

But there wasn't a dern soul in the courthouse when Granpap got to it. It was plum empty, as empty as a old bottille long the road.

Grandpappy Cronk didn't go back up on Spruce Knob, that is clean to the top for some months. It got too blasted cold. The truth is that mountain covers a lot of territory, and a miserable lot of snow can get on it.

If you'd cart that mountain away an dump it into Cheserpeake Bay, twould fill it up. There jes wouldn't be no Cheserpeake Bay left. Yes, sir, it's big, Spruce is, I'll tell yuh, all spread out like-er lumberjack with big shoulders.

Twas almost a year before Granpap went clean up

to the top of Spruce another time. He got up there bout the time of day he did the first time, and was teetotally asleep like he was waterlogged when he was woke by a comotion.

He listened betwixt asleepin and awak'in fur a couple of minutes. Then he found out there was a fight again on in the courthouse, the derndest meelee that ever took place!

Granpappy Cronk listened to the scrap, after while creepin up closer to see everything he could, how vilent things was an so on. The fightin kept up til Granpap got so sleepy he jes fell off to sleep — got wore out from awatchin.

An that was the night the courthouse on Spruce Knob were demolished — teetotally and abserlutely demolished!

Every dag gone stone that'd been put into the courthouse was thrown down and scattered bout on the groun pell-mell. The top of that there mountain was covered with the courthouse buildin stones.

Granpap Cronk said he never could figger out what the trouble was bout that started the fight, nor could he calkylate how the stones was strewed bout without wakin him; but they was — that's fur shore, they was!

Certain's my nam's Sanders Whate and as shore as I was born here in the Potomac up-country, them stones of the Devil's courthouse are astill on top of Spruce, still alayin there helter skelter.

If Only The Poor Had a Dog's Life

Many Americans have long insisted the country is going to the dogs, a sentiment not contradicted by a recent Wall Street Journal article about doghouses.

Manufacturing same has become big business.

Doghouses are sold with a variety of conveniences that would gratify the tastes of a Kuomintang warlord: mink mattresses, chinchilla beds, air conditioning, picture windows, heaters and foam-rubber padding.

They are available in a plethora of styles, featuring exterior decorative touches calculated to appeal to the most style-conscious pedigreed poodle.

A New Jersey banker, for instance, has had erected for his pooch a \$1,500 abode in green and gold stucco complete with gold drinking fountain.

Simple-minded philosophers disposed to stress the trivial at the expense of the important have on occasion offered the judgment that a society kind to animals can't be all bad. (Such a saving thesis works wonders for a Germany under Hitler.)

Even so, what is to be said of a society — some of whose members lodge canine pets in princely splendor — that won't provide decent quarters for humans in its midst forced to inhabit hovels no dog, pure bred or cur, would set paw in?

Perhaps President Johnson will appoint a commission. — Charleston (W. Va.) *Gazette*

A Glimpse Into My Pioneer Nursing

BY ELIZABETH O. GEORGE

When I entered Training School to be a nurse I thought that I would become a Medical Missionary.

At the end of my last year in training I was assigned to take care of an elderly retired doctor who had been to Tokyo to do special surgery. He knew that I was just about to sign up to go to Japan so He asked me to sit down and talk to him, which I did. I cannot begin to tell all he said to me, but he told me all about his experiences in Tokyo and said if I wanted to do mission work there was plenty to do here and for



Mrs. Elizabeth
George
Frank George's
mother

me to try it and if I was not satisfied I could then go to Japan. We talked as a father and daughter and I will never forget him. The last time I saw him he came toward me with outstretched hand and said, "How is my little missionary?"

After graduation, registering and joining the Red Cross I boarded a train for Bell County Kentucky Headquarters at Pineville. A nurse had been there for some time and I was to be her assistant. Our territory included three coal camps, Straight Creek, Kettle Island and Dorton's Branch.

We traveled by coal train, sometime just the engine going out to bring in the coal cars from the mines. However, when we could not get to the places where we were needed by engine or train, we had a big bay horse we rode. He was Old Major. If we needed two horses I rode one of the business men's little black Kentucky thorough-bred saddle made. She was Bess and a peach. Old Major was fine but he did not like rain. When out on him and it started to rain I had to work hard to keep him from going back to his stable in a hurry and if he got there and the door was open he would take me right in with him.

One day I rode Old Major down a valley, around the mountain and finally on top to a home to deliver a baby. I tied Old Major to a rail fence and in the middle of my busy time it started to rain, so Old Major was just about to leave and take the fence with him. There was an eleven year old son at home and he put Old Major in the barn. The son was a very nice lad. He and his mother were alone. All went smoothly, Mother and baby were resting nicely and I was waiting for the doctor to arrive and OK the situation. The house was an enormous log room, one story and one-half with a wonderful fireplace. A lean-to made up the kitchen and dining room. A log fire was going and hearth was a dutch oven covered with hot embers and on a pot hook over the fire was an iron pot, on the ashes. The mother said to the son, "Swing that pot around from the fire so you will not get burned and uncover the oven." I went to help the lad and the mother told me to uncover the table. I went into the dining room and lifted the cloth — There the table was all ready with baked ham, fried chicken, home made wheat bread, cake, jelly and pickles. I got bowl and ladle and went to the fireplace for the beans. The son had the lid off the beans and cover off the dutch oven with nice brown corn meal egg bread. Oh! What a meal! And I was really hungry.

Then one day a messenger came by and said a man wanted to see a nurse. So I mounted old major and rode around the mountain, up and down the mountain and finally located the home. When I told the wife who I was she said her husband had gone to South America. Well that was when I did some fast thinking. I wondered why this man had gone to South America. I talked to his wife and learned why they wanted a nurse and also learned that if you kept going and crossed another mountain, in the valley below was a village called South America.

Now here is the most heartbreaking experience I had. Late one evening I was called to go to Dortons Branch. I rode the engine out as far as it could go and then walked about one-quarter of a mile through a snow storm. At last, after several inquiries, I found a sick woman whose husband had been killed in the mines six months before. Not only a very sick woman but four poorly clad, hungry children, a boy 11, a girl 9, a boy 5, and a girl 3. There was just a spark of fire in the fire place and about a gallon of coal near by. The oldest boy went out and gathered up some coal from the side of the railroad. While I was doing all I could for their mother the children were standing around what little fire there was. I did not know where the children were going to sleep or how I was going to keep from freezing. The two boys went into another

room and their bed was a pile of ragged coats, quilts and burlap bags in one corner of the room, the only contents of the room. In the mother's room was a bed but the springs and mattress had dropped to the floor. The girls climbed over the bed rail onto the mattress and I covered them with an old ragged comfort that was so full of holes it was like packing them in cotton balls.

When all were settled and sleeping I went into the kitchen and found a small homemade table, a broken chair and a two-capped stove propped up on wooden blocks. On the stove was a skillet with a meat rind in it and a bowl with about a cup of greasy meal. Next morning I told the woman I was taking her to the hospital. She said that she would never get back and wanted to see a man who had been a friend to her father. The oldest boy went for him and she gave him the oldest boy and I witnessed the fact. She gave me the other three and he was the witness. I told her I could not care for them but could put them in an orphanage, she said, "That will be all right."

I asked for volunteers to keep the children and feed them until I could get back. I told them I was going to buy them some clothes but wanted them taken care of and have plenty to eat. Two women took a girl each and a young man came forward and said that he would take the 5 year old boy. I took them to the company store and bought dresses, sweaters, shoes and socks for the girls and overalls, sweaters, shoes and socks for the boys. The man who offered to keep the boy came in the store and wanted to pay for his overalls, so I let him.

Then I got my patient on a cot ready to go to the hospital in an empty coal car. I finally got her to Pineville Hospital.

The patient passed away and was taken to the Potters Field in a terrible snow storm. The snow was so deep that travelling was bad and we could not get the children to town. They never saw their mother again.

Well, I was satisfied with my work and had no desire to go to Japan. But that was a small part of my work. I took orphans to the orphanage, crippled children to the hospital and worked in the miners hospital.

Other happenings are too numerous to mention.

APOLOGY AND CORRECTION

Due to printer errors we were embarrassed by a number of omissions in Vol. 2, No. 1. The "5 String Banjo" story was written by Frank George. "Two Poems in Memory of Byron Reece" were by Alice Witherspoon Bliss. "An Answer to a Dissent" was by Jean Buckner, "The Levi Strike Goes On" was by Ernie Marrs, not "Marks" as was printed.

Jim Overdorff Poverty Fighter

BY SANDY GAGE

"The problem is unity; the people have got to develop a high degree of 'tough'."

This 'tough,' as he calls it, is the essence of what OEO worker Jim Overdorff is trying to instill in the people he interacts with in Mercer County, West Virginia.

The Federal Government's Office of Economic Opportunity is not generally known for its toughness. In fact, the appellation that usually comes from its critics is one of pliability. And all too often the poor end up with the same label. Overdorff is working hard to change this image, from the grassroots up, at least in his corner of West Virginia. His success to date sets him well apart from most of the armchair generals in the War on Poverty, but it also shows that a national program run by "bureaucrats" and "outsiders" can be effective.

It has often been said that the poor have a sort of innate conservatism which makes them slow to change from the outside. When Overdorff took up his post as County Community Action Program Director in south-west West Virginia he found this concept at least partly true. Response tended to fall below that of urban ghetto projects for reasons he pointed out, such as lack of facilities, lack of communication between communities and a comparative lack of human resources.

He adds, "The enemy in rural areas can't be easily identified. Often the school system and the state roads system are identified. Later the people note the tax structure and absentee ownership."

This need to find the enemy in the first place is indicative of what Overdorff considers as the cause of protracted poverty: "Poverty is basically a lack of involvement in decision-making. All the important decisions are made for the poor."

Ideally, Overdorff would like to see the poor develop into an effective lobby. He admits that lobbies traditionally take on the values of the interests they compete with, but he believes the poor could check this in their own organizations if they keep them simple and if they keep pressure on their representatives.

In organizing toward a lobby he said, "Sheer mass of numbers aren't enough. The people must organize

Editor's Note: Sandy Gage is a McGill University student who spent part of last summer with us at Pipestem.

first on small issues. Success on a couple of small issues gives confidence. The people have to get smart. They have to know how decisions are made."

Orverdorff emphasized that he was not and that he had no intentions of organizing the poor in his area to his own designs. Nor was he masterminding projects which the people should undertake.

In a rather byzantine affair involving Federal housing and urban renewal funds for the city of Bluefield, Overdorff explained how the poor and OEO cooperated.

In effect the city administrators made plans for two housing projects, one in a white area, one in a negro; and then channeled all their actual resources



Mr. and Mrs. James Overdorff

into improvements in the business district. In canvassing the area to determine local problems, Overdorff found the first thing he had to do was overcome the local dislike for government types who had upset the established housing situation and then done nothing about it.

He was able to suggest a neighborhood meeting for both of the proposed project areas, and for the first

time the people communicated their mutual problem. The OEO supplied the history of the Bluefield projects and the intended use of the Federal money. From their first meeting the people themselves established a committee to question the city government. Later they informed Federal authorities of the situation as they saw it and petitioned for an equal effort on the housing and urban projects. To date all Federal funds have been frozen until the city develops a fair plan. Negro and white residents stood together and said they would not sanction either housing project unless both were built.

Overdorff found another problem in Bluefield centering around domestic help. Most maids and cleaning ladies in the area are getting substandard wages and being pressured into overtime work. The OEO explained to these people the possibility of forming a non-profit cooperative for the sale of domestic help, and it offered to help in an application for Federal manpower development training. By contracting through the co-op, employers can be assured of better trained personnel, replacements in case of illness and release from such responsibilities as social security payments. If the domestic workers stand together they can be assured of fair wages and pre-established working hours.

In smaller communities Overdorff has worked to establish responsible local representatives who can help the people understand OEO's role in community action. He has emphasized projects like Head Start, not so much for their proven effectiveness, as for their potential as a medium to bring citizens into the workings of community action.

In all his efforts Overdorff is trying to give the poor as large a part in the running of things as possible. When he came to Mercer County he found only three poor people in his organization. There were supposed to be nine. All three had been selected by the power structure in the county, and only one could honestly be considered poor. Congressional law requires that one third of such people be elected by their peers, and Overdorff says, "The people themselves will have to compose more than one-half of the administrators if they are to have effective control."

The law also permits citizens to petition the OEO for larger representation in administering projects. Overdorff plans to use this law to give the poor in his area virtual control of the OEO.

On a national scale Overdorff has no illusions about the efficacy of the War on Poverty. He estimates that only one in about eight or nine directors is making a conscious effort to involve the poor in administration. The influence of the status quo to this end is as evident in Mercer County as elsewhere. Overdorff has already incurred the wrath of local school boards and city councils.

Most directors in Appalachia have no intention of letting the poor get control. And federal legislators

are getting more and more pressure from influential constituents to earmark funds for carefully limited projects. "OEO will be just an experiment if it is cut off now," Overdorff says, "Politicians are afraid it might be successful. Communities that have been successful to date are isolated. A county may now get its roads scraped regularly, but there is no effective in-road in that."

Although congressional trends give the OEO a dim financial future, Overdorff says, "so far OEO is a success in terms of money expended." He foresees the death of Federal work in community action in the near future, however, and the transfer of other OEO aspects to established government agencies. Still, in communities where a policy of involvement has taken root he believes things will improve even without outside money and staff.

Government funds given to urban ghettos to 'cool them off' in the summer are making interested people in Appalachia wonder if they too have to apply the heat to get equal recognition. Short of that, Overdorff thinks an organization like the Congress for Appalachian Development could keep things moving in the right direction in the Mountain South. "CAD" is the type of thing Appalachia needs," he says. And he emphasizes, "CAD should look at immediate and meaningful goals." . . . That seems to be the key to Jim Overdorff's own approach. As long as the means are there he'll continue to pursue it.

LIBERTY HOUSE OPENS A GROWING MARKET TO LOW INCOME GROUPS

BY ELLEN MASLOW

Are you a craftsman? Are you a member of a craft group or cooperative? Do you know of crafts which need a wider market? Would you like to market your crafts cooperatively with other low-income craftsmen throughout the country?

LIBERTY HOUSE is a marketing co-op, organized and operated by the federation of twelve craft co-ops in Mississippi. These co-ops were provided with the financial and technical assistance they needed to get started several years ago, by the non-profit Poor People's Corporation. Now, they're producing hand-crafted suede bags and leather belts, multi-colored candles, Negro and white stuffed dolls, jewelry, and many other attractive items. These two hundred producers in Mississippi collectively own LIBERTY HOUSE which is based in Jackson. The staff of Poor People's

Corporation continues to help the producer co-ops and LIBERTY HOUSE, by looking for the best buys on raw materials, new product ideas, training, and by publicizing the program.

LIBERTY HOUSE began selling the crafts by distributing a mail order catalog nationally: this year, 100,000 catalogs will have been distributed. The catalog has always brought in a good volume of sales, but other marketing methods were needed as well, once the co-ops were producing in larger quantities. So, LIBERTY HOUSE opened five retail outlets around the country, all of which use their profits to help Poor People's Corp. develop more co-ops, or to expand the co-ops already in operation. Each LIBERTY HOUSE also serves to publicize the need for volunteer craftsmen to train groups and stimulates people to buy more craft goods.

It was recently decided that LIBERTY HOUSE would open its marketing channels to other groups. This would mean that your crafts could be sold in each LIBERTY HOUSE and eventually through the mail order catalog (it will take a little time to work out the mechanics). All craft groups would benefit from marketing together in these ways, and there would be no middle man draining off the profits.

If you want to know more about this, please write to LIBERTY HOUSE, P.O. Box 3193, in Jackson, Miss. You will be sent a sample of our mail order catalog



Liberty House, an outlet for handcrafted items

and other information about the project. Please send LIBERTY HOUSE as much information as possible about your own products, with photographs if possible, and prices. LET'S WORK TOGETHER TO MAKE OURSELVES STRONGER.

HMS

The Athens Peoples' Congress

BY SIDNEY BELL

Sidney Bell is Assistant Professor of History at Concord College.



On the second weekend in August, the first People's Congress was held on the campus of Concord College, in Athens, West Virginia. This was an event of unusual significance for all those concerned with Appalachia, the "War on Poverty," and the nature of the democratic process.

The Congress was arranged by the Community Action groups of seven counties of southern West Virginia in conjunction with the Appalachian Volunteers. Over 570 delegates from county and local community action groups came to the two day conference for a program of speeches, workshops and planning.

Coal Operators Pay Little Tax

The two major speeches were given by Miles Stanley, state president of the AFL-CIO, and State Senator Paul Kaufman. Their addresses were meaningful. Mr. Stanley discussed the problems of the wealthiest nation in the world in which thirty per cent of its population lived in poverty, a nation which has subsidized business development while neglecting people. He pointed out that West Virginia was the fifth largest producer of natural resources and one of the richest states in the Union, but because of a regressive tax structure lacked the funds to develop the community services needed for the health, education, and welfare of its people. A sales tax provides 88 per cent of the state revenue while the coal operators who are extracting the basic wealth of the state get off virtually untouched.

Unfair Burden on Poor People

State Senator Paul Kaufman elaborated on the same concept. The persons with incomes less than \$2,000 a year pay 14 per cent of their income in taxes in West Virginia, while those with incomes over \$10,000 pay only 7 per cent of their incomes in state taxes. The tax system placed an unfair burden on the poor while allowing wealthy corporations to get off lightly. The absence of the needed social services; schools,

roads, health care, was a consequence, not of the poverty of the state, but of the inadequacy and regressiveness of the tax system. One might say that the effect of the tax system was to rob the poor to benefit the rich.

People and Political Power

Once the speeches were over, the delegates divided into workshops on roads, schools, taxation, health, election reform, welfare rights, and community action. People from the seven county area shared experiences and planned for an expansion of concerted action to solve the problems they felt most important to them. The workshops indicated that the community groups had begun to move from an emphasis on the correction of specific local abuses to viewing their problems in a broader perspective in which the interrelationship of these problems with the structure of political power was becoming apparent. Many delegates expressed the view that the specific complaints were part of a broader pattern, a system of political corruption, favoritism and discrimination which regarded the people as a resource to be exploited politically as coal was exploited economically.

Maximum Feasible Participation of the Poor

This Congress was, in many ways, the logical development from the assumptions behind the formation of the Office of Economic Opportunity and the Community Action Program. The legislation setting this up called for the maximum feasible participation of the poor. This call was based upon a growing awareness that the pattern of welfare and relief which had continued to mount since the depression of the 1930's was really a failure. Though it helped to relieve the suffering of individuals, it did not serve to correct but rather to maintain the condition of poverty and helplessness. In many areas, urban and rural, the welfare program had become a massive baby-sitting operation, shoving the poor aside, making their

poverty a little more bearable, but in fact helping to keep them poor.

The Poor Must Organize To Solve Problems

The concept of community action is based on the item that the poor have to organize and define their own problems and work toward their own solutions. This, in fact, would be in accord with the rhetoric of the politicians who keep complaining of the apathy and indigence of the poor who are said to be content with living off government handouts. Now the poor are said to be content with living off government handouts. Now the poor have begun to organize to solve their own problems—but the politicians are still unhappy.

In all of the areas of direct concern to the community groups, it became apparent that the system of favoritism, patronage, and discrimination in politics (discrimination against the poor in general as well as the Negro in particular) was a major factor in maintaining the pattern of poverty, in making it increasingly difficult for the new generation to overcome the obstacles that the poverty of their parents had imposed.

Problems of the Poor Common to All the Poor

The People's Congress represented the recognition that the real problems of the poor were not individual, and local, but were common problems and had to be solved by common action. This was bringing the people into conflict with local political structures, and the people were beginning to demand, not special favors and handouts, but equal and fair treatment.

Politicians Fear People Participation

It was noted that while this meeting was taking place, local politicians had recognized the threat of democratic participation to the paternalistic, even feudal character of political control. Politicians had already begun to condemn the Appalachian Volunteers as, immoral, subversive, and — most significant of all — of by-passing the local political structure. These politicians were often the same people who had criticized the dole as producing dependency and apathy, while at the same time denouncing community action organizers for stirring the people to action on their own behalf.

Reference was made to an article in the *Beckley Post-Herald*, which pointed to the politicians who had corralled the vote but neglected to serve the common people whose vote they manipulated. These politicians, the paper said, now feared the programs which "attacked the causes of poverty, ignorance, innocence, sheep-like-ness . . ." These politicians were pleased with the way things were and wanted to keep the people ignorant so that they would be more easily manipulated. They feared the awakening of the people.

"Watch who screams and makes accusations," the article ended, "and ponder why?"

A Declaration of Independence by the Poor

Since this Congress met, politicians had continued to complain and exert pressure against the community action program. The greatest difficulty, the new poverty bill, now in Congress, has encountered is over this very issue of community action. The House of Representatives has been responsive to the pressure of local political machines, and is now insisting that the community action movement be taken out of the hands of the people and restored to the local political structures. This would no doubt kill community action. The alternative would seem to be for the people to continue building their own organization, with or without federal support, and to broaden their fight for equal treatment and politics responsive to their needs. In a small but very meaningful way the Athens Congress was a declaration of independence of the poor.

Raleigh County People's Community Action

BY CHESTER WORKMAN

President, Raleigh County (W. Va.) Community Action

A year or so ago the poor people of Raleigh County had no voice in Community Action affairs sponsored by the Office of Economic Opportunity (O.E.O.) In Richmond District, The Better Citizens Club was started in 1963. It worked for better roads, phone service and to better the community in any way it could. They hollered about their roads and got some roads resurfaced. They got better telephone service, and they bought coal and groceries for the needy. They raised money by shooting matches, pie and ice cream suppers and bake sales. They bought 3 acres of ground and planned to build a community center. But the director of Raleigh C.A.A. said they couldn't receive any help unless the center was built on school property and controlled by school personnel. The people told the director, "No." They would build the center themselves and it would be run by the people.

The people attended the Raleigh County C.A.A. board but they still couldn't find out how the poor people would benefit from Community Action.

In August, 1966, Gibbs Kinderman, Appalachian Volunteer field man called me (Chester Workman) to meet and talk with him. Kinderman and Larry King, VISTA workers from East Beckley who believes in helping the people to help themselves, talked with me and a few other people. They said the people wanted to take Community Action over and let it be a peoples' program, but they needed a leader.

The C.A.P. director was under fire from the O.E.O. and the people. The President and Secretary had re-

signed. There was need for a general reorganization. A meeting was set and people from all over the County asked to come. I was endorsed for President. Things started happening all over the county. With the aid of the Appalachian Volunteer fieldman and 50 A.V.'s the people got together, formed committees to work on water, sewage, stripmining roads, housing and other problems. The next week the people unanimously elected me President of the Raleigh County Community Action. Soon after there were many people from all parts of Appalachia who went to Washington to see their congressmen to ask about Appalachia and the anti-poverty program. They came back determined to work for better organization. This set the ball rolling in Raleigh County. The people wanted action. They hired Gibbs Kinderman, the A.V. fieldman, as their director, because they believe he could be trusted to work for the peoples' interest.

The county meetings held in the court house each month now turned into overflow crowds instead of 15 or 20 as they used to be. Community organizations got started all over the county. The spirit of Community Action was stirring their veins. They wanted action, and action they got.

They got the Neighborhood Youth Corps out of the school program. They hired Herbert Buckley as director who did a wonderful job. They have their own office and plan to put a restaurant in it. The parents of the N.Y.C. kids are beginning to participate now and it makes the kids have more interest. They have socials, dances, picnics and go on outings.

The people also wanted Head Start because it was and is their program. They wanted to work with the children. This has been a big challenge to the people. They have made centers out of old houses, church, schools, chicken houses and Union Halls. They've raised money to paint, clean, and bring furniture and other equipment. They have shown they can work together, not only to help their income but to help the children and community.

Community people understand their problems better than anyone else. The only requirements for a Head Start teacher and aide are an eighth grade education, be in the low income, and love children. The teachers and aides took 8 weeks training under Miss Edith Murphy, who worked wonders with them. She said it was the most wonderful experience she had ever had, working with this dedicated group of women. The teachers took a further week's training at Marshall University.

The people got together to think more about further needs. They then wrote up a proposal for a medical program for services to the low incomes. Many who live up these creeks and hollows can't afford to go to a doctor even when they need to. The committee went to Washington and talked it over with O.E.O. officials. Now the program is funded, and besides

giving medical services to the needy, it also brought in some 150 new jobs. They have ambulances in each community under supervision of the community organization. We expect soon for each community to have its own local health center.

Raleigh County also has a Road Steering Committee made of one person from each district working for better roads. They worked up a proposal for a county transportation system. The County had no bus service at all after 5 p.m. It took five or ten dollars a trip for one to get to town by taxi. So a bus system was worked up on a non-profit basis. This will also be used to haul children from the creeks and hollows to town who never had a chance to see a town or ice cream stand or other places of interest to children. It will also help people from one community to visit, meet and know people in other communities.

Besides all the programs the people through Community Action are working for better education, better roads, getting water systems, sewage and air pollution — anything to better the area and make it a better place for people to live.

A few people can't do such things alone. It takes all working together. It is hard to tell about everything that is being done in Raleigh County through Community Action. No one person is responsible. The good that has come to us in the past year was due to united efforts of many. We've had good leadership, true. We've had much help from the Appalachian Volunteers and VISTA who are wonderful people. But it all boils down to the people, all working together!

The Anti-poverty program, to be effective, must have the people running it. The people must be able to make decisions and plan instead of having someone decide what is best for them. O.E.O. has opened the door for the Appalachian people to begin to run their own affairs. No one in the big central office knows the need of the poor people as well as the people living in the poor areas.

Why make a fat hog fatter, as has been done so often? Let the poor man rise up, plan his own future. This is the way to self-respect and self-confidence, and respect for fellow beings, too. The anti-poverty program is not a welfare program. It is not charity. It is a program to help people to help themselves. The big corporations in Appalachia have stripped us of our natural resources wealth and gave us nothing in return — except stripmined mountains, polluted streams, ugliness and poverty. You drive along a mountain road reading signs — "The Billion Dollar Coal Fields." Well, who got the billion dollars!?

Let's try to see opportunity where others see only occurrences, phenomena and facts. But, let's not merely see opportunities, let's act on them!

Pipestem Community Action

BY BRENDA NEELEY

In August, 1967, The Community Action Program was organized at Pipestem, West Virginia. Since then, much progress has been made toward the betterment of the community through the efforts of the common people.

During the West Virginia Water Festival at Hinton, the ladies of the group sold a total of \$52.85 worth of sunbonnets and aprons which they had made. Plans are now being made for the sale of fruit cakes which have already been purchased.

The men of the Action Group are constructing utility trailers which will sell for \$30.00 each. Also, a building in which to conduct shooting matches has been erected.

All profits from these activities will go toward building the Community Center in which Action meetings can be held and where the youth of the community can gather for recreation. A plot of land has been donated and the basement for this Community Center has already been dug.

Among other goals, the Action Group is striving for a new up-to-date elementary school for Pipestem and a public library. Two men of the Group are attending classes in government education one night a week to learn the problems of the community and how to become leaders in the community by being informed as to what the area needs and how to go about obtaining those desires.

Perhaps the most important objective which has been realized thus far is the people's learning to live and work together in harmony for something they really believe in. With this spirit and understanding, we feel that through hard work and perseverance, the goals we wish to attain are entirely possible in the coming future.

Happiness exists where there is, in addition to the things that bring satisfaction and contentment, a conscious awareness that one has these things. Most of us have the first qualification for happiness—we have an abundance of blessings. It is in the second area that we fall short—we fail to recognize the fact that we have all these wonderful things. Only through such recognition can we achieve happiness.

"No one can look back on his schooldays and say with truth that they were altogether unhappy."
—George Orwell

"It is wrong to say that God made rich and poor; He made only male and female, and he gave them the whole earth for their inheritance."

—Thomas Paine

Kentucky Sediton Law Killed by U.S. Court

A special U.S. court has killed the Kentucky sediton law in a historic case involving five civil-rights and poverty workers. The judges on the court held, 2 to 1, that the law violates the U.S. Constitution.

The court ordered the release of Carl and Anne Braden from the jail at Pikeville, Ky. The Bradens are executive directors of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF), an interracial group working to end racial discrimination, poverty, and other injustices in the South.

The ruling also stopped further prosecution of the Bradens; Alan and Margaret McSurely, mountain organizers for SCEF, and Joseph Mulloy, an organizer for the Appalachian Volunteers.

The five had been indicted for sediton after Thomas Ratliff, the state's attorney in Pikeville, accused them of "trying to overthrow the government of Pike County." Ratliff is candidate for lieutenant-governor of Kentucky on the Republican ticket.

The federal court refused to cite Ratliff for contempt. Such action had been asked by William M. Kunstler of New York and Dan Jack Combs of Pikeville, attorneys for the five. The attorneys charged that Ratliff broke an agreement not to prosecute the McSurelys and Malloy until the U.S. court had decided whether the sediton law was constitutional.

The law had been declared invalid in 1956 after the Bradens were arrested under it. At that time they were accused of trying to overthrow the government by selling a house in an all-white neighborhood to a black family. Braden served 8 months of a 15-year sentence.

In the latest case, Ratliff accused them and the others of trying to overthrow the government by organizing what he called "our poor."

Mulloy and his wife, Karen, had been especially active in organizing opposition to the stripping of mountain land to obtain coal. Prosecutor Ratliff founded and is former president of the Independent Coal Operators Association (ICOA), a national group which has its headquarters in Pikeville.

The McSurelys work on SCEF's Southern Mountain Project. This is designed to organize black and white citizens for joint action to solve their political and economic problems.

SCEF officials called the U.S. court decision the greatest civil-liberties victory in recent years. They added:

"The outcome of this case shows the importance of people being organized. We were able to defeat the efforts of old-line politicians to crush us because we are part of a national organization with good lawyers and much public support. But other people in every hamlet in the mountains and in communities throughout the South are subjected to worse injustices every day of their lives."

MOUNTAIN SENSE

BY PENNY L. WILL

"Now, I ain't a real smart man," Wesley Ayers said. "But it seems ta me that plantin' elderberry bushes on the spoils ain't gonna be much help ta us." He cocked his old, graying head and turned a shrewd eye on the Government man.

The fat, perspiring little man looked at the mountaineer wearily. He knew immediately from the strong face and determined look in Wesley's eyes that he wouldn't easily convince the hillbilly that Government ideas would work.

"Mr. Ayers, the purpose of this project is to reclaim your land, make it usable again—". He paused briefly. "To plant the bushes in order to stop runoff. They'll hold the topsoil."

"Aain't no topsoil ta hold." Wesley's voice hardened. He pointed a weathered finger toward the ugly pile of slag behind the house. "Ya got anymore smart ideas?"

"If you'd only listen to reason, Mr. Ayers, I'm trying to help you people. By planting the bushes now—"

"Ya ain't plantin' no elderberry bushes on these here spoils. My land's gone, my water's gone, I can't barely scratch a living off what's left, and you fellas want ta plant elderberry bushes. I don't want bushes," he shouted and waved his pipe in the air. "I want the spoils leveled off."

"Do you realize how expensive-leveling those spoil piles would be?" The Government man tried to make his voice stern. His puffy face ballooned when he drew in breath for his assault. "We're going to plant these bushes clear across the state," he said. "And they're going to do the job, too."

"An' what becomes of us in the meantime? Do you realize how expensive them elderberries is going to be to us?" As he waved his hand frantically in a circular motion, the Government man tried to follow its pattern with his eyes. The pattern depicted the ravaged mountainside, and the valley below. Wesley was angry; he was frightened, and angry. "Ya wanna know how mountain folks has ta live? Or ain't ya interested?" he shouted.

"Of course I'm interested. Why else would I be here?"

"Ta plant them blamed elderberry bushes, that's what fer." Wesley started down the path at a fast pace. "Come along with me," he ordered.

While the pudgy little man followed him, they circled the spoil pile and came out on a ridge above the valley. The man took a neat white handkerchief out of his pocket and mopped his forehead when they stopped. Wesley pointed to a rundown but still lovely house.

"Ya see that there? Used ta be one of the nicest places in the county. Look at it now, fallin' ta bits, 'cause there ain't no money ta keep it up; no money for paint, nor shingles. Hardly money enough for food." He looked at the fat man's face. "There's worse than this on the mountain. You should go see the school house. — You sure are a dumb one, ain't ya?"

"Now see here, I didn't come here to be insulted."

"I know, ya come ta help us. An' I don't mean ta be insultin'. But what kinda help is elderberries gonna be? We need our land back."

"I'm not authorized to do anything more than get your okay on the elderberry bushes."

"Well, ya ain't gonna get it. You tell them city fellers ta come see this for themselves. We kin help ourselves if they give us a chance. I know." He raised a calloused hand in protest when the Government man opened his mouth to speak. "Ya come ta help, an' we need help sure enough, but damn it, man, we don't need no charity or elderberry bushes. All we want is ta have them spoils leveled off. Then we can manage fine."

"Mr. Ayers, the people up here need their land, yes. But expenses are high, the budget is low, and we're trying to do all we possibly can for you. The bushes are a step in the right direction."

"They're a step closer to the grave for us. We can't feed our kids elderberry jam during the years the bushes is doing this wonderful job. And we can't dress our kids with elderberry leaves. We can't educate our kids with elderberry bushes. We can't do nothin' with elderberry bushes. Nothin' at all." Wesley turned back up the path, then stopped. "Now don't you go to braggin' on that so called budget of the Gov'ment's either. I kin read a little, and I see the papers." He continued up the path. His shoulders sagged and he looked much older than he had when the Government man had first seen him standing on the porch this morning.

The man rammed the handkerchief back into his pocket and hurried up the path behind Wesley. He panted heavily and his face was covered with perspiration again when he caught up.

"Wait. Wait a second, Mr. Ayers." As he stopped beside Wesley, the old man frowned down on him. He cleared his throat. "Are there enough people up here to get a petition signed, say 150 or more? You could send a delegate to Washington—"

"Look, mister. What does it matter? If there's ten people in the United States that's starvin' it's the Government's business ta do somethin' about it. I ain't holdin' too much with petitions and such like. The Government knows we're here, an' it seems don't give

a damn. You go back to Washington and tell your committee that. Tell your committee that if we was in a position to help them folks overseas, we'd do it. But as it stands, we're as bad off as they. An' if they don't believe it, let 'em come see."

Wesley was surprised when the Government man smiled broadly.

"I'll do that Mr. Ayers. I only hope I can say it as well as you did." He mopped his forehead again, then stuffed the handkerchief away. "Goodbye, Mr. Ayers. It was a pleasure talking with you."

Wesley scratched his head as he watched the man walking down the path. "Maybe there is some hope fer them fellers yet," he said.

Action, Sacrament and the "Jesus Way"

BY THE REV. MARLIN B. BALLARD

As Co-ordinating Minister of the Universal Christian Church in America I was most pleased to read the editorial in *The Appalachian South* concerning our Church fellowship. The entire issue, I found, encased the Church in the true context of its basic philosophy, "doing, not talking."

Too often churches have pontificated from pulpits, ostensified in stuffy pews, hautified from lofty portals, and deliberately created for themselves an image of exclusiveness and assumed authority.

They have pointed to a Master whose armies conquer under worldly banners rather than One whose followers overcome evil with actions of good.

With Those Who Suffer

They have worshipped a metalized Christ, adored the "religion of Western-Europe" as an idol, and have left the millions of poor, hungry and begging at the gate, even in their own land.

Little wonder there is widespread disillusionment with such a Church whose interests usually lie with those who would exploit rather than with those who suffer. Suffering is not fashionable and nakedness is not desired, yet these original "people of the Way" (and that is what the early Christians were first called) were neither fashionable nor well clothed. When Christianity became fashionable, when its values were determined by Who's Who rather than by What's What; when its preachers found eruditeness and sophistication their forte rather than seeing and telling it "like it is," at that time Christianity became Christendom and the still small voice of the Master within was choked and shut off and in its place the blast of bombs and the stench of gas and the sickness of religiosity prevailed.

We hope and pray the fellowship of Universal Christians will not develop apart from the "Jesus way" for the imperial Christ of arrogant men.

New Commandment, that You Love . . .

Jesus, when He walked through Galilee, made His teachings fit the need, His words relative to the case at hand. For instance, He saw clearly the poverty of the rich young ruler, and likewise noted the wealth of the impoverished widow. He knew the faith of an

ignorant centurian surpassed the pretense of the knowledgeable theocrat. In a world of relationships to Jesus all things were relative. The immediate and passing need of one individual differed from the immediate and passing need of another, and with each Jesus dealt separately and pragmatically. But with all His treatment of the individual His universal principles never flagged. What He did in each different situation He did with the same underlying love of his fellow man and love of the Creator of them all.

"Two new commandments I give you," He told his followers, "that you love God and you love your neighbor as yourself." Upon these two actions He instructed His students all the law of men and God followed as day the night. Certainly a man cannot steal from his neighbor if he loves both God and man, nor can he deceive or envy him. Neither can he murder or be a part of murder, either at home or abroad, if he truly and consciously loves his God of love or his neighbor who also is loved of God.

Love Put Into Action

There was nothing static about the love of Jesus for God or man. His love was a love of action put into action. He did not merely contemplate the hungry, or compile statistics on their numbers, He fed them. He did not meditate on active non-violence, He practiced it. He did not talk about His "Love-Power," He gave His life for it, and He told His disciples who fell into scepticism "that greater things than these they would do."

"Pie In The Sky," Not Enough

As His contemporary disciples we must take Him at His example, for even if we do not always comprehend His words, we should believe His deeds. As *Appalachian South* pointed out, "Pie-in-the-sky" is not enough. The kingdom of Jesus is to be with us now and is now for those who realize it and benefit from it, for the kingdom is in the love and respect for men, active sympathy for need and despair, in oppression and lack, for when the meek (Christ's own poor) learn to share with the meek, the lack will disappear, and the abundance appear. The meek can share their plentiful Spirit one with another and their human re-

sources placed shoulder to shoulder will overcome any oppression, any exploitation, and subtle devil of the deceitful world, to usher in the kingdom as promised, the earth inherited by the poor.

Temple Not of Wood and Stone

Such a program of Jesus, love and dignity of man, does not require costly Church edifices of wood and stone to be realized today, and obviously there are too many of them on the scene, too many collections of dimes and quarters to fan the emotions on a Sunday morn'. It is not buildings God requires or man needs, it is the temple within each man, the true shared universal Church that expresses itself in the human heart.

The Universal Christian Church is indeed more than a denomination or combination of denominations. It is YOU, and ME, and ALL who know the inner need, and discover God also knows and speaks to us above the altars of reason we erect for Him in our very souls and beings. Herein lies the Church, and let no man tell you otherwise!

Sacrament is Actions, Deeds

It has been said, and correctly we believe, that a sacrament is an outward sign of inner Grace. The Universal Christian strives to live the sacrament in action, not to limit it to contrived and rehearsed ritual and sterile forms. His sacrament is action, his communion with God in man; his rituals but the shadow of these real and vital expressions of positive activity.

The Universal Christian Church is overjoyed to know its wealth is not displayed in handsome buildings, but rather evidenced in hearts and souls and minds of men, who like the staff members of *Appalachian South*, a Universal Christian publication, are activists with a Way — the active and sacramental Way of Jesus, the true and divine way, the endowed human way, provided by God and acted out by man, as the journey onward goes and the kingdom is realized in fact, not theory.

The way of *Appalachian South* expresses the way of the Universal Christian, — action which strives to lift man to the glory and potential of the Jesus-Way, the active way of "Do, not talk."

Freedom on The Mountains

BY DON WEST

Note: This is first in a series about a page that is frequently slighted or left out of history books — the pro-Union, anti-slavery sentiment and activity in the Mountain South prior to and during the Civil War. The writer — poet, educator, lecturer, worker — has given years of research to the subject. He has helped stimulate greater interest and concern both in and outside the Southern Mountains.

Introduction

I think history is terribly important. It ought to be the most popular school course. But it's not. Why? Maybe the way it's taught sometimes cause students to be bored. Anyhow, too many students, too many people, don't seem to like history.

In these articles I may speak of some things you haven't heard much about. I'll try to make it plain and simple and down to earth, because I believe writing ought to have those qualities. I shall not bother you with footnote references, either. On this particular subject I think there is much misunderstanding, sometimes distortion in the history writing.

Why is History Important?

Why is the study and understanding of history important? Why, particularly, is the understanding of our own history important for Southern Mountain folk today?

Well, I think the way a people see themselves in history helps to determine their own self image. Did

you know that what you think of yourself, the image you have of yourself, is very important for you? Did you know that it pretty well decides what you may even try to do? The same is true for a country, or for a community, an area, a people. If we know where we've come from, why and how, maybe we'll have a clearer view of where we may be able to go, and how.

We've Been Hillbillyized

There have been many unpleasant things written about the southern mountaineer. Some very ugly things. We've been "hillbillyized" and "Tobacco Roaded" so long that sometimes some of us may begin to half believe some of those stereotypes about ourselves. Lil' Abner, Beverly Hillbillies and such are hardly calculated to add to our feeling of dignity and self respect.

A "hillbilly racist" stereotype has emerged, too. I've heard learned scholars of both colors refer to the "hillbilly psychology" when referring to the tap-root of southern racism. But it "ain't necessarily so," as the man said. In fact, it is downright false. These articles will show why.

So you see, the twisting of a people's history and cultural heritage may lead to wrong evaluation by others, and even worse, to a false self image.

Sort of Johnny Come Lately

What kind of people are we anyhow? Who is this hillbilly we've heard so much about?

The Federal Government now classes all the Mountain South as "depressed." That means we're poor, have a hard time making a living because of job scarcity and such. Many national magazines, writers, missionaries and other do-gooders have also discovered us in feature stories detailing our poverty and miseries. None of this is news to many of us, of course. The majority of mountain folk have always worked hard for scanty returns. Some of us wonder why the Government and all these other people were so late discovering what we've known all our lives. It strikes us a sort of Johnny come lately deal. Not that we don't welcome any aid from any where. But some of us have the notion that no problem solution ever really comes from the outside. It comes from within ourselves.

We have many sorts of "welfare" jobs now — the "happy pappies," the "muskrats," the ADC's and such. Some say we're just plain down no 'count, that we're just too lazy to work. Some "welfare" workers seem to try to make us feel like trash or scum. They act like they think we'll break the Federal Government by the few measley dollars we draw!

Yesterday's or Tomorrow's People?

Others see us as "Yesterday's People." All we need to solve our problems is to listen to them, get rid of our quare notions and quaint ways, accept middle class values like the rest of America.

Some of us doubt this. We hold a notion that maybe, after all, there may be good values in our own cultural heritage worth considering, saving and extending. Most of us are exposed to the cultural product of middle class America via TV and other mass media. We find few values to get excited about here. We know about political machines, poverty, race riots and rats, murder gangs and such in the great centers of America.

We've also had political representatives of the great American family dynasties come to us. We have a Rockefeller now. And when John Kennedy ran in the West Virginia primary, spending a quarter of a million dollars on his way to the White House, there was more free liquor around the polls than we'd seen in a mighty long time. But it didn't wipe out our poverty, and it hasn't. We are also aware that the Al Capone type patriot, Cosa Nostra and underworld political deals are as much a part of the "American Way" as is racial injustice.

So some of us seriously doubt the value of becoming just like the rest of America. We even prefer our square, quaint ways, if nothing else.

But is there anything in our own mountain cultural history worth understanding, appreciating, preserving, expanding?

I happen to think there is. I remember back in the 1930's teaching on Troublesome Creek in east Kentucky when the first "welfare" program got under way. One day up the left hand fork of Troublesome

visiting with Dan and Mary Pratt I was told how the social worker came by offering surplus commodities. Now Troublesome's people were poor, alright, and needy. But they said: "We're not paupers. We don't take hand-outs!"

That sentiment stemmed from our mountain heritage — self respect, independence, human dignity.

But a lot of water has gone down Troublesome — and Cabin Creek — since then. Men can only stand to look into the eyes of their hungry children for so long. Troublesome's people, like others in the mountains, were eventually forced to accept hand-outs. Life had changed. Great corporations had reached into the mountains. The squeeze was on. A man could no longer take axe and bull-tongue plow to scratch a living from hill-side patches. That self respect and pride, once virtually a part of every mountain man, have undergone a massive mauling. Conditions created sharp-toothed destroyers that gnawed away inside men until human dignity itself was almost swallowed. Our people became victims of circumstances they did not create and over which they had no control. From such conditions outside corporations drained millions in great fortunes.

But the mountain people never gave in easily. They fought back every step of the way. The heroic tales of trade union beginnings in Harlan, Gastonia, Marion, Elizabethtown, Cabin Creek, Wilder of the 1930's record that spirit. The current struggles against stripmining devastation at Pikeville, Clear Creek and Troublesome Creek; the recent gathering of near six hundred representatives of the poor from areas of West Virginia and east Kentucky at Athens, West Virginia, in a militant weekend conference on building poor people unity throughout the mountains — all witness the fact that the mountain man is not defeated. He still has courage to dissent. He is never an establishment creature.

Perhaps it remains for the mountain people to again come to the rescue of the nation as in these articles we propose to show they did in the Civil War. Perhaps instead of labeling us "Yesterday's People," a more fitting one might be "Tomorrow's People."

With Courage To Dissent

Settlers in the mountains came from a different cultural background to the tidewater cavaliers or lowland slaveholders. Mountain men came from a dissenting, freedom-loving tradition. True, they were of the common folk, mostly Scots (sometimes called Scotch-Irish). They had opposed both religious and political oppression in the old country, fled for a time to northern Ireland, then to the New World. There were also sprinklings of German, French Huguenots, Welch, Swiss and English. But in the main they were hard headed independents with courage to dissent even when unpopular and dangerous. Their values were in men more than in things.

Early mountain religion was strongly Presbyterian,

naturally, because of the Scots. Mountain men were intensely devoted to religious freedom. Western Virginia's people strongly resented being taxed to support the Anglican established church of Virginia. This was an early point of dissension between mountains and tidewater. Add unfair tidewater representation (three fifths of the slaves were counted), slavery and secession, and the new mountain state of West Virginia came to be.

No Witches Were Burned

Despite strong Calvinistic influences, and unlike Puritan New England, the mountaineers never tried to force their beliefs on others. No one was persecuted for holding different beliefs, nor for disbelief. No "witches" were burned. One might be a church member or one might not. One might even be an outspoken unbeliever. That was a free man's right.

As time went on and the mountains continued to be isolated and slighted on internal improvements by their several state governments, education waned. Schools and roads were virtually non-existent. The Mountain South became literally a great unknown wilderness area inhabited by "quare people," sometimes referred to by tidewater aristocrats as "wild men."

But Never Establishment Men

Perhaps this very "wildness" was part of the dissent. For these hardy hill people were never "establishment men." They never had hit it off very well with royalty, nor with those who traded and bought other men's bodies as slaves.

For these mountains were the home of freedom loving men. This is an emphasis that can't be overstressed. It went back to the earliest settlement and beyond. Here was formed the first Commonwealth with a constitution for self government written by American born white men — the Watauga Association. Here the State of Franklin was created by men who had fought royal governor Tyron of North Carolina in the Alamance Battle. Many of these same veterans with hog rifles tramped back across the Great Smokies to defeat British General Ferguson at King's Mountain in a victory Thomas Jefferson declared crucial to the American Revolution.

The Cradle of Abolition

It was up the valleys through these mountains that the main line of the Underground Railroad ran with refugees bound for Canada and freedom. Many an humble mountain cabin gave food, shelter and direction on the way to weary black men and women. From here came Helper's great book, *The Impending Crisis*, in 1857, used as campaign literature to elect Lincoln in 1860.

It was also here in the Southern Mountains that the abolitionist movement to free 4 million black slaves was born, nurtured and cradled through infancy to a

maturity that eventually broke the chains of chattel bondage to make the Negro a man instead of a thing.

It was here that the first newspaper in America dedicated wholly to abolishing slavery was first published — *The Emancipator*. Elihu Embree was publishing his *Emancipator* when William Lloyd Garrison was only 10 years old.

And to these mountains the gentle Lundy came to work and shed his sweat and tears getting out the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* after Embree's death.

There Never Was a Solid South

Abraham Lincoln, himself a descendant of Kentucky hill people, was early aware of the great loyalty of the Mountain South in the Civil War. Other northern leaders were not, including some of his generals. For example, in 1862, General W. T. Sherman, in a letter to his brother, wrote:

"It is about time the North understood . . . that the entire South, man woman and child, is against us, armed and determined. It will call for a million men for several years to put them down."

This is the long accepted assumption of a "solid South." Sherman was so wrong there. He obviously knew nothing of the Mountain South. This we're going to tell about in these articles. It is a part of history too few people know, even ourselves whose ancestors were involved. Too many people, including history book writers, would agree with Sherman, that it was a "solid South" in support of slavery and armed against the United States Government.

It is also mistakenly said that slavery itself was simply an issue between North and South, with pesky New England abolitionists stirring up all the trouble leading to the Civil War. Thus Texas born W. D. Weatherford of Berea College writes: "There can hardly be any doubt that the War Between the States could have been averted had the abolitionist of the North been willing to see the situation as it was and hence toned down his bitter denunciation. . ."

Such writing entirely ignores the fact that for 50 years before the Civil War a tiny handful of southern slaveholders held the center of the stage in Washington. Due to three-fifths of the slaves being counted for congressional representation, these slaveholders had an unfair advantage. They were never more than a small fractional minority even in the South. Not over 300 thousand southerners ever owned slaves out of a southern white population of some 6 million. Not only did this tiny minority of slavers rule 4 million black slaves and 6 million non-slaveholding white southerners with an autocratic iron hand, but they reached out to tighten their rule over the entire population of the United States. They were cocky, violent and vain about their powers and privileges. An ex-

ample is the swaggering Brooks of South Carolina clubbing Senator Sumner to unconsciousness while the Senator was pinned under his desk on the very floor of the seat of Government in Washington.

Unable to Dictate, They Pulled Out

Rich and arrogant, these few slaveholders assumed the right to tell all the people what they could or could not do. They wanted to force slavery onto new states and territories whether the people wanted it or not. And they actually thought their power would endure forever. Many other people thought so, too. For the tendency is for people to accept the "powers that be." They thought they had the final word on the "American Way of Life." It was only after awakening to the fact that they could not continue to rule the whole country, that they were losing their control, that they decided to pull out, to secede.

In his condemnation of the abolitionist of the North above, Dr. Weatherford mentions none of this. Neither does he mention the fact that the most pointed anti-slavery agitation originated, and continued to exist, in the South despite the stern repressive measures of the 1830's. The basic fact of primary importance is that the South's first difficulties over slavery did not come from the North but were within itself and continued to be. This Weatherford and his kind of history writers, overlook.

Anti-Slavery Centered in Mountain South

While anti-slavery sentiment and activity existed in many parts of the old South — the Grimke sisters of South Carolina, Robert Tharin and John Augey of Alabama and Mississippi, Bierney of Kentucky and others — the main anti-slavery concentration was in the Mountain South. Here was an area from the Mason and Dixon Line extending down across the South 700 miles long and up to 300 miles wide to northern Georgia and Alabama within 200 miles of the Gulf predominately anti-slavery and pro-Union. It has been described as a long, lean arm of the Union stretched across the central South, dividing seaboard from interior.

From this Mountain South more men volunteered for the Union Army than would have been the draft quota had it been above the Mason and Dixon Line. This, incidentally, did not happen in a single northern state. These mountain men volunteered with no promise of bounty and at great risk to home and family.

Confederacy Feared the Mountains

While historians may not have properly assessed this southern mountain support to the Union, the Confederacy was acutely aware of it. Over and over the records show how hazardous to success the Confederacy held the mountain "betrayal" to be. We cite only one of many possible examples: In March of 1863, the Assistant Secretary of War of the Confederacy wrote:

"The conditions of things in the mountain districts of North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama menaces the existence of the Confederacy as fatally as either of the armies of the United States."

Conditions were even worse for the Confederacy in east Tennessee and, of course, western Virginia mountains seceded from Virginia that same year, 1863, to be incorporated as a new state in the Union, the loyal state of West Virginia.

NOTE: Future stories in this series will deal in more detail with persons, places and events, such as:

A 20 mile long Georgia mountain valley where plantation "man hunters" feared to go but refugee slaves on the way to freedom could "walk the entire length in broad open daylight" with food, lodging and direction supplied by the hill folk;

The Georgia mountain county that put the *Union* flag over its court house every day of the four years of the Civil War;

The five Georgia mountain counties that burned their jails so there'd be no prisons to put them in for refusing Confederate service;

The Alabama state legislator who fought secession, who organized anti-slavery mass meetings in the mountains of northern Alabama, and who spent the four years of Civil War in a Montgomery prison;

How William Lloyd Garrison was influenced to become an *active* abolitionist by sentiment and activity from the southern mountains;

The southern mountain abolitionist Garrison considered himself to be a disciple of, who sent nine sons to the Union Army, led a fight in his church for abolition, and was called "the father of abolition, the Martin Luther of the cause" by Beecher;

The southern mountain woman who hid and shielded Union soldiers and two slaves from Confederate searchers;

The Georgia mountain woman who tramped 20 miles with bull and cart to cut the rope that held her Union sympathizing husband to a chestnut limb where Confederate raiders had strung him;

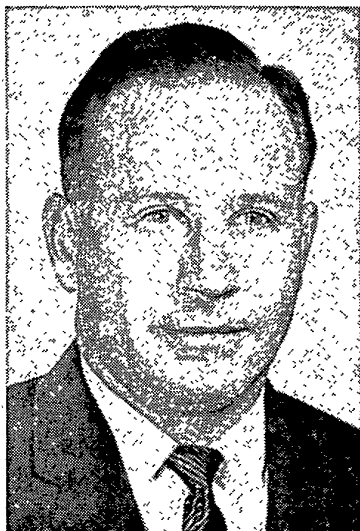
The Georgia mountain Union sympathizer who was dragged from his home at midnight, tortured for a confession by Confederates, and died cursing the Confederacy at the end of a rope.

An overall evaluation of the effect of southern mountain loyalty in shaping the history of the nation;

Charles Osborn, John Canady, Elihu Swain, John Underhill, Jesse Wills, Thomas Morgan, David Maulsby and many others whom you may not have read about in history books, but who pioneered in building the early mountain "Manumission Society," and who deserve to be mountain folk heroes;

These and many other stories are to come.

The Labor Unions



BY MILES STANLEY, *President*
West Virginia Labor Federation, AFL-CIO

Note: Mr. Stanley's comments here are related particularly to the struggle of the Union Carbide workers in Kanawha County, West Virginia.

The American public has been sold a bill of goods about the labor movement. Trade unions, they are told by most of the mass media, are wildly irresponsible characters who strike at the drop of a grievance. Trade union members, they tell you, are regularly fleeced by "big-shot racketeer labor bosses." Most young people coming out of college today think that every worker in America lives in a big three-bedroom, ranch-style home in the suburbs, has two cars and a color TV set. If you think I'm exaggerating, ask your children what they are being taught in school about the labor movement.

Much of the American public has been sold this bill of goods. And it is corporations like Union Carbide, the big advertisers, that are doing the selling. Back in 1960, several executives in the General Electric Company were found to be involved in wholesale thievery and price-rigging. One poor GE executive even drew a six-month jail sentence for fleecing you and me, John Q. Public, of millions of dollars. But let a trade union leader get greedy and the government moves heaven and earth to put him in prison. Oh yes, at General Electric, "progress" is their most important product, and their darling of the TV screen, Ronald Regan, is busy giving the people of California a real taste of that GE brand of "progress."

Let's talk for a moment about how "well off" we are.

In November, 1966, the AFL-CIO Research Department gave the average *minimum income* needed by a city worker's family of four to maintain a "modest, but adequate standard of living." This estimate totaled \$6,797 yearly. How many workers in the Kanawha valley took home \$7,000 last year? And we're talking

about maintaining a modest standard of living, just keeping a comfortable home, seeing that our kids are well clothed and educated properly. You know yourselves how many workers knock themselves out with overtime, or take extra "part-time" jobs to make ends meet. Often, both parents have to work to squeeze by.

Corporate profits rose 80.5 per cent from 1960 to the last quarter of 1966.

Think about that. In six years, corporations nearly doubled their profits. This growth has been most spectacular since 1963.

During this same period, how were the working people doing? Did we double our wages? No, it was 80 per cent for the boss and 27.8 per cent for the workers. Now, on the face of it, even 27 per cent looks pretty good. But that is *gross* pay — not what you take home. When you take out for taxes, and especially for the sky-rocketing cost of living, caused by higher prices, you share increased by only 11.5 per cent since 1960. You can find this in the official figures of the Bureau of Labor Statistics. In April, 1967, workers' average real wages — your pay after cost of living adjustments — amounted to \$86.45. That's an average figure for all working people. But when you take out taxes, the BLS says average spendable earnings are at only \$77.32 a week for a family of four.

Unregulated automation is a blessing to working people, we are told. Increased productivity, automatically means more for all of us, so says big business. But again, the Bureau of Labor Statistics shows that the worker's share of increasing national productivity has not kept pace. While national productivity has risen by about 17 per cent since 1960, working people have only increased their share by four per cent. That's the kind of "blessing" American workers are getting from automation.

These figures tell a story. Rising profits, rising costs are undercutting workers' gains to the point where workers are relatively worse off today than they were back in 1960.

But if you read the company propaganda, you never had it so good. Union Carbide would have you think that they barely scrape along, just existing on the crumbs that fall from the worker's table. Let's look at the record

Poor Union Carbide. In 1965, it was ranked only as being the 21st from the top in sales. Of 500 major corporations in the United States, Union Carbide was 21st from the top. If that figure sounds too low, you might be relieved to hear that in terms of profits in 1965 it was 15th from the top. It turned a net profit of only \$227 MILLION that year. But in 1966, it upped that profit to \$231 Million. After two years of spectacular increases, Union Carbide profits in 1966 rose only 1.8 per cent over the 1965 level. But in 1964, profits had jumped by 18 per cent and in 1965 they were 20 per cent greater than they were in 1964. So, one needn't feel too sorry for the company. If you were a stock-

holder your investment dollar earned you nearly 16 cents — and 10 cents on the dollar is considered good.

Even though business fell down a little bit, that didn't stop Union Carbide's top management from amply rewarding itself for its labors. It must be hard to live the life of a top Carbide executive. In 1966, Mr. Birny Mason, Chairman of the Board of Carbide received a mere \$285,000 in salary along with a piddling \$66,000 in "incentive payments." That made his total salary only \$351,000. Fortunately for him, he received an additional \$9,040 in dividends from some Carbide stock he owned. And if you are still worried how he is going to make it on that paltry sum, you should know that he participated in the juicy "stock option" plan that Carbide has reserved for its executives. This plan enabled him to purchase 3,300 shares of Carbide stock for \$41.25 per share at a time when the market value was \$62.06 per share. His profit on paper at the time of purchase was \$68,681. When all these are totalled together, Mr. Mason earned \$428,721 in 1966. Of course, in all fairness, we are not including fringe benefits such as his fully-paid retirement plan and expense accounts.

Now I've never met Mr. Mason, but for the sake of argument, I'm willing to concede that as Chairman of the Board, he is entitled to more than the average Carbide worker. But is he really worth that much more?

Don't get me wrong, I'm not making a personal attack on any corporation executive. But when a worker demands a guaranteed annual wage like the brothers of Ford are doing, he is accused of wanting to "destroy personal incentives." If high salaries destroyed incentives, Carbide management couldn't open up the building in the morning.

The public is sold the bill of goods that weak management cowers in fear of the blackjack artists called the labor movement. Trade unionists are almost called bullies for the way we kick the boss around. Mind you, we're talking about a company that has over 80,000 employees in this country and an additional 46,000 employees in its overseas subsidiaries.

Carbide has plants not only all over the U.S., but all over the world. They produce everything from industrial chemicals to mattresses and home remedies. Recently they opened a dry cell battery plant in Ghana. Last August they announced a new subsidiary in Greece. Since the new fascist dictators in Greece are smashing the free trade unions there, this new plant should be very profitable. In May, Carbide invested \$8.3 million in a plastics factory in the "island paradise" of Formosa. Carbide also found time to make entry into the jewelry business, selling little items that range from \$75 to \$12,000 a piece.

Carbide took a lesson in union busting a long time ago. They have used every device to prevent effective trade union unity. Many of their plants are organized by different unions. Carbide always maintained the

fiction that each of its plants were totally independent when it came to negotiations. But in reality, all the contracts were o.k.'d on Park Avenue. Workers didn't have a chance under scattered conditions like that — and in the past years they've done something about it, by developing greater unity across trade union lines through the coordinated bargaining approach conducted by the Industrial Union Department. Though this unity is still in its early stages, and has a long way to go, it provides real hope for Carbide workers.

What about Carbide's reputation?

Here's what Oregon Senator Wayne Morse had to say about Carbide last fall!

"When I was with the War Labor Board in the early 1940's, Union Carbide was known as an antiunion company. Apparently, it has not changed. I think the time has come for Union Carbide to join the twentieth century in settling labor disputes and to recognize that workers have some rights in our free society . . .

"Our government should be as zealous in protecting the basic rights of workers as it is in its efforts to obtain a Taft-Hartley injunction against strikes affecting the basic defense effort. Union Carbide has a sorry record of 19th century anti-unionism."

Working people are rebelling against this kind of 19th century attitude. Not only do we want good pay, but we want to have a say in how we are treated on the job. We want to have a say about automation, speed-up and the deadening pace of the lines. We spend over one-third of our adult life working in a plant somewhere. Outside the plant, we are free men, we have a say in running our political life, we have a democracy. But when we enter the plant we become like slaves, with little say in how our life is ordered. We need some *industrial democracy* on the job, to participate in the decisions that affect our lives most dramatically. Should workers adapt to automation or should automation adapt to the workers? It is not enough of finding some way of living with the technological revolution, of adapting to it. There is much more at stake than that. The new technology must serve as a tool in the building of tomorrow's world. This is the attitude we need if the slaves of the machines are to become its masters.

If there is a man on this earth who is entitled to all the comforts and luxuries of this life, it is the working man whose labor produces them. If not him, then who is?

"When we give necessities to the needy we do not bestow upon them our goods; we return them their own; we pay a debt of justice rather than fulfill a work of mercy."
—St. Gregory the Great

"The mass of mankind has not been born with saddles on their backs, nor a favored few booted and spurred, ready to ride them legitimately, by the grace of God!"
—Thomas Jefferson

A Correspondence

BY GURNEY NORMAN

Dear Brother Herschel,

I know you will be surprised to hear from me it's been so long. How I found out you was yet living and where was Otis Pratt is from there, who came to rent my upstairs apartment, a nice young Air Force man. He says he grew up within a mile of where your daughter lives in Knott County, that his mother is her neighbor and for you to tell her hello. I call it the Lord's miracle that He sent Otis Pratt to my house a messenger of the only good news I have had in many years. I pray to Him this will reach you and that you will answer and we will be in touch with one another again.

So its been many years since we were all at home together hasn't it dear Brother? I often think of those old days and wish I was back at home with my loved ones instead of sitting in this lonesome place by myself. Did you know I lived in Pheonix? I have lived here eleven years. My husband, Troy, bought this house with two apartments and one other with three apartments and moved us here in 1954 when he retired and for my asthma. Then the next year he died of heart trouble and Bright's disease so I have a mighty load to carry by myself. Troy had a boy and girl by his first marriage but they have forgot their old stepmother, and I never had children of my own as you perhaps know. It is lonesome in Phoenix and I breathe with difficulty, and my tenants are the only ones I see and they are not always friendly except Otis Pratt, a nice young Air Force man who the Lord sent to me and put us in touch again and oh I hope how soon we can be together, like we were so many years ago when we lived on Cowan Creek. Join me in thanks to God and write soon.

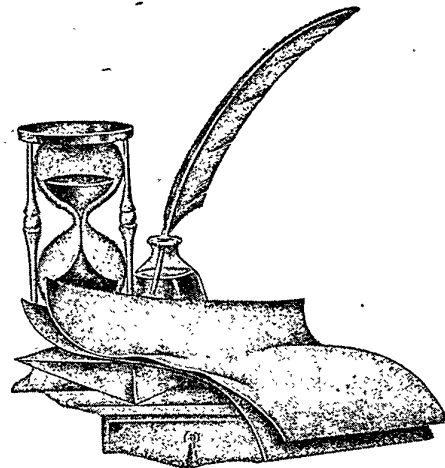
Mrs. Drucilla Cornett Toliver
Your loving sister,

Rt. 1, Hindman, Kentucky
August 18, 1965

Sweet Sister,

Could not believe your letter at first. I thought it was another trick to torment me. I read it, read it again, then had daughter Cleo read it to me to be sure it was true. A big surprise, to think for years I have a sister living after all.

Yes, many years have gone under the bridge since we were all at home together and so happy. Now



everything is down to a final proposition it appears like. I have the gout and cataracts. My wife Naomi Pennington Cornett (did you ever know her? I can't think if you did or not) died last year. My younguns are scattered here and yon, except daughter Blanche who died and son Romulus who lost his mind. I live first with one then the other, but mostly daughter Cleo, the others don't want me much. Bad business to be amongst ungrateful children.

Arizona. A mighty fine place I hear. Your man done good by you to leave you so well off. I seen Goldwater on television one night, speaking right from Pheonix. He strikes me as a scoundrel but it showed pictures of fine Arizona country, the desert and the sunset on some mountains so peaceful and quiet, it sure looked like where I want to be. And I hope how soon we can be together sweet sister to keep each other company in these terrible times.

Your brother Herschel Cornett

Age 79 how old are you by now
August 23, 1965

Dearest Brother,

I am 72. I have asthma and artherites, bursitis and awful high blood pressure. My fingers hurts now to write this letter and I hope you will be able to read it.

But you have a nice hand write, Brother. You always was a good scholar at Little Cowan School. I remember walking to school with you boys, and the way it set back against the hillside, the front end of it on stilts high enough to play under, and the way the willows and the sycamores leaned out over Cowan Creek, and wading the creek and the Big Rock we played on that had mint growing around it. I remember an Easter egg hunt at the school. And the fight you had with Enoch Singleton. I know I have forgot a lot of old times but I do remember that school very well and hope to see it when I get back to dear Kentucky.

Which should not be too long now. My houses are not fancy but they are buying up property right and

left here and I have buyers galore to pick from. But I want to get a good price so we can afford ourselves a nice place together somewhere there in Knott County. Do you ever hear of any places for sale in the Carr Fork section? Who owns the old homeplace now? Maybe we could buy it back and live there again and be like we used to be so many years ago.

I look forward to meeting your Cleo, and all your grandchildren. You are so lucky to have grandchildren I never did even have children, but I guess I told you that. Until I learned you were yet living I cried myself to sleep every night with only Jesus for my comfort. But now He has sent me you, and soon we will be reunited in His love, sweet brother.

In His Holy name,
Drucilla Toliver

August 29, 1965

Sweet Sister,

So much racket going on here I can't hardly think what to write. It is this way all the time in this house, no peace and quiet. Cleo won't control her younguns. They all promised me my own room before I moved in, but then never gave me one, it was all a lure and a trap. I turn the television up full blast to drown them out. After a while you don't hear a loud television but it is still a poor substitute for true quiet like you all must have out west.

The '27 flood got Cowan School.

A flood can come and get the rest of this place for all I care. Kentucky is all tore up and gone, Sister. Soon they'll flood Carr Fork and that whole section, including the homeplace, the government's doing it. You are fortunate to have your property. I used to have property, on Hardburly Mountain, two hundred acres, with a good stand of white pine, plus a well, dwelling house, barn and good-sized garden. But the strip miners got it all. I lawed the sons of bitches but couldn't do no good. So here I am stuck at Cleo's house, crowded up, no privacy, she can't cook, younguns gone wild, not enough heat, and they read my mail before I get it. (You be careful what you say!) Count your blessings in Arizona, sister, none in Kentucky to count. And keep your property, I'll be out there before long to help you run it and we'll get along good for ever more.

Your loving brother,
Herschel

September 4, 1965

Dear Brother,

You would not like Arizona. It is not green and cool here like Kentucky, and Phoenix is difficult of living. I can't tell you too much about Phoenix except that Carson Avenue is a terrible place. I've only seen the downtown part once, in 1956, when the Presbyterians took me down and back one day for a good deed, but

it wasn't much then and I doubt that it's any better now.

I want to pick blackberries again, and gather chestnuts and see the laurel when it blooms. I never see anything on Carson Avenue except the motorcycle gang go by. Taxes are awful and the heat and when you call the water company it takes it a month to come, and you can't see television because of this sarcastic neighbor Mr. Ortiz who pranks with the electricity.

So I'll be home in a month or two, soon as I settle up my business. You look for us a place to buy. Get it in the country, pick us out a cove off one of those cool hollows and have laurel on it if you can. It would be good to live close to Carr Creek or Troublesome, or maybe even over on North Fork River. I'm not much of a fisherman but you always were, and I can cook fish, Troy always liked them. It would be handy if we could buy us a good house already built. But if you feel up to it, and some of your children would help, I'd like to buy a hillside with good timber on it and we could have us a house built out of our own wood, to suit us, and cheaper too. Wouldn't that be something? I'd like to be on the road to see people go by, nice Kentucky neighbors and kin folks. Last Sunday I was sitting on my porch and a motorcycle man yelled an ugly thing at me and upset me terrible.

And I didn't exactly admire your using bad language in your last letter, Brother. That indicates you might not be saved, but I pray you are, but if you aren't tell me the truth about it.

Sister Drucilla

September 11, 1965

Drucilla,

Don't come to Kentucky. I tell you this is a terrible place. The union has pulled out. No work anywhere. They're gouging the hillsides down, stripping and auguring. Ledford Pope's house got totally carried off by a mudslide. The streams are fouled, not a fish this side of Buckhorn Lake, not even any water to speak of except at flood time then there's more than anybody wants. The young folks have mostly moved to Ohio and Indiana to work, and them that's left have no respect for old people, they'd never help us build a house even if we had something to build it out of, Kentucky's timber has been gone since you have. Coal trucks make more racket than motorcycles, and there's no air fit to breathe for the slate dumps burning. Sure no place for asthma sufferers.

I've seen the pictures of Arizona, and read about it. It sounds like all the old folks in the country are retiring out there but me. Damn such business as that, I'm on my way soon as I can accumulate train-fare. If you've got some extra to send me for expenses I'd be grateful to you, and make it up to you once I got there. I'll rent two apartments from you myself, I want me some room to stretch in. And don't worry

about getting downtown. Me and you will take right off the first thing and see all the sights and visit all the retired people in Phoenix and go to shows and ride buses and and sit around the swimming pools drinking ice tea.

Sorry for the bad words. Yes, I'm saved. I was a terrible rip-roarer most of my life, but 12 years ago I seen the light and give up all bad habits except cussing. I'm ready to give that up too but see no way to go about it till I get somewhere where there ain't so much to cuss about.

Your brother Herschel

September 17, 1965

Brother,

I'm not going to live in Arizona. That's all there is to it. You don't understand how it is here. Why do you not want me to come home? Are you making up all those bad tales on Kentucky, just to keep me from coming? I don't understand your attitude. A man that would cuss his sister would lie to her too, and the Bible admonishes against oaths and lies. I don't want to boss you but I'll not be bossed myself, and I absolutely will not stay in Arizona.

Drucilla Toliver

September 19, 1965

Sister,

You say you don't understand my attitude. Well I don't understand a sister that would have two fancy houses and yet turn out a suffering brother to suffer at the hands of mean children and a bad location. You talk like such a Christian. I say do unto others as you want them to do unto you and you're the one with two houses. I didn't cuss you. And I just wonder who is lying to who, for I have seen the pictures of Arizona and read of everybody moving there to retire and be happy. It sounds like you're all out there together plotting to keep me out. Well you won't get away with it and I have one question to ask: have you been getting secret letters from Cleo on the side? It wouldn't surprise me.

Herschel Cornett

September 23, 1965

Brother,

I still refuse to stay in Arizona, in spite of your insults, and I suggest you read The Beatitudes.

Drucilla Cornett Toliver

September 26, 1965

Sister,

You and Cleo think you can lure and trap me into staying here but you are wrong.

Herschel Cornett

Fall and Winter, 1967

September 29, 1965

Herschel,

You have turned out strangely is all I can say, un-mindful of the needs of others, and if you continue to curse me we might as well forget the whole business.

Drucilla Cornett Toliver

October 2, 1965

Drucilla,

I have not cussed you, but I am about to get around to it. And Cleo and Emmitt and Jenny and Sarah and R. C. and Little Charles too if they all don't hush their racket. If you don't agree to my coming there then you are right we might as well forget the whole thing, for I absolutely refuse to stay in such a goddamn hell-hole as this.

Herschel Cornett

October 4, 1965

Dear Herschel,

Satan moves your tongue and I won't listen, or agree to stay here another week.

Drucilla Toliver

October 8, 1965

Dear Drucilla,

Then we just as well forget the whole thing.

Mr. Herschel O. Cornett

October 12, 1965

Herschel,

Suit yourself.

Mrs. Drucilla Toliver

APPALACHIAN AID vs VIETNAM

As the Vietnam war has escalated, the Appalachian development program has been de-escalated with token appropriations. But if the war were to end suddenly, aid-to-Appalachia could be accelerated faster to help avert a recession if authority for bigger expenditures is already on the books.

The backlash from the Vietnam war, which has created a surly mood of rebellion against costly domestic reforms in the House, was primarily responsible for the unexpected troubles that the Appalachian bill encountered.

—HARRY ERNEST, *Washington Watch*
Charleston (W. Va.) Gazette

"The Lord will enter into judgment with the ancients of his people, and the princes thereof: for ye have eaten up the vineyard; the spoils of the poor is in your houses.

"What mean ye that ye beat my people to pieces, and grind the faces of the poor? saith the Lord God of hosts. . ."

—Isaiah

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Stand Up and Be Counted!

West Virginia Peoples' Meeting in Charleston

Robert Fulcher, Mercer County, brought greetings from 14 counties with the slogan "Stand up and be counted!"

This theme characterized the December 9 West Virginia Peoples' meeting in Charleston. It was expressed over and over by the voices of over 300 representatives of the poor gathered there in the Thomas Jefferson High School.

The Poor May Stumble

Chairman Frances Fornay of Raleigh County held it on a high note of courage and hope for poor people unity even though they may fumble and stumble in building it. She herself was an excellent example of the determination and dignity of the poor faced with new problems and responsibilities.

A Welfare That Perpetuates Misery

Warren McGraw, young Wyoming attorney for the poor, gave a straight from the shoulder talk on issues. "We don't need an election law reform," he said, "but enforcement." He stressed tax reform and responsible public officials. He said the power of the Governor in West Virginia is extremely limited. The Governor has only one vote in budget adoption. State Representatives who are paid only \$1,500 a year compete with corporation lobbyists who are paid more than \$30,000 a year. McGraw said industrial property in West Virginia does not share a fair burden of taxes. Small owners pay much higher proportionally. He strongly urged tax adjustment on corporate lands and large holdings.

About Welfare, McGraw said he was a firm believer in it. "But West Virginia's public welfare is a system dedicated to perpetuation of the misery of the poor. A welfare recipient gets 65 per cent of what the state considers sufficient to feed his family." Still, McGraw said, "for every dollar a welfare recipient earns (outside welfare) he is docked in the amount received." He said it was the responsibility of the state to provide 100 per cent of the peoples' needs, and urged that Welfare should make it possible for recipients to earn extra beyond the 65 per cent without being penalized.

To Make A Place Fit For Humans

Robert Fulcher, disabled miner and poor peoples' leader of Mercer County, made a forceful plea for building poor people unity. "When a bunch of dictators divide, they can do all the planning for the people," he said. It is time for us, the poor people, to get to

gether and do some planning of our own," he urged.

"In Mercer County we've been called a lot of things, except human beings," Fulcher said. "But we're going to try to make Mercer County a place fit for humans to live. We've been walked on too long. If we're not part of the small top group we're not considered. It is time we got rid of that." This can only be done by poor peoples' unity. It is time "to stand up and be counted," Fulcher stressed.

We're Going To Have To Stomp Our Feet

The dynamic young Denver Carter of Wyoming County sparked the entire day by his vital and down to earth appeal. He is another of the growing number of mountain men who know the score and are determined that the mountain people rise again and carry on in their great tradition. "West Virginia is victimized by out-of-state corporations," he stressed. "They take out our wealth and leave us poverty and ugliness. It is time that we got some of that wealth from the big corporations in taxes. The sales tax bites the poor man. (West Virginia has the highest tax in the nation). We are a wealthy state. We produce 12th in the nation. We must find a way to keep some of that wealth in these mountains. Our natural resources are shipped out, leaving hillsides stripped, slag dumps and disabled miners."

Denver urged taxes on mine property now virtually untaxed, a severance tax on natural resources and higher personal income tax. He stressed the need for action. "We've asked and begged and got nothing but a snub and run-around. There's been too much request and not enough demand. We're going to have to stomp our feet and demand. For one thing demand that the Governor include tax reform in his call to the Legislature." At the end of the day Denver led a large delegation to make this demand of the Governor.

Dead People on Voting Lists

James Washington, Mingo County, wondered that there could be "a 1,200,749 voters in West Virginia with a total population of less than two million. We must not have any children or teen-agers," he mused. (The following Monday Washington's Mingo County eliminated 5,000 names from the list of voters, names of dead people and other inelligibles used by the machine to win elections. This came from poor peoples' organized protest against election fraud).

No Medical Aid

Another speaker, Ross Chase, pointed out that "The War on Poverty had no medical assistance for the

poor in West Virginia." He urged statewide organization of the poor. "No one will do for the poor. They must do for themselves," he stressed. "We need to sense the urgency of our times," he said. If the program is turned over to City Hall and Court House, that takes the heart out of it.

A Piece of Green Cheese

John S. Caleb of Marshall University further emphasized the need to eliminate corruption at the ballot box. "Any government starting crooked cannot end otherwise," he said. Caleb said at election time the people were promised the moon, "but get less than a piece of green cheese." If the government doesn't work it is time to turn it over to others. The people need to let it be known that government is their government. "The government is you," he said.

Kaufman Gets Rousing Applause

State Senator, Paul Kaufman of Kanawha County, aroused a tumultuous response by a brief appearance near the end of the day. "Are you going to run for Governor?" a delegate shouted from the floor. "With this kind of support, how can I refuse?" Kaufman answered. It has been rumored that Kaufman may be a candidate in the forthcoming elections.

AV's Commended

Other urgent issues were discussed. Betty Dulcie of Marianna reported on how children of the poor are short-changed in education. A session on legal aid for the poor discussed ways and means of providing this service. Resolutions on roads and other issues were presented and adopted. A number of speakers noted, contrary to some reports, that the Appalachian Volunteers had been of great service to the poor. As a Mingo County representative put it, "The Appalachian Volunteers have been of more help to the poor of Mingo County than anything else." This was a general sentiment.

This meeting, following the one last August in Athens, West Virginia, is hopeful evidence of a growing concern and wide-spread determination of the poor for a massive unity that could make West Virginia, in Robert Fulcher's words, "a place fit for humans to live."

Views from Middle Ridge

STEPHEN KELLEY

If you have missed the time of certain change in our mountains, then you must wait a year, and even then cannot be assured of seeing them like they were just a minute ago.

Morning mists blanket all below, and gold finches flocked before my car on the way to work before the

landlord mowed the meadow. Now only the mists meet me and melt into the chemical mixed haze from the valley of man's endeavor. Goldfinches are rarely seen down there.

My being burns with the fury of resistance to man's indistinguishable drive to assure his pitiful immortality by doing things that make him seem good and great in the eyes of others in his presence, so he can see it all reflected in their eyes.

Some things of true value must be executed like the perfect practical joke; i.e. you must take a chance on the outcome you might never see or hear about. The only immediate reward is your own speculation.

Perpetual motion to no end is generated by the taxpayer and those who strive with his tendered tariffs. Do public servants think personally only in terms of one administration to the next because the voters will it so, or do those with the miniscule individual power, the voters, create a realm they don't like and are afraid to change because, in the pure essence, they don't know what they want other than immediate comfort?

Saw a man the other day, stop his car on a hill curve to run back and forth over a snake because he feared and hated it, and set up a hazard in a bad spot that could have taken the lives of many people. He grinned with glory as I drove by. I hated him and will always. Maybe if we really apply ourselves, all of us, his grandchildren won't be apt to do exactly the same foolishness.

Sometimes I can hear a woman in the hollow yell at a child, can she hear me equally well when my soul is embarrassed?

I live too much in the world I see. Others may not see it as I do. Many times I have tried to see through their eyes. Many times I have offered the view through my eyes. They seem to do rather well with their view, and I with mine at times.

People ride by on horseback, on English saddles, with proper technique. We nod and they are polite, they don't know I can read, and we will continue to think false thoughts of each other.

Many hounds have given voice to the chasing of some frantic creature. They yelled all the way up the mountain and have yelled back down, but with weariness in their voices. Save your breath going up hill, the trip back down might take all of it.

All public utilities promise to do one thing, cut off your service if you don't pay.

The Wind on Crane Creek

BY HENRY W. PERRY

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Perry is a teacher at Shepherd College, Shepherdstown, W. Va.

*The wind howled around the house and under it and
over it.*

Sometimes it screamed.

*It screamed in anger at the shacks, the pig pens,
The coal piles, the black mud puddles,
And picked up great gobs of trash and flung it
At the miners shuffling up the creek bed from work.*

*It threw sand and coal dirt hard,
Stinging into the eyes of the pale children,
And whipped the overalls and blue shirts
And gingham and calico dresses and dingy rags on
clotheslines*

*So hard they cracked and popped
And some jumped off the line and ran in panic
For the steep, scrub-brush hillsides.
The wind screamed Get the hell out of here,
Why do you try to live in forsaken holes like this
Where even the wind has no place to go
And must double back on itself and fight with itself
Like a tub-full of cats
And scream and hiss and howl?
Get the hell out of here
Before I shake your teeth loose
And shake these shacks into splinters.*

*Sometimes the wind whispered pleadingly, soothingly,
Sometimes at night, after it had beaten the miners
And their children and the women
With streaming eyes and raw red faces and splotted
legs*

To no avail.

*It whispered Sleep now, sleep and rest,
I'm sorry I have to beat you
And blow smoke down your chimneys and stovepipes
And make your fires stop burning and your beans stop
cooking.*

*Again it whispered and said Sleep well and rest up
For tomorrow I'll get you for sure,
I'll flatten you against these little coal cars
You load under four-foot ceilings of slate,
I'll blow you over the slate dump,
I'll stuff you into those old burnt-out coke ovens
Or maybe into the driftmouth or into one of these
cracks in the mountain,
Maybe into a hopper or over the tippie,
So rest while you can.*

*Sometimes the wind moaned and begged and cried, or
whimpered.*

*It said I might as well give up, I'll never dislodge you,
You've got so much coal dust in your hide now*

*That nothing can blow you away,
Coal is all you know, you are coal, you wear it and eat
it and sleep with it,
Drink it and wash in it and warm by it, love it and
hate it and fear it,
You think you've got it licked, but it's cutting you
down to size.*

*And the wind promised, whistling gaily, happily,
There are better things beyond these hills,
Railroads and highways that run past good schools for
your children,*

*Green grassy lawns, wind-free valleys, lush pasture
lands,*

*Hunting grounds and flowering gardens, inside toilets
and bathtubs,*

*These roads lead to the future where a nation is
building*

*And children are growing strong and free
And men don't have to grovel in the dirt or crawl on
their knees*

*To gouge a living out of the earth
And women don't look out of vacant eyes with a numb
brain*

At a bleak, grey world.

These roads lead to hope-everlasting, the wind said.

*The wind still cries there on Crane Creek
And moans around the fallen, empty shacks
And through the splintered, bleaching boards.
It whimpers, for it remembers, and says
Come back, come back, and build here, too,
Make this valley green and make it glisten in the
sunlight*

*With polished metal and coal products and wood
And give it the color of the rainbow with a million
gaily-jacketed books*

*And flowering gardens and growing food.
Give me something to sing about and let me whistle
gaily.*

*That's what I've always wanted you to do.
I know you will, but make it soon.*

*Sometimes, tired of waiting, the wind screams in anger
and frustration*

*Far over the hills, over the mountains, down the long
highways*

*That lead to the future that is today and the men,
Who used to lie on their sides and dig coal all day
And toss on the slats all night yelling Watch out for
that kettledrum.*

*And the wind's voice reaches the men and they slowly
shake their heads,
Graying heads, lower and much lower, and nod sleepily
and more sleepily,*

*Mumbling Tomorrow
For they, too, remember
And live again
With the wind on Crane Creek.*

A Dream on Lonesome

BY JENNET THOMAS

*I walked High Lonesome Hill again last night.
A dog fox barked and woke me, and for just a time
I thought to hear you leave to hunt the mountain
in the chilly dawn.*

*I even thought the door closed soft behind you,
so's to leave me sleep — it's funny, sometimes,
the memories a heart can keep.*

*I flung a shawl around me 'gainst that bone-wrack mist
and slipped outside to loose Old Bob to follow. You
shouldn't go alone to hunt, you know, in
that dark hollow.*

*He whined around me, creaky-boned, with ribs as sharp
as knives against my legs; he would not leave. They'll
not eat when they have lost and when they start to
grieve —
I fret about him sometimes.*

*Still half bemused with sleep, I took the path I thought
you'd take.
Old Bob and me, we rustled through the bottom to the
fishin' lake,
then up the slopes of Lonesome in the mist — my heart
was clenched
as tight as any fist —*

*I strained my ears to hear your feet ahead of me. The
pre-dawn dark is pretty hard to see in — you only get
the lightest shapes of things, and hear so many sounds;
you can't be
sure of nothin' in that mist.*

*I thought to see you when we topped the rise; I could
have sworn your step had cracked a twig ahead. I even
called out once, and soft, the way you said to do; not
scarin' night things, but long and low . . . I stopped,
but all I heard was Old Bob
wheezin', tired and slow.*

*You might have been too far ahead to hear, so I stepped
out a bit to catch you up. The mist begun to thin a
mite; I figured soon to get you in my sight and make
you stop and wait for me.*

*The sun was comin' up, and it was not so chill, but
sudden like I shivered. Do you mind, Joe, it taken me
like that when I was carryin', one other time we come
out here and climbed High Lonesome Hill.*

*Our valley lay as far as eye could see, curls of fog just
wispin' round to soften up the edge of things. The
creatures were beginnin' to wake up; you know
the way a dawn bird sings. . . .*

*It was so filled with you, this place; we stood so many
times and watched the sun go down or up and planned
a life right here. I thought for sure if I could find you
anywhere, it would be very near.*

*The last of dawn's fog disappeared, and with it the last
dim dream of sleep, and wishin', too. I turned around:
there was that hateful granite stone instead of you; my
heart near broke in two again.*

*The dog fox barked once more, but fadin' now, and then
I knew you wouldn't hunt again, nor stand upon this
ridge with me to see the valley fair. I drew my shawl
about me, cold; how do you teach a heart
that it can't care?*

*I nearly ran back down the mountain then. The dawn
was full of shapes and noises that I hear alone . . . a
woman's like that, though, I guess,
when her man's far from home.*

*I touched the cabin door, and Old Bob pressed against
me, but I stayed outside. I cain't go in — you are not
there. Not in the cabin, on the ridge;
not anywhere that I can follow.*

*Oh Lord, how long before I learn that I can't care this
way —
how long till somethin' fills this poor heart's hollow?*

*"But if men would live up to reason's rules,
They would not bow and scrape to wealthy fools."*

—Lucretius, Roman Poet, 95-52 B.C.

There'll Be a Tomorrow

BY DON WEST

*In all my wanderings
I've gone most to the poor
Who are adept at hiding pain.
Sometimes the mountain man
does it stolid, ox-like,
revealing scant emotion.
But I know there is a cry inside
a flute song hungering for words
and maybe a curse. . .*

*On Cabin Creek I eat and sleep
in the makeshift home
of a disabled miner.
Hurt lies heavy on the house
But the deepest hurt is still unworded.*

*There is a today on Cabin Creek —
ghost-town mining camps
miners who sit idle
drawing DPA checks
while machines drag coal from under the mountains
and bulldozers tear the mountains down
mixing with the cess-pool creek filth —
a today swallowed in poverty's greedy gullet.*

*There was a yesterday on Cabin Creek
Paint Creek, Matewan, Logan —
a yesterday with heroes, heroines and hope —
Mother Blizzard, Mother Jones
and women ripping up rails and crossties
that the Baldwin Felts armored train
might not pass,
A yesterday with Bill Blizzard
and a hundred others indicted for treason
by courts doing corporation bidding,
a yesterday with Steve Mangus shot dead
and the long march to Logan.
Seven thousand Kanawha Valley miners
with rifles, shotguns and pistols
on the long march to Logan . . .*

*There was a yesterday of hurt and hope
and solidarity
when a virgin Union's inspiration
stirred mountain men and women
to heroic feats.
Born on Cabin Creek,
"Solidarity Forever"
went on to stir lowly hearts
in all parts of the land.*

*And there may be a tomorrow
On Cabin Creek
a clean tomorrow,
child of hope and hurt and solidarity.*

Opinions

BY ERNIE MARRS

*"It's wrong," he said.
"That's a lie. He's a Red agitator," said the opposition.
"Lynch him!," shouted the next in line.
"I'd better be still," thought the oppressed.*

Ten years pass.

*"It's wrong," he said.
"That's not really how it is. He's a paid Communist
trouble-maker," said the opposition.
"Let's burn him out! Run him off!," howled the next
in line.
"I can't do anything," thought the oppressed.*

Ten years pass.

*"It's wrong," he said.
"These things take time," said the opposition.
"Don't let that Red vote," screamed the next in line.
"How long, Lord, how long?," said the oppressed.*

Ten years pass.

*"It's wrong," he said.
"Look at that sneaky Communist trying to steal some
of the credit for our gradual reform program," said
the opposition.
"Why don't we jail him? Has the government gone
Red?" muttered the next in line.
"Thank you, God," said the oppressed.*

*"The soil was given to the rich and poor in common
—wherefore, oh, ye rich, do you unjustly claim it for
yourselves alone?"* *St. Ambrose*

*"If I rise in the labor movement it will be with the
ranks, not from them."* *—Eugene V. Debs*

The Ballad of Dan Gibson

When I read *The Ballad of Dan Gibson*, I was really shocked. You see I was one of the three men who went to Old Dan when he was alone on the mountain top. Only an outcrop of rock separated Old Dan from the armed lawmen who had come to take him away. I negotiated with them that day for permission to take him to the Hindman jail in my car and they agreed.

The terrific emotional impact of the moment caused me to think of writing a poem about Old Dan which I did the following week. As I drove out of Eastern Kentucky I dictated the enclosed poem to my wife and she wrote it down for me on the backs of envelopes and old car repair bills. When I read it to my students a year ago I had not finished the last two stanzas and promised to read those when I had finished. Then came the Appalachian South and Gurney Norman's poem. I could hardly believe we could have chosen the same topic to write about. However Mr. Norman is a personal friend of mine and I was not surprised that he would write something about Old Dan. You see, he has always been a strong supporter of the Appalachian Group to Save Land and People.

At Harry Caudill's suggestion I am forwarding my impressions of Old Dan. Many of the quotes were actually made and appear in the poem in essence. I saw Old Dan sitting there midst the destruction — the twisted trees covered the bleeding mountain. A chipmunk scampered over the spoil in search of his home. In the background stood the forest Old Dan was defending and it was unspoiled, beautiful.

—Eldon E. Davidson

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Davidson's poem follows

THE BALLAD OF DAN GIBSON

BY ELDON E. DAVIDSON

*Strip mine dozers and shovels of might
Ground and whined through the restless night.
The people below all hated this sound,
The gutting and tearing of a mountain down.*

*As they approached Dan Gibson's place
soon to become an historical case;
The mountain exploded with an earthshaking roar,
And the broken rock fell in front of his door.*

*Now Ol' Dan Gibson from Cockerells Trace
With his shiny white hair and wise old face,
Has the strength of the mountains when he walks
And the Angels all listen when he talks.¹*

*You could tell at a glance Ol' Dan didn't lie
When he told Sergeant Mitchell he was ready to die.
Yes, ready to kill and ready to die
On top of his hill up next to the sky.*

*And if you kill me for defendin' my land
You can bury me here where I made my last stand.
Take one of your dozers, shove the rock in my face,
But the strippers will never cross over this place.*

*He'd spent 81 years defendin' his land
When he told Sergeant Mitchell he had made his last
stand.*

*Said I've lived my life, I got nothing to lose
But you can step back and live if you choose.²*

*Seventeen lawmen came to take Dan away
But seventy neighbors stood in the way,
And seventy rifles concealed all about
Waited for the dozers to turn and pull out.*

*All the forest's wild creatures applauded with glee
For Ol' Dan had saved them their old hollow tree,
The stump in the ground, the rock in the glen,
The moss covered log and the possum's den.*

*The high swingin' branch where the bird builds his nest
Yes, for all of God's creatures Ol' Dan stood the test.
And he stood it alone 'gainst man and machine
To save his mountain its verdant green.*

*They swore they would take him if it took 40 more
When suddenly Ol' Dan appeared at the door.
He went with his friends to the Hindman jail³
Where hundreds clamored to go his bail.*

*Yes, they swore they would take him if it took 40 more
But, "Ol' Dan will live on," his neighbors all swore.
And Ol' Dan will live on 'til God calls him away.
But I think up in Heaven that will be a great day.*

*For when Ol' Dan walks in at the gate
He'll be met by many remembered as great.
There'll be Crockett and Travis and Dan'l Boone
Whose very presence will light up the room.*

*And Patrick Henry and Nathan Hale
Will clamor to go his Heavenly bail.
Yes, when Ol' Dan walks his last long mile
He'll be borne upward by the light of God's smile. . . .*

¹ Ol' Dan is an Old Regular Baptist Preacher

² Ol' Dan was referring to the boundary line when he asked the sergeant to move back. . .

³ He went with me to the jail.

"We hold these truths to be self evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with inherent and inalienable rights; that among these rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."
—Declaration of Independence

The Pale Green Disease

WORDS AND MUSIC: HEDY WEST

Here we are together in a pale green disease
We bicker, and we gossip; we're impossible to please.
We're tortured, and we torture, and we don't know why.
We rant in public, and in private we cry.

CHORUS:

Where did we come from, and where will we go?
How'd we get here? Is there anything we know?
We think awful hard, but not too clear.
And we may be mad this time next year.

We're a jumpy crew; not a smile is on our face
Except a little nervous one hanging there with paste.
We've got to be serious; there's no other choice.
We're sure we'll be condemned if there's humor in our
voice.

If you want to be mis'erable, here's what to do:
Scowl up your face and join our crew.
Don't dare be tolerant; rarely be kind.
Pronounce your opinion; put your foot down and grind.

We know each other well, and we can treat each other
dear,
But we're quite overcome with jealousy and fear.
We're threatened and afraid, and we trust ne'er a one.
We always keep a guard up; we're fickle as they come.

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England

PALE GREEN DISEASE - by Hedy West

Handwritten musical score for 'The Pale Green Disease' in G major and 6/8 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics written below. Chords G, D, and C are indicated above the notes. The lyrics are: 'Here we are to-gether in a pale green dis-ease we bick-er and we gos-sip; We're impos-si-ble to please. We're tor-tured, and we tor-ture, and we don't know why. We rant in pub-lic, and in pri-ate, we cry.'

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The Pale Green Disease

W. Va. State Folk Festival As Seen by a New Yorker

BY KATHY KAPLAN

Ever complain that a particular folk festival is not traditional enough? Ever complain about high prices, noisy crowds, lack of feeling and communication among all involved? Then I suggest that you attend the West Virginia State Folk Festival next year . . .

The 18th annual WVSFF was held in Glensville June 15-18 this year, and if you'll pardon my terminology, was definitely "folksy." Unlike other festivals I've been to, this was one that all the residents took pride in, and most took part in. Besides the regular music programs (fiddle and banjo contests and concerts Friday and Saturday nights) there was dancing (actually in the streets), various exhibits and demonstrations, puppet shows, contests, and shape note singing. . .

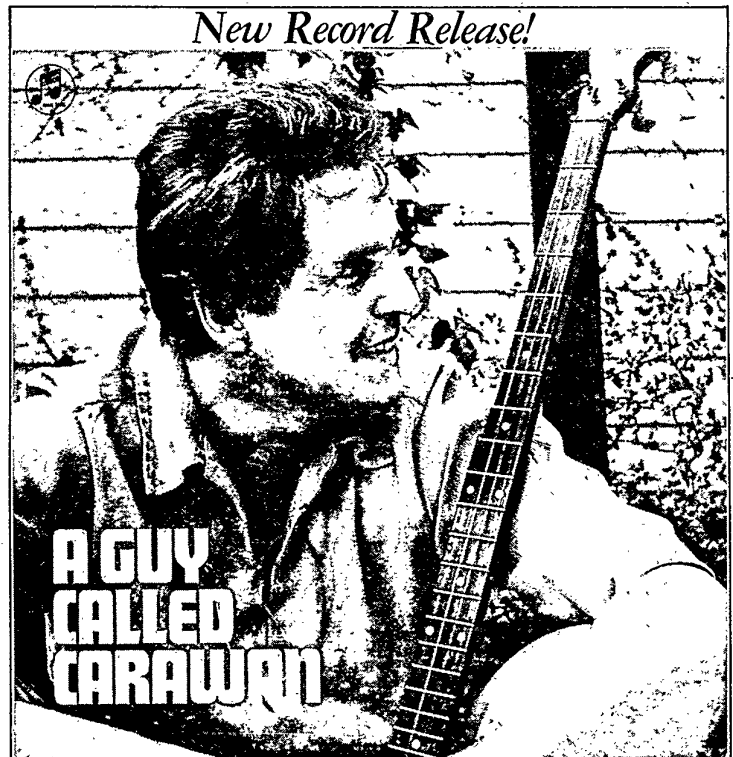
The trip was longer than we actually had expected it to be, and we arrived just at the end of the Friday concert. That, however, was followed by square dancing in the street and an informal sing in the Presbyterian Church, where we were able to hear and meet many of the musicians. Saturday we got a chance to walk around the town, see various exhibitions, and participate in the shape-note singing. (Something very unusual if you've never encountered it before.) Although there was no field as we're accustomed to,



"Ain't we got a right to the Tree of Life?"

there was still music being made in various places all day, — a motel parking lot, a car, the back of a room where A. L. Greynolds had several instruments he made on view. In the evening, there was once again a concert and church gathering. . .

There were no big names at the festival, unless you count people like Jenes Cotrell and Russell Fluharty because they've appeared at major folk festivals, but there were some apparent local celebrities like Aunt Jennie Wilson, a fine banjoist; ballad singer Mrs. Esther Beadnell, who's been active in folk music for many years; and fiddle-piper-banjoist Frank George who apparently was the festival's "favorite son." Although there were no signs saying "Scruggs pickers shot on sight" or anything to that effect, you just knew what kind of music was to be played here, and the one or two people who did not get the message probably felt out of place. These people feel that their festival is the most traditional and non-commercial around (no charge), aim to keep it that way, and are rightly proud of it. . .



for copies (\$4) and for engagements:

Columbia Records of England

GUY CARAWAN

1625 Riverside Drive
KNOXVILLE, TENN. 37915

New Books:

Ain't You Got a Right

to the Tree of Life?

The People of John's Island, South Carolina
their faces
their words
their songs
(Simon & Schuster)

Freedom is a Constant Struggle

Documentary photos, history and songs of
the Freedom
Movement
(Oak Publications) 1963 - 1966

accompanying LP - Folkways - FS 3842 Been in the Storm so Long

It was truly wonderful to see oldsters and children participating in the same programs and enjoying it. . . to see the people of Glenville going all out to make visitors to their town welcome. . . Amazing to hear old-time banjo players talk about Pete Seeger's banjo manual. . . oldtimers talking about the position of folk music today, some saying that they wished they had payed more attention to their music (in light of its popularity) when they were younger. . . So many other things that I just don't get around to mentioning in this small review. The people were all wonderful to us, and I'd like to take this opportunity to say "thanks" especially to Mrs. Ann Williams of Charleston and Mr. and Mrs. Walden Roush of Glenville who made things a little easier for us over-weary travelers. . .

Do go next year. . .

TESTIMONY

BY DON WEST

*Let me speak plainly now
for I have nothing to hide
in subtle talking.
I speak to the common man
as I always have
and identify with him completely.
To the lowly, my brothers,
of all races and lands
I reach out to clasp twisted fingers
glad in the freedom of choice
of men to be brothers. . .*

*I am a southern mountain man
I walk troubled trails but am
assured by my hope and faith
in creative power of the people,
and by the words and life of Jesus,
Joe Hill, Jefferson and Thomas Paine
and multitudes unknown, unsung,
including old Kim Mulkey,
my mountain grandfather who mixed
his dreams, wisdom and hope with sweat
dripping at anvil and the bellows . . .*

*I hold the view that man is
a decent, conscious creature
capable of change and
remolding his character,
believing man is the source
of his own salvation. . .*

Fall and Winter, 1967

*I speak particularly to my own kind
nor am I now deterred that you
may not accept all I accept,
believe all I must believe.
It is sufficient for me that you are men
and we share humanity,
linking the lowly of the ages,
all lands, their races and colors. . .*

*I accept this manhood of men
as you shall accept it.
I identify with the poor of all places.
I cry to be the universal man
with patriotism to humanity
which can be so only while
a feeling of love is deep-rooted
in my own land for my own people.
Georgia I rightly love with compassion
and these United States —
for our heritage and people —
for Brown and Cagi at Harpers Ferry
and for the teeming lesser known
who lit stars in the galaxy of freedom
cementing their lives into a highway of
hope in deeds,
upholding man's humanity. . .*

*No distance, no tyrant,
no skilled word prostitutes
can divide us forever:
Peasant and laborer of India,
Mexico, Chile and poets in all
places remote
I reach a hand to all the hungry.
I say lift up your heads, my brothers.
Your bowed shoulders bear heavy burdens
You bear the weight of brighter futures.
You keep life alive, beauty aglow
in the ugliness of poverty,
in the beauty of man's search
and concern for humanity.
Know art and poetry belong
to you
and by your heart and sweat
our world must be dragged from the depths
to a high level with the stars
onto the foothills of Utopia. . . !*

*"The superfluities of the rich are the necessities of
the poor. They who possess superfluities, possess the
goods of others."
St. Augustine*

*"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."
—Oliver Goldsmith*

*"Be ashamed to die until you have won some vic-
tory for humanity."
—Horace Mann*

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BILLY COX *The Dixie Songbird*

William Jennings Cox was born in 1897 in Charleston, West Virginia, to Lola and William D. Cox. His mother was from Hinton, West Virginia, and his father from Poca, Kanawha County, West Virginia. Bill, Sr., was a section-hand for the Kanawha and Michigan Railroad. In 1900 Bill's mother married Spencer Mullins, Mammoth, W. Va., and the family moved to Eagle, Fayette County, W. Va., where Bill's step-father was a miner. When Bill was a little older he, too, began working in the mines, but as he became dissatisfied with that life he ran away at age fifteen.

He went back to Charleston and got a job with the Kelly Axe Factory and, soon after, found a job working in the boiler room of Charleston's Ruffner Hotel. For the next eighteen years Bill regularly traded off jobs at the hotel and the axe factory. In 1928 Bill was working at the hotel and had been singing his songs and playing his guitar and harmonica in and around Charleston for some time; long enough, at

least, to build up a strong reputation. That year, Walter Fredericks established a 50 watt radio station (WOBV, later WCHS) on Lee Street, Charleston. Not long after the station opened, people began writing in asking for Billy Cox. Fredericks soon hired him as a regular entertainer after an audition consisting of "I'm Doing the Best I Can" (learned from a Vernon Dalhart disc) and one harmonica piece. Bill recalls that he often performed on radio wearing his old work clothes.

Fredericks did not feel that Cox was the most dependable musician and began looking for a way to have Bill's music on the air regularly. He decided that the best idea would be to get Bill to record for one of the commercial phonograph record companies. Fredericks paid Bill's way to Richmond, Indiana, where he recorded for the Starr Piano Company's Gennett record label. He had two two-day sessions and three one-day sessions with Gennett beginning July 11, 1929, and ending August 17, 1931. Bill had to sing into one, primitive electric microphone and the whole business made him so nervous that he had to resort to an occasional drink of corn whiskey. Bill recalls that the first time he saw any of his new records was not by mail, or even at the radio station, but accidentally when he saw them on sale at McCrory's chain store in Charleston!

For purposes of variety, increased sales, and protection against breach of contract, the record companies and the artists used pseudonyms, songs being pressed from one master and appearing on different labels under different names. Thus Bill was "Bill Cox" on the Gennett label, "Luke Baldwin" on Gennett's Champion label and "Charley Blake" on Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s Supertone label (Gennett masters). Bill recalls hearing people remark that Luke Baldwin was a better singer than Bill Cox!

Billy was hired by Columbia Records (then owned by Grisby-Grunow) in 1933 by Mr. Callahan who had been present at the Gennett sessions. He also recorded under Columbia's legendary Artists and Repertory man, Art Satherly. Bill worked steadily for Columbia from August, 1933. (a few months before Grigsby-Grunow went bankrupt, and Sacro Enterprises' American Record Company bought it) until September, 1940, recording a total of 147 released sides. He received quarterly royalty checks. From November, 1936, to the end of his Columbia career Bill recorded with a fellow guitar player, Cliff Hobbs.



After his recording career, Bill returned to the Ruffner Hotel until his job was phased out. After that he turned to doing odd jobs until 1962 when he became eligible for Social Security payments. He now lives in Charleston. He married twice and fathered two girls, both of whom are living in Florida, and a son, Billy, Jr.

THE MUSIC OF BILLY COX

With what little traditional roots Billy had, in a few songs and a basic instrumental background (which did not reveal any regional roots) he turned to whoever he heard around him, and in the following years, to the new "victrola records" and to radio. Combine these factors with a quick mind and a love of music and you have a type of musician like Billy Cox. Bill's mother played the harmonica and taught Bill a few songs, one of which was, "The Battle Axe and the Devil." His brother, Edward Cox, also played the harmonica.

A man named Taylor Elliot owned Charleston's Sunset Theater and, when Billy was young, Billy met Elliot, who showed him how to play chords on the guitar. Elliot was from Roanoke, Virginia, and died many years ago. When Bill was sixteen he began composing songs. Armed with his instruments and his songwriting talents Billy set out on a part-time career. His first musical experiences were those that were open to most young mountain boys; that is, he played at picnics, church meetings and at dances. Billy played a few dances with Clark Kessinger, usually appearing as special entertainment.

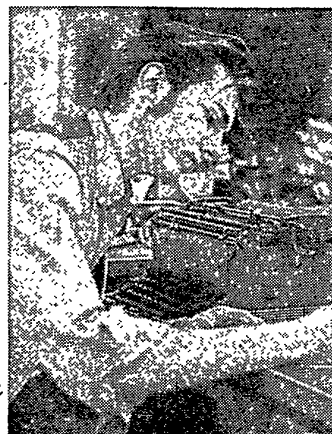
The recording industry had a great influence on Billy, mostly contributing songs to his repertoire. His favorite artist was the legendary Jimmy Rodgers, and the Rodgers influence is very strong in Billy's music. He also recorded many of Rodger's songs, including "Daddy and Home," "My Rough and Rowdy Ways," and "New Mama."

The manner in which Bill writes a song is quite traditional. He states that he writes about a situation as it might appear to him. He projects himself into another's situation, not always drawing on personal experience. He further states that things just "fall into place" after he thinks a little while, certainly a tribute to his imagination and intelligence. Unlike some musicians, Billy did not travel much, spending most of his life in and around Charleston. Consequently, he had to draw from a few personal experiences, from the newspaper, from stories that other people told him, or from his imagination, (as Bill puts it, "out of the air.")

Today, Bill still writes songs but he favors hymns and sacred songs as opposed to his rowdy blues and ballads that he wrote in his recording days. To date Bill claims that he has written almost 100 sacred songs.

A. M.

BY DOUGLAS FETHERLING



*the
dark lifts
fog shifts*

away from the october dawn

*slowly dissolving
the colorless shaded walls before me
into speckled hills.*

*dotted with a running string of lights
its clattering
frightens and sends running the night
revealing itself
to be a straining switch engine
dragging uncountable hoppers
down a winding way
and out of sight.*

*a mine's black superstructure,
neither a sound nor light sleeper,
yawns
and tries to look awake, attentive and active
in the presence of the others.*

I'VE BEEN IN YOUR COUNTRY

BY CHARLES DREEMEN

*I've been in your country
I've been all around
Slept in your beds and I've
Slept on your ground
I never found
A reason you should put
So many down*

*I've traveled by thumb and
I've driven big cars
Eaten from cans and I've
Smoked big cigars
I still don't see
Why you let a family
Go hungry*

*I've lived in your houses.
Lived in your jails
Heard happy laughter, I've
Heard bitter wails
I just don't know
Why don't you help
A baby grow*

BOOKS

● **TO LIVE AND DIE IN DIXIE** by John Beecher, Red Mountain Editions. Cloth, \$5.00; Paper, \$2.00. Box 7331-A Mountain Brook Station, Birmingham, Alabama 35223

On the back cover of John Beecher's book of poetry, "To Live and Die in Dixie" is a blurb from the magazine *SIEMPRE*, Mexico City that says: "... the liveliest expression of today's youth, in spite of his being one of the oldest and most powerful poets of the United States."

Powerful . . . yes. Oldest . . . never!

Beecher's poems in this edition includes his famous "In Egypt Land," a narrative poem about white and Negro sharecroppers in 1932. The others go through the years up through 1966. Although some of the poems are tinged with a little bitterness, John Beecher has in his poetry what John Steinbeck has in his novels, a true and engulfing compassion for his fellow man. In this lies the power of his poetry.

I loaned this edition of "To Live and Die in Dixie" to a very dear friend, Edith Gilbert of California, while she was in the hospital with a heart condition aggravated by her worry over the Vietnamese war. After reading it she took heart. Her reaction is better than any review. She wrote: "After reading this book of poems, you feel you are committed to take initiative and responsibility in a lifelong engagement, in the streets of your America, in your job that has to make sense — as a wife, parent, friend, child, citizen, student, teacher and organizer. *Any* job has to make sense to even begin."

I think the reason Edith was out of the hospital sooner than expected was her total commitment to the betterment of the human race that is in Beecher's poem "Conformity Means Death" (for Bertrand Russell) which he ends with the line "Then rise! Protest alone gives hope of life." Barbara Beecher's woodcuts throughout the book are as usual excellent. I believe readers of the Appalachian South would like to own this edition for their library.

Incidentally, John Beecher has also made recordings of his works. Some years back I was with John when he recorded a reading of his great "In Egypt Land" and his excellent voice plus his command of his subject could easily send both Richard Burton and Dylon Thomas to the showers. Address inquiries both on book and the records to John Beecher, 8 Fruit Street, Newburyport, Massachusetts—zip 01950.

—Jean M. Dixon

● **HARD HITTING SONGS FOR HARD HIT PEOPLE** Compiled by Alan Lomax. Notes by Woody Guthrie. Music edited by Pete Seeger. Oak Publications, New York, Hardcover \$12.50.

This is a great book of songs, a magnificent book. One has no hesitation in saying this. It is the most important songbook I have yet seen. Not only is it a huge collection of socially significant songs from the hurt and hopes of the people, but the Woody Guthrie monologue, running through the book, ties them together into a valuable and quite readable historical document.

Reviewing it ought to be easy for this writer. So many people, places, events in it have been an intimate part of his own background. There are the songs from Wilder, Tennessee, my first strike experience. There is the ballad of the murder of Barney Graham. Barney was my personal friend, and his was the first funeral I ever officiated in. At the time I was a Vanderbilt Divinity School student. So powerful was the coal corporation, that the local churches feared to have his body brought inside for a service. The local preachers feared to preach his funeral. We held it in Barney's home. And there is Gastonia and Ella May Wiggins, Marion and Harlan County, and many others, all filled with personal memories. But it isn't an easy book to review. Too many memories are sad memories. Too many songs are filled with unhappiness and trouble. The sensitive reader gets all tied up with the feeling of the people in the book for everyone who is concerned for or interested in learning about real people, the hurts and hopes, the loves and hates, and the problems and hardships that helped shape our culture. It is a book to be studied, especially by the aspiring young topical song writers and so-called "New Left" who sometimes seemed to have missed the point of the militant history of the 1930's.

For these are songs that bare the heart and will, the determination and endurance of the common people who have learned to take the hard blows, eat the molly-grub, bulldog gravy and pintos and still retain feeling and concern for human values. Mostly they were written by the hard hit people themselves who, in the heat of struggle or from their sorrow, left rare glimpses of human beauty that survives even the squalor of poverty and brutality.

Into song the people pour their deepest longings. And the song is always on the right side, for it comes from the heart of a trouble-stirred folk. The song is for teaching. There is no better source of learning

about a people. It is for inspiration, for hope, for the sweetness of laughter when life itself seems to turn sour.

Unlike some modern topical song writers, these hard-hit song makers had no thought of making money from the song, no notion of becoming affluent. Nor did they. Even the great Woody Guthrie, who has been emulated by guitar thumpers aspiring to affluence, hardly managed to keep the wolf from the door of his own needy family.

Nobody made "stars" of the hard hit song writers, either. Nor was the spirit of individualistic competition evident. One singer was not pitted against another. No one went around lauding the merits of this or that inflated image. The folksong star cult did not rise from the honesty of the poor, nor from their struggles. The false image building came later. It remained for the Madison Avenue type press agent with the folk star syndrome tuned to cash register music to do that in the 1960's. The affluent topical or folksinger in modern America is, in this writer's opinion, an anachronism, a contradiction. Those who deal in the genuine—topical, folksong or people's poetry—have about as much chance for popular financial blessings as Stokely Carmichael, Julian Bond or the new Martin Luther King.

In this mad age of Madison Avenue culture when such corporations as Coca Cola can buy "folksingers" by the donzens and slick "Hootennanny" magazines build phony images, success depends not so much upon quality of the song or singer as upon having the "right kind of press agent. Thus the Beatles were enabled to take some \$14 million from Americans on the first haul. The hard hit song makers had no such press agents. Nor did they become TV, radio or performing stars. They were too real for that.

The hard hitting songs of this book are preponderantly from the South, the South West or the Southern Mountains. One question arises: did other parts of the nation not also have an equal amount of song writing and singing? True, the book does include songs from Detroit, the far West and a few other places. I remember reading somewhere that Pete Seeger said, contrary to popular notions, the early unions had actually done little singing, that the amount of singing had been exaggerated. Perhaps this may be true for the North. But for the South and Southern Mountains it is hardly so. We have always been a singing people. Not because we were happy, but just the opposite. This may explain why so much of the book is given over to songs for southern regions.

It is my feeling that the book accurately reflects reality in history by giving preponderance to songs from the most oppressed areas of the nation. It shows how the songs of these people depict and reflect, how disappointment, anger, hurt and hope creep into their songs. At first it may have been disappointment, and hurt, sprinkled sometimes with ironic humor di-

rected partly at themselves, as in the "Cotton Mill Girls," from Georgia, which wasn't included:

*Worked in the cotton mill all my life
Ain't got nothing but a barlow knife
Hard time cotton mill girls
Hard times everywhere.
When I die don't bury me a-tall
Hang me up in the spinning room hall
And pickle my bones in alcohol
Hard times everywhere.*

The barlow was the poor man's knife. It cost 15c.

The book shows how consciousness kindled by experience turned the people to the union with hope. The hope was put into song.

Ella May Wiggins did it at Gastonia, North Carolina in 1929. But she enjoyed no affluence. Ella May was murdered on a Sunday afternoon as thugs fired on a truck load of workers from the roadside bushes. Friends sang her "Mother's Lament" at her funeral.

The song was at Marion in a strike of the same year:

*'Twas in Marion, North Carolina
In a little mountain town
Six workers of the textile
In cold blood were shot down.*

And the song came to Wilder, Tennessee where company thugs, imported from Chicago, shot Barney Graham, local union president, on a Sabbath morning in 1933. Barney's 12 year old daughter, Della Mae made this song:

*They shot my darling father
He fell upon the ground
'Twas in the back they shot him
The blood came streaming down.*

*They took their pistol handles
And beat him on the head
The hired gunmen beat him
'Til he was cold and dead.
Although he left the union
He tried so hard to build
His blood was spilled for justice
And justice guides us still.*

It came to Harlan County, Kentucky. Bloody, violent Harlan: sad, loney miner villages squeezed down along creek banks between great mountains. Privies hanging haphazardly out over creek waters. The one road leading into a village might have a gate, a chain and lock and an armed guard. Miners lived like serfs or moles. The song caught the reality. It was the "Poor hard working miners whose troubles are great." Not the least of those troubles were a disregard for safety

measures in the mines. Great slabs of slate—horsebacks, kettle bottoms — falling, crushing body and bones. There were always uneasy upward glances. And then the song, some say Aunt Molly Jackson.

*Only a miner killed under the ground
Only a miner but one more is gone
Only a miner but one more is gone
Leaving his wife and poor children alone.*

Then came action. It was time to take sides. There were no neutrals. "You're either for the union or a thug for J. H. Blair."

The poor have such remarkable endurance. Their resilience is a glowing tribute to the tough quality of the human species. Steeled by disaster, danger, hardship, their lives and determination are expressed in song. That determination has historically been met by brutal violence. In these early southern mountain struggles gun thugs were imported from Chicago, Pittsburgh and other places. I have previously stated that it is to the eternal credit of these Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia mountaineers that the corporations did have to go outside the area to get their thugs.

In addition to his running commentary, Woody Guthrie's own songs, particularly from the Southwest, add rare quality to the book. An introduction by John Steinbeck, Alan Lomax and comments by publisher Irwin Sibling enrich its understanding insight. There are numerous photographs of excellent, meaningful quality which depict the feeling, spirit and conditions of the hard-hit people the songs come from and tell about.

One might, of course, criticize certain additions or omissions such as the inclusion of "Buffalo Skinners" and omission of "Solidarity Forever" which came from the early militant strikes on Cabin Creek, West Virginia. This might well be a matter of opinion. My own feeling is, almost anyone will find it impossible to read the book without being moved and inspired by a gigantic job well done. The publisher and all those who labored to make the book are to be congratulated and commended for an outstanding contribution to cultural understanding. One only regrets that the price must be \$12.50, which puts it out of the reach of the hard-hit people. We hope it may be brought out in cheaper paper cover, for it ought to have mass distribution.

—Don West
—FROM *Sing Out!*

● **MOUNTAIN DOMINION RESOURCE CONSERVATION AND DEVELOPMENT AREA**, Daniel Hale, M.D., and Calvin D. Spangler, Co-Chairmen.

This study deals specifically with two West Virginia counties, Summers and Mercer, and with three Virginia counties, Giles, Tazewell and Bland. It is an

effort to develop a resource conservation and development plan for this area of the two states. It is a cooperative endeavor toward self-analysis and appraisal sponsored by the Soil and Water Conservation District.

We think it is an important study and should inspire similar action elsewhere in the mountains. It ought to have wide reading because it deals with vital stuff. It definitely shows that men of the mountains from all walks — labor, business, professional — are conscious of a kind of outside exploitation that poses a dire threat to our area. In fact, we are nearly all conscious of processes of destruction such as stripmining, air and water pollution, waste and filth that mar so much of our mountains.

It is a realistic study. It digs into housing, income and job problems. It is neither pessimistic nor clouded by unwarranted optimism, but it has hope. We read it front to back the first evening after Bob Speich of Summers Soil Conservation gave it to us.

While recognizing certain deplorable conditions, the men who do the study are not blind to human potentials. They have pride in the area's heritage . . . awe in the presence of massive unsolved problems, humility in the face of grass roots people's efforts to better their lot by "boot strap" action . . . Gratitude for potential technical-scientific help . . . Faith in the future . . . Confidence in the people's ability to grapple with and solve basic problems and plan a meaningful future.

We have always considered Soil Conservation among the most vital and meaningful government services. This study is further evidence of that quality. To encourage people to work together to solve common problems is far better than a handed down, ready-made blueprint from above.

—D.W.

HUMAN RIGHTS AND OBLIGATIONS

BY RALPH BORSODI

Man is not a mere animal. He is a creature to whom liberty is essential. We human beings have in common with all other animals an inherited, instinctual drive for self-survival—an economic drive. We have in common with animals an instinctual drive for self-reproduction—a sexual drive. But much higher than our hunger for survival or for mating is the last instinctual drive with which evolution has endowed us—our drive for self expression.

It is for this reason that no political institution can be considered human and properly adapted to the nature of man if it in any way infringes upon our liberty; that is, if it in the slightest degree interferes with the conditions essential to every individual's self-expression. Some fundamental political reforms are needed, I believe, if the new world now being born

is to provide for liberty better than the "free" world now, even at its best, is providing:

—*The Rights and Obligations of Man*: Every human being has certain inalienable rights, predicated on his observation of co-related natural obligations. His rights include

- the right to life;
- the right to liberty;
- the right of access to natural resources on an equal basis with all others;
- the right to employ himself, or work with and for whom he chooses.
- the right to the full product of his labor;
- the right to defense of his person and property;
- the right to trade and travel anywhere in the world;
- the right to be governed by his consent, and to choose and reject his own governors;
- the right of free speech and publication;
- the right to peacefully assemble and seek correction of injustices;
- the right to sue others, including public officials, for compensation of damages inflicted and for the redress of grievances;
- the right to freedom from search and seizure of himself, his possessions, and his premises except after a due proceeding at law—a proceeding in which he is represented by counsel, in which the judges are impartial, in which the same facilities are furnished for securing witnesses as those enjoyed by the State, and in which it is presumed he is innocent until the charges against him are proved beyond reasonable doubt.

Any regulation, ordinance, statute, or constitutional provision which violates any of these natural rights is morally null and void.

The foregoing rights are predicated on the observation of correlated, natural obligations:

- the obligation to work and maintain oneself;
 - the obligation to conserve the land, and hold it in trust;
 - the obligation to respect the persons, the possessions, the premises and the rights of others;
 - the obligation to utter no libels or slanders;
 - the obligation not to interfere in any way with the peaceful religious, political, economic or social activities of others;
 - the obligation to share the burden of protecting these rights and enforcing these obligations, by answering the call of any properly constituted local, regional or world authority to defend them, even at the cost of life and property.
- The Independent*

Fall and Winter, 1967

THREE POEMS

BY HARRY N. BROWN

Measuring Man

*Not used to such work
I slowly peeled back
Layers there before the kitchen window.
My ignorance cut too deep
And what first went for vegetable
Passed for something less
To my demonic measuring mind,
Which refuses to accept a thing for what it is.*

*She laughed when I said
Peeling onions is a spontaneous matter,
An unfit subject for speculation.*

*She's young, Tom,
Like the garden swing you hung last spring
That's new and goes too far for safety
With someone not used to the ways of a swing
On a young tree.
But the tree's strong.
These moods will grow shorter
Until they are occasional
As if she knew the strength of the rope
And wanted to accommodate both.
You'll see.*

*Going out to feed the cows,
I scanned the hill to be assured
They knew. They did,
And followed in their funny way,
One behind the other, necks outstretched
Every one, as if to reinforce
Conformity. One lagged behind,
The smallest, seeming to be aware
The rest did not consider her
A member of the clan.
Although they all will nudge each other when
There's hay around, it's safe to say
That she's the outcast of the herd.
Perhaps she thinks, "It isn't fair."
Perhaps it has to be that way.
In any case, it is.
I hope she understands.*

"The centralization of wealth is the way to scatter the people, and letting it be scattered among them is the way to collect the people." —*Confucius*

"If I were a worker in a factory, the first thing I would do would be to join a union."

—*Franklin D. Roosevelt*

"Things are in the saddle and they ride mankind."

—*Ralph Waldo Emerson*

Page Fifty-seven

LETTERS to The Editor

Sends Contribution and Suggestion

Enclosed find another small contribution to help you do the job you are trying to do.

There must be other people like me. Why don't you have a box in every issue going something like as follows:

"You like this magazine? How about making your do-so match your say-so?" Then you could have a picture of a piggy bank and underneath say "Send us something right now to help us."

Sincerely,
Peter Seeger
Beacon, N. Y.

A Student

I am a student here at Indiana University and am hoping to work in the Appalachian area in a year or so. Your magazine was given to me to read yesterday and I find that I like it so well that I would like to subscribe. Please enter me for a year's subscription beginning with your Spring-Summer issue (Vol. 2, No. 1). If at all possible, could you send me a copy of each of your past issues—if you do have some to send, please let me know how much more I owe you.

Thank you very much, and I am looking forward to hearing from you!

Jean R. Martin
Bloomington, Ind.

Out-Of-State Job Offers Misrepresented

I believe the West Virginia employment office should investigate promises made to persons urged to take out of state employment.

A food company came to Logan (W. Va.) and guaranteed 12 hours a day 7 days a week; transportation expenses; and cafeteria type food.

I was one of the unfortunates among the two bus loads which went.

We didn't get 7 days a week. The first week we got 4 hours. We were fed by the Volunteers of America. Our transportation was deducted from our earnings.

John Hackney
Gilbert, W. Va.

Brotherly Feeling

I've received the latest issue of Appalachian South. It's wonderful! Your writing on the people in poverty appeal to me. They are all my brothers and sisters. My

father was a steel worker in Bessemer, Ala.

Your compiling of the history of these people with their folk music, music of the peasant and worker, is remarkable. I love it. Believe me, there is not a publication such as yours on the entire West Coast. I enclose \$15 so that you can continue to publish for me and others, to help sustain and keep up the good work.

Thanking you again —
John Kessert
Los Angeles, Calif.

Appalachian Volunteer

Congratulations on the Appalachian South! Will you issue reprints of the material on CAD? I think it would be very useful.

We are getting our program under way here . . . We have been working with the Appalachian Group to Save the Land and People to expand their membership and their campaign to end strip mining in the Kentucky mountains. Very encouraging so far.

Hope to see you soon

Dave Walls
Appalachian Volunteers
Everts, Kentucky

Thank you for The Appalachian South. I have found it fascinating reading.

You must know that I established The Pilgrim Glass Corporation many years ago and that we run a glass factory in Ceredo-Kenova. Unfortunately, I am rarely at the factory.

I would like to subscribe to The Appalachian South and send five gift subscriptions.

A young high school friend of my daughter, Brent Garrin, is spending the summer with the Friends Quaker Community in an area a few miles from Charleston. I have taken the liberty to ask him to call. The young man is barely 17 and this is his first experience away from the big city.

Very sincerely yours,
The Pilgrim Glass Corp.
Alfred E. Knobler, Pres.
New York, N.Y.

SSOC Appeal

For the past three years SSOC has received most of its financial support from foundation grants. The number of individual contributions has been small even though we are a tax-exempt organization. We now feel an urgent need to build an

independent funding base. This feeling has arisen partly from recent disclosures about CIA domination of certain foundations. Several thousand dollars has come to SSOC thru these conduits. The other reason is the desire to expand the number of Southern movement for social change.

In a few weeks we will put out a general mailing to begin our fundraising campaign. It will consist of a short brochure about SSOC and a fundraising letter. Would it be possible to obtain a copy of your Southern mailing list for use in this mailing? Also what are your advertising rates, for something like a fourth to a half page?

We feel that we have begun something that must continue if we are to build a truly free South. Your help would be greatly appreciated.

Mike Welch, SSOC Staff —
for peace and a free south,
Box 6403
Nashville, Tenn.

Goals of the Welfare Rights Organization

1. ADEQUATE INCOME: A system which guarantees enough money for all Americans to live dignified lives above the level of poverty.

2. DIGNITY: A system which guarantees recipients the same full freedoms, rights and respect of all Americans.

3. JUSTICE: A fair and open system which guarantees recipients the full protections of the constitution.

4. DEMOCRACY: A system which guarantees recipients direct participation in the decisions under which they must live.

National Welfare Right Organization
1713 R. Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20009

Are U.S. Actions in Vietnam Moral?

Let no one claim there is a consensus for this war — no flag waving, no smug satisfaction with territorial conquest, no denunciation of the enemy can obscure the truth that many millions of patriotic Americans repudiate this war and refuse to take moral responsibility for it. Nor can the fact be obscured that our nation is increasingly becoming an object of scorn around the globe. The respect we won when our course was right is rapidly being lost as even our closest allies leave our side embarrassed with our pretense that we are bearers of a moral crusade.

The physical tolls of this bloody, costly and futile war literally staggers the imagination. We see the nightmare in our

living rooms in all their tragic dimensions on television screens. We see the rice fields of a small Asian country trampled at will and burned at whim. We see grief-stricken mothers with crying babies clutched in their arms as they watch their little huts burst into flames; we see fields and valleys of battle painted with mankind's blood; and the ultimate horror is that we see little children mutilated and incinerated with napalm.

—Dr. Martin Luther King

A Letter From Japan

I know about Appalachian South from a friend. I am interested in Appalachian life, arts, music, folklore, and especially folk music. Nowadays folk songs are fashion in Japan.

I love Japanese folk music, traditions, arts, folklore, too. I think if we sing folk songs, we must think about their substance, background and so on. Because folk song is people song.

Appalachia is badly off, I hear. But they have wonderful music and folk arts. Tohoku districts in Japan are like Appalachian districts. Tohoku's peoples' life is not easy life. They are the poorest districts in Japan. But they have wonderful folk music and folklore.

I am very interested in your magazine named "Appalachian South." I cannot buy this wonderful magazine in Japan. I want it, but don't know how to send money. Therefore, in return for it, I would like to send you something that you would like from Japan. Would you please permit me to ask you what you would like? I am a leader of our high school folklore club. I am 17 years old.

Yours truly,
Shuji Ishikawa
2-10-22 Ehara,
Shinagawa-ku
Tokyo, Japan

Georgia Cracker

I was born and raised in Panthersville, Georgia; a few miles from Atlanta. Panthersville is some distance from the mountains, but I spent many happy days on my father's place 10 miles from Cleveland, Georgia (just over Testatee Gap from Blairsville) and I can't get the mountains out of my system.

I have always sung folk songs and have long been interested in songs, and other lore of the "folk." I have finally gotten around to doing something about it. I am now at the University of Pennsylvania, a graduate student in Folklore and Folklife. I hope eventually to return to Georgia to teach, collect archive, and publish Georgia Folklore.

While living in Fairfax, Virginia I ran into a very fine Negro guitar picker,

singer, and tale teller who was raised in the Blue Ridge Mountains near Speeryville, Virginia. If I can ever get around to it I will send you a short story on him.

I have known Hedy West for several years, and Don and Connie. I like what Don is trying to do in West Virginia and what you all are doing with the magazine. Enclose \$5 for subscription.

Regards
Chuck Purdue
Philadelphia, Pa.

Exploitation Not Confined to Mountains Hope Is In The People

After reading my first issue of *Appalachian South* (Spr.-Sum.) from cover to cover, and enjoying every page of it, I have the impression that a definite force for change is rising in the hills of my home state (W. Va.), and other parts of Appalachia.

This hopeful turn of events is, of course, very gratifying to me. Perhaps at long last enough people are awakening to the fact of one-hundred years of systematic rape committed against the land and its people.

In the course of fighting these wrongs which have been committed by absentee landlords and their local political hacks, we must keep in mind two things. Firstly, that the robbery and plunder of the resources from the mountains of Appalachia is not an isolated case. A similar condition exists in Louisiana and other areas.

While the degree of exploitation may differ, the basic pattern is the same. Bankers and industrialists with a surplus of capital and a shortage of scruples invest heavily in an area with rich resources and a plentiful supply of cheap labor. Then they buy off the local politicians so that they can continue to exploit the area with impunity, without having to worry about severance taxes and paying a living wage.

The capital to commit these crimes against the people has heretofore come primarily from Northeastern Banks: Chase Manhattan, First National City of New York, First National City of New York, etc. But now, the financial base has been broadened somewhat and it is coming from Texas and Southern California as well. Louisiana's poor people are suffering from exploitation by both Northern and Western capitalists, and I fear this will become increasingly true in other parts of the South.

The second fact we must take into consideration is that we cannot expect help from the federal government in our battle against big business—because the federal government is big business. It is fortunate that people like Gordon Ebersole and Lowell Kirby (New Dawn for Appalachia, Ap-

palachian South, Spr.-Sum. Issue) are aware of this disturbing reality and will be in a position to prepare the people to face it.

In order to win in this struggle, as some of your writers have pointed out, we must depend on an informed, organized and outraged public. The futile attempts of a few individuals to pass a severance tax in West Virginia should demonstrate the folly of depending on an elite rather than — the people. If light is to come to the Cumberlandlands it must be bought by a mass movement. And if light is to come to America, so that our human and natural resources are not exploited and wasted at home and in foreign wars, that light must be brought by a mass movement.

The day has long passed when one man or a small group of men can drive the money-changers from the temple alone. In order to drive out today's powerful money-changers we must use something more powerful than a whip. It will take thousands of informed, dedicated people who are determined to restore self-government and exercise control over their destinies in spite of all obstacles. Let us begin.

A friend in the struggle,
Jack Frazier
New Orleans, La.

To Transform Harmful Into Helpful Society

Why so much violence? Adults need to grow as self-guiding, self-fulfilling individuals. Conforming frustrates . . . Many frustrated people become compulsively hostile. Even conformity to a Welfare State produces a hostile Warfare State.

Humanity-Lovers Unite! By increasing self-government, you can reduce such causes of mass hostility. This axiom points where to start: The more self-help, reciprocal help, and cooperative help, the less you need government which enables others to control you.

First, communications inside yourself: Your own habits constitute a computer which can be self-correcting if you don't let others push your buttons. You, yourself, instruct your habit computer for whatever you want. After new actions you listen to your computer's report on your output. This "feedback" report tells you what to learn next. Second, communications for reciprocity: insofar as you and your friends exchange honest feedback on how you affect each other, you can begin to learn to produce mutual satisfactions in personal relations.

Third, communications for cooperation: To neutralize exploiters, racists and warmakers, humanity-lovers need many small friendly groups to build widening circles of community cooperation . . .

Do you need practice? In a small group, you can rehearse certain self-corrective communication-habits that increase mem-

bers' power of self-helping, helping each other, and healing the sick society.

Clear Marks, group action consultant
Institute for Creative Living
Los Angeles, Calif.

Likes The Idea of C.A.D.

This is to thank you for the Appalachian South. May CAD continue to develop until it reaches unheard proportions and spikes a move in Appalachia that will do away with grinding poverty there and bring new ideals and incentives to the people.

Roxie Wood
Sparta, Tenn.

Incurable Optimist

Intolerance, which has been so dominant and so tragic, in the affairs of man, holds sway in the Near East, and I'm afraid that nothing at all has been settled by the recent hostilities. In the long run, I'm not at all clear in my mind, how the Israelis can remain, if the Arabs won't have them. In the past, these ethnically-similar people got along. It was the Christians that persecuted the Jews. So long as the Moors were in Spain the Jews flourished there, but so soon as Ferdinand and Isabella whipped Boab-dil, in the fifteenth century, they turned around and expelled the Jews. England, at that time, and earlier, was as brutally anti-Semitic as Nazi Germany.

But I'm an incurable optimist where human history is concerned. I always believed man had a secure future, and still think he does, though at times prospects seem all too dark and dreary. One thing is certain, it will take a lot of struggle for man to achieve that future. Tremendous problems have to be solved.

Allan McElfresh
Lexington, Ky.

Politics and People A Liberal Governor for W. Va.

When the corporation replaced the independent businessman as the chief vehicle of commerce, the personal morality and social pressures that governed the conduct of the latter were unable to pierce the anonymous facade of the former, and a conflict between the interests of the large corporations and the interests of the rest of society has raged ever since. Commenting on this struggle in his Pulitzer Prize-winning book, *The Age of Jackson*, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., wrote:

"The crucial question is not, Is there 'too much' government? but, Does the government promote 'too much' the interests of a single group? In liberal capitalist society this question has ordinarily become in practice, Is the government serving the

interests of the business community to the detriment of the nation as a whole? This has been the irrepressible conflict of capitalism: the struggle on the part of the business community to dominate the state, and on the part of the rest of society, under the leadership of 'liberals' to check the political ambitions of business."

The power the people have at the polls in a democracy tends to offset the power that naturally gravitates toward the wealth of the industrial community, and theoretically the struggle between "people" and "property" should be fairly even over the long term. In practice, this has not been the case in West Virginia. The big corporations—the coal operators in the beginning later joined by manufacturing and utility interests—have succeeded in dominating this state.

The element that has been missing from the "people's" side of the political equation from the beginning is the leadership of the liberals. There are many reasons for this, the mountain people's deep-rooted distrust of intellectuals, lack of a first-rate educational system, economic conditions that lure the best minds out of the state, etc., but probably the most significant contributing factor is our conservative constitution that shields the status quo behind a diffusion of executive power that makes change virtually impossible.

It is a stout-hearted liberal indeed that would attempt to offset the influence of big business on the government of West Virginia, but for the first time in the century of our existence as a state, we have such a man. He is Paul J. Kaufman, the senior senator from the eighth senatorial district.

By West Virginia standards, Sen. Kaufman is a man ahead of his time, and by all standards he is a man of singular courage. He pushed for tax reform, specifically for the big corporations' bearing their fair share of the tax burden, at a time when he others came to see the wisdom of his argument was a voice in the wilderness. Gradually, ment, and the Papke studies and the first halting steps toward liberalization of our tax laws resulted.

The story is the same for air and water pollution control laws. Sen. Kaufman spoke forcefully before others became aware of the problems, and he pushed strong legislation through against the fierce opposition of affected industrial interests. The *Charleston Gazette* said of him, "He has been a man ahead of his time in matters of public interest before the legislature, and he is due credit for an enlightened climate that began to develop during the recent session. . . . He is an idealist, one who prefers to fight for the full package in the public interest rather than settle for compromise."

There is a growing awareness among the voters of West Virginia that things are

not as they should be. The people are awakening to the fact that those they elect to represent them often end up representing someone else. Forces for change are stirring. The people are restless and this restlessness has been manifested by an uncharacteristic selectivity between individual candidates in recent elections. Sensing these stirrings, a group of Sen. Kaufman's friends believe that it might be possible to elect a liberal governor in 1968, and they have formed a committee to promote the Senator's candidacy.

Senator Kaufman has not committed himself to run yet, but it is known that he is interested. If financial support materializes and the people indicate they are ready for a change, it is a fair assumption that he will run. And if he runs, his campaign should be a revelation. He can be expected to meet issues head-on with an outspoken honesty that West Virginians are unaccustomed to in a political campaign.

Senator Kaufman can provide the liberal leadership, but the political equation must be complete. The people must rally to his banner. The big money interests, and the political parties that are largely under other colors on the other side of the balance. The balance of power, as it must in a democracy, rests with the people, and if the political ambitions of big business in West Virginia are to be checked, labor, professional people, independent businessmen, and low-income people and other minorities, must recognize their common political interests and forge an alliance in support of Sen. Kaufman.

Franklin Roosevelt said in 1936:

"It will never be possible for any length of time for any group of the American people, either by reason of wealth or learning or inheritance or economic power, to retain any mandate, any permanent authority to arrogate to itself the political control of American public life. This heritage . . . we owe to Jacksonian democracy—the American doctrine that entrusts the general welfare to no one group or class, but dedicates itself to the end that the American people shall not be thwarted in their high purpose to remain the custodians of their own destiny."

The people of West Virginia have yet to acquire the custody of their own destiny.

Montie R. Rigney
Hernshaw, W. Va.

Gentlemen:

After seeing my first copy of *Appalachian South* I realized that I must start receiving this magazine because it deals with the basic problems of West Virginia and our surrounding states.

I will be a freshman student at West Virginia University this fall so please find enclosed cash for a subscription.

Sincerely yours,
Steven Chancey

The Possibilities of the Cooperative In Appalachia South

I have been delighted with the spirit of The Appalachian South ever since Don West left me the first copy. The magazine seems to enshrine a wonderful kind of self reliance—so prophetically necessary in our age—and an abhorrence of the destruction of both human and natural resources in one of the most beautiful parts of our country. As an Episcopal clergyman, now living in a Virginia valley, who desires to aid this ethos, I am penning this little suggestion for what it is worth.

I have watched what is happening in my valley and am no longer content to be just an observer. It is true that we are not as poverty stricken as many other parts of Appalachia, but the same things that are happening elsewhere are happening here. There is nothing to hold the youth; and soon we shall be a valley of those over sixty-five who can draw Social Security and those under eighteen, still in school, so powerful is the call of the city. It is not that the middle-aged are unhappy here—this is the home to which they return at Homecoming and to visit the folks—it is just that there isn't any vocational possibility here. They go to the villages at the ends of the valley, and from there away.

As Sweden has found, as the Midwest farmer in certain areas, England in part, there might be a middle way, the cooperative movement. In New York City, where I formerly lived, cooperative high-rise apartment buildings have grown up under government sponsorship. The people buy and own their apartments and within a short time decided the policies of their cooperative organization. Soon they began to rebel at private management and to band together to manage their own group of buildings. They found that together they could put the oil contract to private suppliers at great self-advantage. The spirit of cooperation so caught them that even the milk dispensing machines were filled with producer's cooperative products. When they opened small stores, they went to a cooperative supermarket to take advantage of joint ordering. Could such an operation be of aid to Appalachia? I believe, yes; not so much in the organization of consumption, but in the coordination of production.

Because of the natural beauty of the area, we shall always have a great asset, tourists. I don't suggest a fleecing operation, but the tourist trade we can serve value for value. It is a miracle to me that some coal mining community has not taken a small abandon mine, shored it up, set up a token operation, put miner's lamps on the visitor's heads and in an educational way, shown how coal was taken from the earth. Who of us has ever been down in a coal mine? The same could happen, if it included a small smelter, for one of the old

iron companies that dotted these mountains. You could see the vein of iron in the ground, the blast of the Bessemer, and the pouring of the pig. What a sight for the school children on a holiday. Such tourist attractions need not even be near the main artery or a major city. The community would then have a chance to provide all the attendant needs of the traveler, motels, restaurants, etc. One of these needs is for souvenirs, not the horrible commercially done chenille bedspreads, the commercially turned wooden doodads which infest the salescounters these days, but authentic products of our native crafts. This is where the "Coop" comes in.

There is a guild of Southern Craftsmen; and it must be said that North Carolina and Eastern Tennessee have developed this calling. Most of the authentic handicraft in Virginia comes from these states. But can't we start such an enterprise elsewhere; and take it out of an individual-



handicraft basis and make it a small project for a community of those who wish to work?

The coop may be an answer. Take an enterprise that will demand little capital outlay; home prepared preserves. A community can band together, procure its distinctive jars, print its labels, set up a committee to judge its standard of quality, do a little cost accounting to guarantee its workers a minimum wage at least, and you are in cooperative business. If there is a capital outlay, figure in your cost at least a six percent return on the investment. Salesmanship consists of postcards dropped to tourist centers as a beginning. These last are begging for such material on a steady basis. It probably is best to specialize in one or two items plentiful in your area and see your product as an aid to present income and on from there. There is a church near here that largely supports itself with plum puddings made from a special recipe. The producer's coop divides the profit by the number of items an individual has made, as is obvious; but also the voting takes place on this basis so that the worker who is most concerned, has the most shares; this means that changes will

occur in the power structure from time to time.

This is a simple example for it demands little in the line of starting money, but banks in an area might be persuaded to lend to such an organization. Eventually the wherewithall might come from another successful cooperative venture. It is amazing how missionary and concerned the cooperative movement always seems to become.

Just a suggestion of some of the things that could be produced in this fashion by members of a community: quilting with authentic old patterns, pottery where there is clay, fireplace and other brooms where broom corn can be successfully grown, tanning of deerhides and snake skins for various leather items, a number of handloomed products, woodcraft, and even a winery. The list seems endless; all that needs to happen is for such an organization to begin somewhere. The advantage of the coop is that it gives the group more power than if an individual works alone. Advertising is easier; and a group stands for continuity year after year. A sales outlet can say when the time to order arrives, "We got a very good and saleable product from the Black Creek Coop last year; let's try them again."

There is another, and perhaps the greatest value of the coop. We in the hills have always been so individualistic sometimes of necessity, and other times of pride, that the cooperative can provide a meeting place under such obvious rules that discussion and not fighting will be the end product. We are all our own bosses in our own Coop with recognizable lines of responsibility and power. To have this out in the open can curb most of the hostility we rank individualists sometimes indulge in.

We have had a little project organized on somewhat these lines in the hills here at Sweet Chalybeate, a small dress concern. To our amazement, even in its smallness, working for two amateur designers in New York, those who are working make about four dollars an hour. Maybe with a little more advice and expertise we can make it grow; perhaps as an arm of SCAD.

This is only the most tenuous suggestion from one who loves Appalachia from the bottom of his heart as do the other contributors to your magazine. Godspeed.

Fr. Donald S. Cheetham
"Bounty"
Sweet Chalybeate
via Covington, Va.

Maker Of Fine Handcrafted Dulcimers



A.L. (AL) GREYNOLDS

Phone 606-673-4974

Box 496
Loyall, Ky. 40354

FOUR EXPRESSIONS

BY RUSS LILLY

I

*Baba
an old peasant woman
furrowed by years of
tears for sons and
one tear rutting
trenching deepest
for being old*

II

*in the exiled country
garbed in all its october
the unpainted people cling
to their mountains
and coal black hollows
the worn company roads winding
deeper into their autumn*

*in the twilight
gray faces crumble inward
mirrored by rusting tipples*

*the tired leathery hands are folded
their fingers laced against tomorrow*

III

*in the old orchard
at the family place
eight generations
matted in a dry rot sutra
baroque tangles dare the
eye
in a crab apple saddle
there is a robin's nest
living*

IV

*the time stiffened man
his mountain proud vein
still pulsing summers
he dreams in shavings
of the whole forest whittled
on the cabin floor
he struts through
the valley of sawdust
bleary on the floor
humming the deathless
young man's dance
he carries a crisp dawn
still reaching to span
her thin waist
with trembling hands*

NOTE: Russ Lilly is a young West Virginian. Until recently he was city editor of the Hinton (W. Va.) *Daily News*. He is now on the staff of the Huntington (W. Va.) *Herald Dispatch*.

John Henry

This American ballad written probably in 1872 is a world classic of man's great struggle against the machine. The locale is Big Ben Tunnel, Summers County, W. Va.

*When John Henry was a little baby
Sitting on his pappy's knee
He grabbed a hammer and a little piece of steel,
Said, "This hammer'll be the death of me, Lord, Lord,
This hammer'll be the death of me."*

*Now the captain said to John Henry,
"I'm gonna take that steam drill around,
I'm gonna take that steam drill out on the job,
I'm gonna whop that steel on down, Lord, Lord,
Gonna whop that steel on down."*

*John Henry told his captain,
"A man ain't nothing but a man,
But before I'll let that steam drill beat me down
I'll die with my hammer in my hand, Lord, Lord,
I'll die with my hammer in my hand."*

*The man that invented the steam drill,
He thought he was mighty fine,
But John Henry he made fourteen feet
While the steam drill only made nine, Lord, Lord,
The steam drill made only nine.*

*John Henry hammered on the mountain
Till his hammer was striking fire.
He drove so hard he broke his poor heart,
Then he laid down his hammer and he died, Lord, Lord,
He laid down his hammer and he died.*

KANAWHA RECORDS

Kanawha 301

Old Time Songs and Tunes — Clay County, W. Va.

Jenes Cottrell and French Carpenter entertain with banjo and fiddle tunes native to their region. Six appear on record for the first time.

Cherry River Line
Camp Chase
Gospel Plow
Wild Horse
New Titanic
Yew Piney Mountain
Minnow On The Hook

Sail Away Ladies
Elzics Farewell
Hesitating Blues
Soldiers Joy
Shelvin' Rock
Old Christmas Morning
Forked Buck

Kanawha 305

Billy Cox — The Dixie Songbird

Between 1929-1940 Billy Cox alone and with Cliff Hobbs recorded over 150 songs on record for Gennett and Columbia. He's primarily known as composer of Filipino Baby and Sparkling Brown Eyes. Billy lives in Charleston, West Virginia. His first record in 27 years.

Battle Axe and the Devil
The Fiddling Soldier
Franklin D. Roosevelt's
Back Again
Democratic Donkey
Filipino Baby
Old Pinto and Me
Alimony Woman
Blind Baggage Blues

Dang My Pop-Eyed Soul
Sweet Eloise
Blue and Low
Jailer's Daughter
Rolling Pin Woman
Wino's Last Prayer
Temple of Sin
They Sent Her Gun To War
Browns Ferry Blues

Kanawha 302

Galax, Va., Fiddlers Convention

The first album released of the excellent traditional music heard at this yearly convention. Banjo, fiddle, guitar, ballad and bluegrass are represented.

Dog In The Rye Straw
Little Orphan Girl
Walkin' In The Parlor
Little Maggie
Old Dad
Barbara Allen
Monkey On A String
Fortune

8th of January
White House Blues
Red Wing
Fishers Hornpipe
Sally Ann
Arkansas Traveler
Paddy On The Turnpike
Don't Go Out Tonight

Kanawha 306

The Legend of Clark Kessinger, Vol. II

Clark's second album after his comeback in 1965. Vol. I, was more bluegrass oriented while this album shows more of the style he used on the old Brunswick records. Clark is accompanied on this album by Charlie Lemon (guitar). Vol. I. was great, but for old-time this one is hard to beat.

Under the Double Eagle
Wilson's Hornpipe
Sweet Bunch of Daisies
Paddy On The Turnpike
Done Gone
Three Forks of Sandy

Old Jake Gillie
Durang Hornpipe
Kanawha March
W. Va. Hornpipe
Devil's Dream
Black Hawk Waltz

Kanawha 304

The Legend of Clark Kessinger

1966 World Champion and 1966 National Senior Champion. Appearances on NBC Today Show and The Grand Ole Opry gave much publicity to old-time fiddling. Assisted here by banjo and guitar accompaniment. Clark lives in St. Albans, West Virginia.

Chinky Pin
Ragtime Annie
Sally Ann Johnson
Redbird
Salt River
Over The Waves
Cluck Old Hen
Poca River Blues
Flop-Eared Mule

Turkey Knob
Leatherbritches
Billy In The Lowground
Dance All Night
Wednesday Night Waltz
Sandy River
Hell Among The Yearlings
Sally Goodwin
Richmond Polka

Kanawha 307

Traditional Music for Banjo, Fiddle and Bagpipes Franklin George of Bluefield, W. Va., with John Summers of Marion, Indiana.

The debut of one of the best all around musicians in old-time music. Frank George is well known at fiddlers conventions and craft fairs. This album shows why he's considered a real find.

Londonderry Hornpipe
Boatsman
Angeline
Wearin' Of The Green
(All the way to Galway)
Wake Up Susan —
Devil's Dream
Salt River
Teetotaler
Richetts Hornpipe
Nancy Ann

Grey Eagle
Old Mollie Hare
Minstrel Boy—O'Donnell Albu.
Turkey In The Straw
Forked Horn Deer
Fishers Hornpipe
Roundtown Girls
Top of Cork Road
Arkansas Traveler
Cumberland Gap
Mississippi Sawyer

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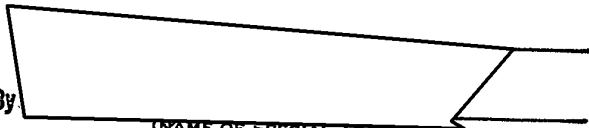
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Hinton, W.Va.

The Action News

Phone:
466-3131

MULTI COUNTY BETTER ROADS COMMITTEE MEETING, CHARLESTON, W. VA.; MAY 25, '68

The discussion began by our Multi-County Chairman saying he had received two completed road surveys from Mercer and Wyoming County. In order to make these surveys, we are to list our road priorities and we are to have four copies of the survey.

The discussion of the Road Bond Issue was brought out. It has been said that the Road Bond Issue has been applied for, to the Federal Government, for uses on interstate highways only. We feel that if this statement is true, which we have to examine carefully, we should vote against it. We the people, feel that the interstate does not help about getting to and from our homes. If there is not going to be any money provided for our secondary roads, we don't need the Road Bond Issue. The interstate provides a good road mainly for the people that are just passing through West Virginia and the people that live in West Virginia hardly ever have a reason for traveling it. If the money is given to us by the Federal Government for interstates, it can't not be used on secondary roads.

The next discussion that came up was where will the money come from to pay the Federal Government back for the Road Bond Issue if it is passed. Will we, the people, be taxed more, or will the man hauling our minerals out of our state, who can afford to be taxed more, be paying the most of this money. If we, the people, are to be taxed a great deal heavier than what we are already, we can't afford the Road Bond Issue.

We decided if there is going to be money provided for our secondary roads and if the most tax is put on the man that can afford to be taxed more, we should pass it, otherwise it should not be passed.

We will be making a trip to Washington. We are to elect two representatives from each county to make this trip. There has been no date set for the trip as of now.

The Chairman discussed that we will have to have our State employees hired under the Civil Service and not by some political organization, in order to be sure our employees qualify for the job! The State Road employees that are hired by a political organization, a lot of them are just farmers and have never had any experience or training with a piece of road machinery before in their lives. When we manage to get someone employed in our counties under the Civil Service that knows how to do and what to do, we know there will be better roads for everyone.

Summers County
Citizens Better Roads
Advertisement Committee,
Mary Mills Adkins and
Basil Ratliff

MENTAL ILLNESS WILL STRIKE AGAIN!

Yes! it can happen to you! Today you are as healthy as anyone, tomorrow, you can be as mentally unbalanced as any patient in a mental hospital!

This problem of mental illness is one that respects no one.

What causes this sickness? I am not the one that can tell you.

We all have our strains and cares, some of us are fortunate enough to be able to handle them, to some of us it too much to handle.

For those of us that are strong enough to take it on the shoulder, we must keep going and trying again.

But what about those of us that can't do this? What can we do about them? Well, we can be kind, patient, and understanding, and let them know that we are willing to listen to their problems and help them solve them if we can. We can read and try to educate them and ourselves on the problems of mental illness. (cont. on page 2)

Puzzled About Community Action?
Find out about it. Come to the County-wide
Community Action Meeting on Saturday,
June 29 at
WHERE? -- Summers Co. Memorial Building,
TIME? -- 1:00 P.M.

Mental Illness--

Above all let us get through to people that we are interested in and care for them as human beings.

of the things we at the Talcott Action Center are trying to do for our community and everyone who lives in it.

You are your brother's keeper whether you realize it or not. Be ready to listen to a person when he or she talks to you, and try to understand what they are saying to you.

We are hoping to open a Farm Fresh Produce Market and a novelty shop in this area. We hope to buy from the farmers and gardeners in the area and sell to the public. We hope to buy novelty that are made by the people in this community.

The next person you listen to may be one that you can keep from a mental institution or an unproductive life.

We also hope to have a truck in the near future to pick up and deliver the produce.

IT COULD HAPPEN TO YOU:

Anyone wanting to contact the Mental Health Workers should call 466-3431 or 466-3899.

We meet at the Action Center on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month. Everyone is welcome regardless of age or color. Hoping to see all there at the next meeting.

LETTER TO ALL COMMUNITY ACTION GROUPS:

To: All of the members of the Community Action Group

Mrs. Clara Anderson
Secretary

I will try and let you know how I feel about the Action Group.

ACTION GROUP NEWS -----

We can all work together and build a better community. Or we can all work against each other and make it a place where we don't want to live.

HINTON -- Joy Gibbs and Gloria Smith have been assigned to the Hinton Action Center on the college work-study program. They are planning social and recreational activities for children from the ages of 6-19.

I feel that before we all can work together we must first learn to get along with our neighbors. "As the Bible says "Love thy neighbor." By loving and respecting our neighbors we can all work together to make our community one to be proud of and feel proud when we hear people say good things about our community.

The center is open during the day from 2:00 - 5:00. On Tuesdays and Thursdays the pre-teens are allowed to come to the center from 2:00-5:00. The teenagers hours are 8:00-11:30 for dances, except for special dances, then the dance will last until 12:00.

I would like to change the phrase the late President John F. Kennedy used "Ask not what our community can do for us but what we can do for our community.

The activities planned for the remaining month of June are as follows:

Mrs. Beulah Crawford
Treasurer and a member
of the Big Creek
Community Action.

- Monday - 17th Dance
- Tuesday - 18th Pre-teen activities
2:00-5:00 P.M.
- Wednesday - 19th Center open
2:00-5:00 P.M.
- Thursday - 20th Center closed
- Friday - 21st Dance with band - 25¢
8:30P.M. to 12:00
- Saturday - 22nd Odd Ball dance
8:00-11:30 P.M.
- Monday - 24th First Aid Instructions
2:00 P.M.
- Tuesday - 25th Talent Show Plans 9:30
Pre-teen activities
2:00-5:00 P.M.
- Wednesday - 26th Swimming.
- Thursday - 27th Pre-teen activities
- Friday - 28th Hayride & Weiner Roast
- Saturday - 29th Tramp dance

Talcott Community
What it is and what it means to me.

This is a community effort and will benefit everyone rich or poor if everyone will come out and take part there are so many things that could be done that would benefit the whole community for many years to come.

Ground breaking ceremonies were held at the Hinton Action Center on June 17. Work Study students started leveling off the ground for the new basketball court.

If the people will only overcome the fear, prejudice or what ever keeps the people in the community from working together for the good of everyone. It doesn't matter what color the skin, red, black, brown, white, or polka dot, we are all God's children and should try to live and work together to make our community one we are proud of and one we can be proud to hand down to our children, and to say we had a part in building it. I would like to try to explain some

MORE ACTION GROUP NEWS --

PIPESTEM HAS VARIED ACTIVITIES

Pipestem Community Action Group was well represented at the third Appalachian People's Congress in Charleston on May 25. That Congress was the best we've had yet. Meeting and talking together the 12 hundred people from six mountain states made plans that may eventually result in a national organization of poor people that can help bring a better life.

On June 1, we had another all day working and dinner together at the Appalachian Folklife Center where Don West is working to build a camp, school, and home for orphans and needy children along with a mountain museum and folk festival. Mr. West donated a lot of land to our Community Action Group for a Community Center. The last meeting of our group directed the building committee to proceed with plans for constructing the building. It will be for all community welfare purposes such as regular meetings, educational or entertainment, library and perhaps health clinic. Denzil Lyon, president of our group, is also working on a playground and ball diamond in the field below our community center site.

Our group is planting some 3 acres to sugar corn at the Folklife Center Farm. We hope to clear some money to go toward the building and furnishing of our Center. Basil Wyrick, Tommy Neely, Denzil Lyon, Fred Nichols, Cletus Lyon, and Junior Howell have given time to plowing and harrowing the field. We plan to plant it this week.

The CAP staff and 25 other Community Action members from other parts of the county spent June 12-13 working at the Appalachian Folklife Center. During this time there were 50 AV's and VISTA's there working and holding conferences. The women painted the dining hall and some of them put up panel in the cottages. All had a good time and much work was done.

On our regular meeting night, May 31, we had a picnic at Sun Valley Park. Fifty-eight were in attendance and all seemed to enjoy the outing.

Our regular meeting date is June 21st at 8:00 P.M. Anyone interested in community improvement is invited and welcomed. Sometimes it seems like Community Action and its purposes are misunderstood. Actually it is an organization of neighbors working together to improve their community and their own conditions.

!!!!

SANDSTONE --

The Sandstone Community Action Group meets every fourth Tuesday at 7:00 P.M. at the Community Center at Sandstone.

The group has sponsored a tutoring

class, a knitting class, and some activities in the center for the youth. But for lack of space and facilities, activities in the center are limited. It is now being used for community meetings and clothing center. Clothing will be issued to needy families every fourth Friday.

The group has applied for a self-help program. They plan to do necessary work -- repair and remodeling -- to the center.

Group membership is not as high as it should be. New members are welcome and membership cards will be given out at the next meeting. Anyone that is interested in arts and crafts or transportation services for the area should attend the special meeting scheduled for June 19, at 7:00 P.M. at the Sandstone Community Center.

MEADOW CREEK, BERRY TOWN ACTION GROUP --

On June 7, 1968, residents of the Meadow Creek and Berry Town area organized a Community Action Group. Area residents have begun to realize the need for an organized group to solve local community problems. Their immediate goal is to have conditions on Berry Town road improved with other local community problems being solved at later dates.

Nominations and election of officers was held by the group. The Chairman selected was Jesse Perdue; vice-chairman, Fred Pettrey; Treasurer, Frankie Rouse; and Secretary, Minnie Perdue. The suggestion was made and carried out that at each meeting, each member contributed what sum of money he could to the group's treasury with the contribution being completely voluntary. The money in the treasury is to be used for expenses incurred while working to solve community problems such as money for gasoline purchased by those going to see the District Highway Supervisor. In this way, expenses are shared by the group and do not fall solely on the shoulders of one or two members.

At the first group meeting, Mr. Jesse Perdue and Mr. Fred Pettrey volunteered to go with the Citizens Better Road Committee to Lewisburg to talk with Mr. Canfield, District Supervisor of Highways, about secondary road conditions. Mr. Perdue made a report back to the action group. At the present time, there are no plans for improvement of the Berry Town road. It was also discovered that no traffic count has been taken as of yet. Mr. Canfield, District Supervisor, listed improvements requested but stated that he could make no promises concerning road improvement.

Much discussion has been held at the Action meetings on the importance of organization. All residents who are interested are urged to attend the next meeting on Friday, June 21, at Smith's Bait Store in Meadow Creek.

HINTON ACTION GROUP ---

The Hinton Action Group heartily welcomes Ann Farrell, Peggy Lowe, Rhinda Yancey, and Sue Davis to the fold. They are employed by Community for the summer under the Work-Study Program. We feel that they will be a great help in strengthening our organization. These girls have not had an opportunity to work with the poor, but seem to understand their problems and needs. After visiting some of the poverty pockets in the area, Ann Farrell and Peggy Lowe had this to say, "The situation of Possum Hollow is unbelievable and tragic. Everyone that visit our quaint town of Hinton cannot seem to praise the beauty and hospitality that exists here. However, they should see some of the city limits that are somehow kept hidden. Those that live in Possum Hollow are tax payers, but yet in someone's rule book it doesn't allow them to have such necessities as sewage facilities, street lights, paved roads-in fact, they need passable roads and fire hydrants. Yes, it's a beautiful place -- beautiful place to keep hidden."

NEIGHBORHOOD YOUTH CORP.

Summers jobs have been given to eligible students who were in school last year and will be returning to school in the fall. Approximately 85 children (boys and girls) have been in positions with the State Road Commission, Board of education, and Department of Natural Resources. There are still several vacancies, so, if you have not applied, you should do so immediately. Apply with Mr. Tim Barton at The CAP Office in the Memorial Building.

COLLEGE WORK-STUDY

Forty (40) college students or high school seniors going to college this fall are working for \$1.25 an hour or \$200 per month. Ten are working with Community Action as organizers. The students are not necessarily low income. The college declares them eligible. The colleges involved are Concord, Marshall, W. Va. Tech, W. Va. University, and W. Va. State.

UPWARD BOUND

Twenty high school students will attend Concord this summer for 6 weeks. Expenses are paid and a follow-up program is held during the winter. No cost to the CAP.

ENCAMPMENT FOR CITIZENSHIP

Don West is sponsoring this camp for six weeks. Two county children may attend, expenses paid by the camp. Ages 14-18. Applications must be made to Mr. West. There is no cost to the CAP.

PROJECT HEAD START

175 children will attend the six centers this year. 47 people have been employed with 32 being low income. The program will provide medical & dental for the children. The people recommended by the groups were employed. The cost is \$41,337.

SELF-HELP GRANTS

Action Groups will be eligible for grants to get them better organized. They write the applications, sponsor the project, and provide the leadership. Amount available is \$2,400.

PRESBYTERIAN CAMP

Ten (10) 8th and 9th graders will attend the summer camp from August 5 to August 10. Groups can make lists of names they want to attend. Expenses are paid.

LEGAL AIDE

A lawyer, aide, and secretary will be hired to serve the poor and groups in Summers County and Mercer County. Cost to Summers County is \$6,028.

CO-OPS

A specialist will be employed to begin training groups and individuals on the Co-Op idea. Incentive grants will be available to help them organize and succeed.

MAMAS & PAPAS

This is a program to provide the elderly with home health and visitation workers as well as provide emergency care for our aged. Groups will sponsor a worker to provide the services in their area. The cost is \$10,000.

Joe Hatfield, Director of the SCCAP, urges all community action groups and organizations to please maintain good community relations and organization throughout the summer. PLEASE, keep the CAP staff informed of activities so that the schedules will not conflict.

Because of so many summer programs and because of a shortage in staff, better coordination between groups and committees will prevent mix-ups as in the past.

KEEP UP THE GOOD COMMUNITY RELATIONS !!!

JOIN COMMUNITY ACTION!!!

at 5.00.00 PER STUDENT

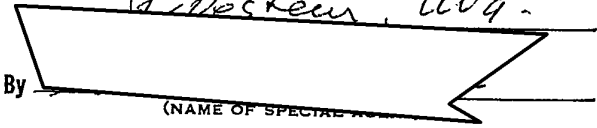
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SON OF MAN

The foxes in the hills had holes
And birds in trees, their nests,
But for this Man, there was no place
To lay his head in rest

But humble workmen sought him out
The harlot bathed his feet
In salty tears at Simon's house
When there they chanced to meet.

The little children loved his touch
The rich men felt his ire
And in the hearts of poor men lives
His everlasting fire.

—D. W.

An automated miner
From Cabin Creek,
Said automated miner
From Cabin Creek
Ain't got no job
That's what I seek.

Now I used to dig coal where
The mine was damp
Said I used to dig coal where
The mine was damp
Load sixteen tons
By carbide lamp.

But since automation came
The times got tight
Said since automation came
And times got tight
They put me on
A special diet.

O molly-grub and gravy on
The welfare roll
Said molly-grub and gravy
On the welfare roll
Can't get no job
To save my soul.

Walked all the way to Charleston
My feet got sore
I walked the road to Charleston
My feet got sore
And then I went
To Baltimore.

But twenty years a miner
It's all I know
Said twenty years a miner
That's all I know
No job, no home,
No place to go . . .

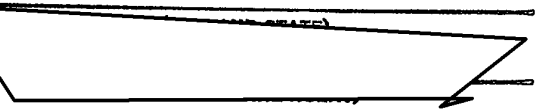
—Don West

File No. 100-13680-1A6

Date Received 4-17-70

From 7
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By 

To Be Returned Yes
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Description:

^{Leaflet}
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"TAKE WARNING"

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b6
b7C

Take Warning

A large "social welfare organization" is to convene at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina on April 24, 25, and 26 of 1970.

Films scheduled to be shown to young people at this gathering are designated as SCEF films, NEWSREEL films, and APPALACHIAN VOLUNTEERS films.

Workshops are scheduled to kick off a drive for "Appalachian Studies" in Appalachian schools to complement the "Black Studies" agitation already repugnantly familiar to other areas.

SCEF stands for "Southern Conference Educational Fund", perhaps the most widely exposed communist front in America. Under the name of "Southern Conference for Human Welfare" as well as its present name it has been cited as "conceived, financed, and set up by the Communist Party to promote communism in the South". (See House Committee on Un-American Activities [HUAC] and House Committee on Internal Security [HCIS] reports write your Congressman.)

NEWSREEL is, in its own words, a "political propaganda organization". It has been "politically active" in practically every riot staged by the "movement" in recent years. NEWSREEL films depict the Viet Cong, Castro, the Black Panthers, etc. as heroes; and the U. S. "Imperialist" government and its "fascist" police as the enemy. (See Move-Speak, Official Catalog of the Movement Speakers' Bureau.)

APPALACHIAN VOLUNTEERS, although nominally a separate group charged with "training and recruiting workers" in Appalachia, is the organizing arm of the convening body. Both AV and SCEF personnel were indicted by the Pike County, Kentucky grand jury in 1967 for attempting to violently overthrow the government, seize federal funds, and place communist organizers in local schools to "promote their ideology among school children." (See Pike County Grand Jury report. Also see Kentucky Joint Legislative Committee on Un-American Activities [KUAC] reports, same subject.)

The group staging this gathering was formerly known as "Conference of Southern Mountain Workers". Under its newest alias of "COUNCIL OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAINS", and utilizing the organizational capabilities of their Appalachian Volunteers working as "Vistas", CSM has penetrated and taken control of virtually every poverty program in West Virginia. It is probably best known as the sole administrator of the federally funded anti-poverty program in McDowell County, operating from its office on McDowell Street in Welch. (See Encyclopedia of Associations; Section 6.)

Although it is no secret that the Communist conspiracy has been operating through a system of "Folk Schools" for many years and that several have been closed down by courts and legislatures of different states, it is not widely known that representatives of such schools make up a large percentage of the CSM board of directors. Of necessary interest to citizens of West Virginia and McDowell County are the "Appalachian South Folklife Center" at Pipestem, W. Va., and "Highlander Center" in Knoxville, Tenn. Myles Horton and Don West, Communists and SCEF pioneers, direct these two. The staff of Highlander Center are all Appalachian Volunteers and the Appalachian South school was built by "Vistas". (See BECKLEY POST HERALD 11/28/69 and PRINCETON TIMES, 9/26/68.)

SCEF has just completed work on a textbook on "Appalachian History" that will be introduced into West Virginia schools if the CSM-SCEF drive is successful. It will "prove" the Don West thesis that Appalachia is and has always been a "colony" of the capitalist industrialists and that poverty can only be relieved by "a complete restructuring of the system of ownership, production, and the distribution of wealth", in other words . . . COMMUNISM!

With control of Headstart, Follow-Through, and their involvement in Adult Education programs, Council of the Southern Mountains already has ample opportunity to work this into the McDowell County school curriculum. Will you let it happen?

Your Attention Please

For this mailer to have ANY IMPACT AT ALL on SCEF-CSM activities it must be read by everyone in McDowell County who can read and write, and read aloud to every person who can't.

It must be sent to every elected or appointed public servant in West Virginia and throughout the nation. It must be sent to all newspapers in West Virginia and every major newspaper throughout all the United States. It must receive the widest possible distribution in the widest possible area. Be warned that even then only a miracle would ensure its making the slightest dent in the programmed planning of the communist conspiracy.

If you are willing to pray to Almighty God for a miracle; and if you believe that wide distribution of this leaflet should be attempted and accomplished, this much you can do:

After reading it yourself, don't put it away. Pass it along to someone else who can then pass it to someone else. If this copy is not so worn and bedraggled that you can hardly read it, it has not been read by enough people. Pass it on!

If you have a mailing list or can distribute up to 100 copies in any way, write for them. Your friends or club members can help but you need depend on no one but yourself. Alone, you

can put them in rural newspaper boxes, behind windshield wipers of parked cars, in screen doors, in the hands of passers by or any other legal and ethical means your imagination can devise.

If you can scrape up forty or fifty dollars, take this copy to a job printer and have a thousand copies reproduced by the offset method. Or, up to 100 copies will be supplied by the author so long as funds are available.

However, this is not a charity and no one is asking you to give "a small donation you can easily afford". If you can afford to donate to charity, do so. What you contribute to THIS cause should be a sacrifice.

If you sincerely feel that the battle is already lost or that the widest possible readership of this leaflet will accomplish nothing, or if you assess its value as being worth, at best, giving up the time otherwise devoted to watching a boring TV show or the price of a salami sandwich; then by all means watch TV and eat your sandwich. But if you intend to pray and to really give of your substance to this effort; then write for more leaflets and/or send contributions in any amount to:

DARRELL L. HENSLEY
AVONDALE, WEST VIRGINIA 24811

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File No. 100-15680-1A7

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*Photos & negatives of
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Ronald Lee

West

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File No. 100-15680-1A8

Date Received 10/26/71

From

Ronceverte, W. Va
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Description:

1. copy of Peoples Cultural Heritage in Appalachia
2. The Universal Christian
3. The Appalachian South

b6
b7C

Therefore our Camp program will pay special attention to stimulating this awareness. While there will be no strictly structured program, information particularly about the following phases of Appalachian cultural heritage will be made available.

1. Origin and background of the mountain people — some plain, simple but generally un-told mountain history.
 - a. Who settled the mountains, kinds of background
 - b. Southern mountaineer and Revolutionary War.
 1. Earliest "declarations of independence."
 2. First constitution for self government written by American born men.
 - c. Southern mountaineer and move to abolish slavery.
 1. The "cradle" of abolition,
 2. First newspaper devoted wholly to abolishing slavery.
 - d. The mountaineer, underground railroad and Civil War.
 - e. Post Civil War "yankee" missionaries (to save our hillbilly souls) and the "yankee" corporation emissaries (to exploit our bodies and resources).
 - f. Development (exploitation) of natural resources and people
 - g. The great depression and its toll.
 - h. Early self-help efforts.
 - a. Log-rollings, house-raisings, corn-shuckings, rail-splittings, workings.
 - b. Trade union beginning efforts.
 1. Gastonia, Highpoint, Marion in North Carolina; Elizabethton, Coal Creek and Wilder in Tennessee; Harlan, Bell, Letcher, etc. in Kentucky. Cabin and Paint Creeks in West Virginia, the great armed march and later Blue Ridge, Ga.
 - c. Current conditions, folk music, ballads, lore.

WE NEED YOUR HELP

Our estimate of \$250 per child for 7 weeks is a minimum. Our plan for a large garden, cows and chickens makes that figure possible. But we need money for 50 scholarships for mountain children and 15 Appalachian College Student Volunteer Counselors. They come from poor homes unable to pay anything.

Our program is a people to people effort. It receives no rich stipends. No financial "Angels" insure its works. People who are concerned for a vital program for the mountain poor make it possible by contributions. Won't you join us in helping to make it work by sending a contribution? Can you, your church or club — or a group of friends — Send a Scholarship for one child?

Correspondence and Contributions
Should be sent to
Appalachian South Folklife Center

P. O. Box 5

Pipestem, W. Va. 25979

(Labor Donated)

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THE UNIVERSAL CHRISTIAN

Appalachian Cultural Heritage Summer Camp

Pipestem, West Va.

June 25 to August 14, 1971

The Universal Christian

Appalachian Cultural Heritage Summer Camp

Pipestem, West Va. 25979

TIME AND DATE: June 25 to August 14, 1971.

LOCATION: APPALACHIAN SOUTH FOLKLIFE CENTER, PIPESTEM, W. VA. on State Route No. 20 between Princeton and Hinton, on a 350 acre farm.

FOR WHOM AND COSTS: Mountain children from coal mining and rural areas of deprived homes. In cooperation with the American Friends Service Committee we plan for 50 children age 10 to 15 plus 15 Appalachian College students as volunteer counselors. Estimated cost is \$250 per child for 7 weeks. Most will be on full scholarship.

ACTIVITIES: We believe children should have opportunity to be children — to have some fun.

There will be play and recreation — riding, swimming, softball, basketball, volleyball, hiking and nature study trips.

There will be work — keeping premises clean, kitchen duties, building a new workshop, milking, feeding and caring for cows, calves, pigs, ponies, horses and some gardening.

There will also be serious study — reading discussion groups, movies, slides, speakers, arts and crafts.

There will be the third annual APPALACHIAN SOUTH FOLKLIFE FESTIVAL July 30 to August 1. Our campers will be involved in a festival with hundreds of friends and neighbors who come for a weekend of the best in traditional mountain folk music.

PHILOSOPHY AND PURPOSE: Our guiding philosophy is based upon what we consider the Universal Christian Ethic. We hold no narrow sectarian creed, nor do we seek to impose ANY creed upon our young learners. Our concept of Universal Christian crosses all barriers of race or creed. Our concern is for young human beings struggling to grow up — maybe confused, frustrated, full of fear, but nonetheless young humans with potential to be more warmly human. We stand unashamedly on the principle of love of God and humanity, and that love must be translated into action in human relations.

It may sound crazy in a land and culture based on greed, competition and violence, but our aim is toward stimulating and engendering a great feeling of love and concern as an all important goal. It is, we believe, basic to human survival. This, we grant, is a difficult undertaking when greed, violence and competition are stressed both in and out of our schools.

Further, our purpose is to encourage the positive growth of the natural curiosity possessed by every normal child. We see success as overcoming obstacles, solving new problems, learning to do something not previously known, and in the growth and warmth of feeling and concern for other human beings — not in beating another person.

Most children are full of curiosity about life. No artificial walls should cut them off from it. Unfortunately, as children grow older

curiosity is gradually destroyed by cultural influences in the education process. The learning, creative potential is crippled. Fear is the big crippler,

In a material values oriented culture stress is put upon subject matter, grades — "success". A learning atmosphere of friendly intimacy, of mutual discovery, is discouraged. Subject matter and grades used to measure "success" are seen rather than the young learner. Creativity, sensitivity, potentials of each normal child are dulled if not destroyed.

Swallowing "facts" to regurgitate to teacher on exam is not learning. Neither is there education in force. We cannot always tell children what they need to know and force it down their throats. The child must be given opportunity of some choice in what he wants to learn and what he doesn't. The teacher or counselor may help by letting him know what is available. Force breeds fear and fear negates education.

Recently a parent told us about a public school teacher whipping his 8 year old because the child spelled the word "Jesus" incorrectly. What a crime! It violated both the spirit of Jesus and of learning.

Many children, we venture to say most children, fail in school. Failure is even greater than the great percentage statistics show. Many are pushed on up to the next grade and through school whether they know anything or not. Fear is a chief cause of failure. Fear is a chief cause of violence, too. Many young ones rebel and some become destructively violent. We call them "delinquents." But we look for the cause of "delinquency" among the adults, not the young.

APPALACHIAN CULTURE HERITAGE AND NEED FOR SELF-IDENTITY: In Southern Appalachia particularly there is need for love and understanding for poor people. We often find the attitude that if people are poor it is their own fault, they are just "no count."

We don't believe children are too young to appreciate serious questions. Efforts to stimulate and encourage a love for learning cannot overlook the stimulus toward love and concern for human beings, especially the poor and unfortunate.

This is particularly important for young Appalachians. Conditions of poverty, two and three generations on welfare, and the toll in human dignity and self respect, have been told and widely written about. We've been called the "Poor, Proud and Primitive," "Yesterday's People," "Hillbillies," "Rednecks," and other names. We've been "missionarized," and "Dogpatchized" until a stigma of shame is attached to the names "Appalachian" or "Mountaineer."

We believe it is important for all minority peoples to know and understand themselves, their background and cultural heritage. It helps to develop a self-identity. This, we believe, is especially important for Southern Appalachians.

In an area extending 700 miles from the Mason-Dixon Line down to within 200 miles of the Gulf and up to 300 miles wide we do have a common cultural heritage. Too few of our people are aware of it.

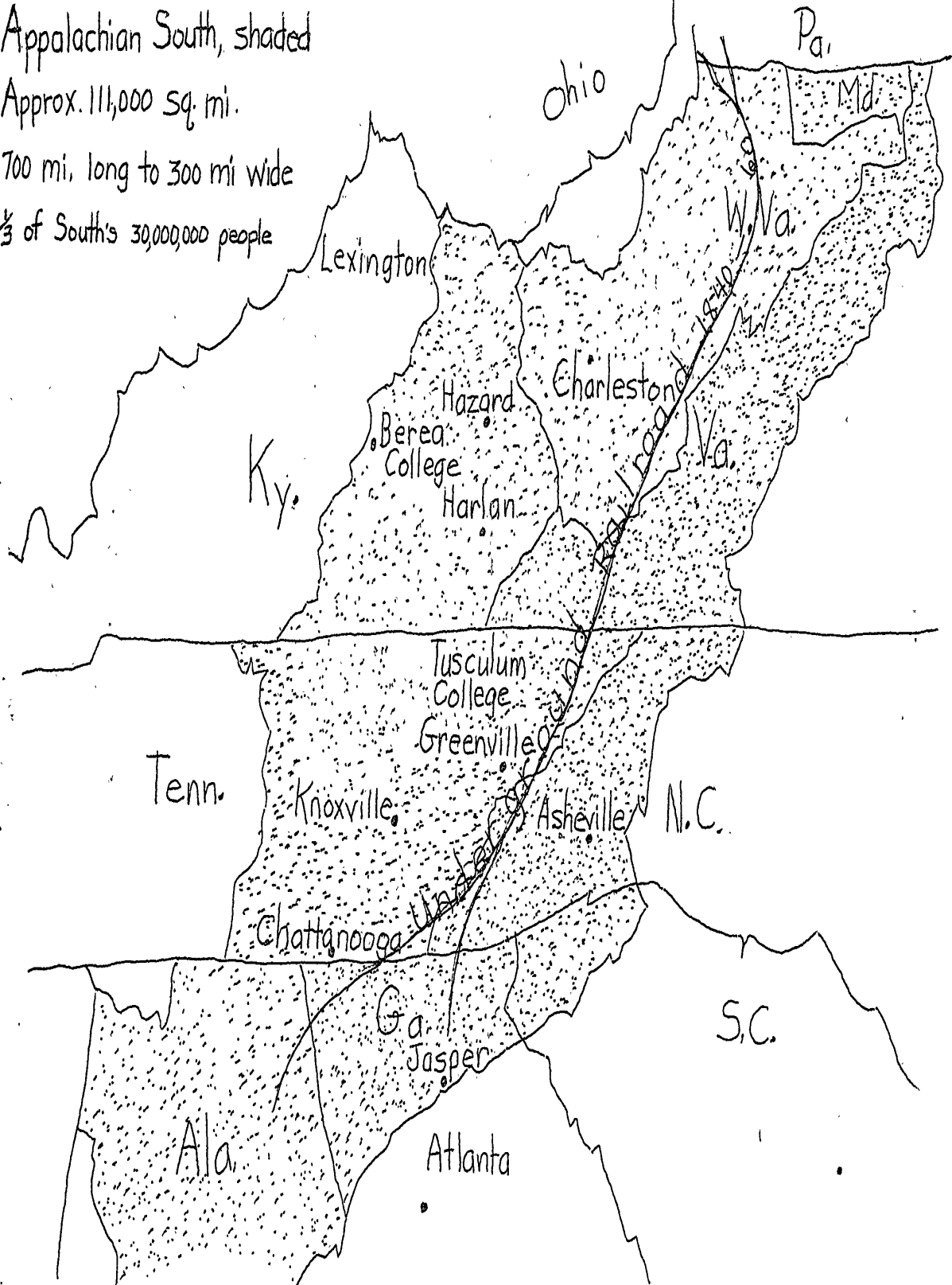
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Appalachian South, shaded

Approx. 111,000 sq. mi.

700 mi. long to 300 mi wide

$\frac{1}{3}$ of South's 30,000,000 people



The Appalachian South

CULTURAL HERITAGE - FOLKLORE, SONG, HISTORY, PEOPLE

PUBLISHED BY APPALACHIAN ASSOCIATES

ANN WILLIAMS, EDITOR

P. O. BOX 4104

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

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AN INVITATION TO SUBSCRIBE:

This is a free sample copy. It is sent to you because your name was suggested as one who might be interested.

You are aware that Appalachia is much in the news. It is the largest contiguous area designated as "depressed" by the Federal Government. Most of this is Southern Appalachia. It's history is also peculiar; it has played an unusual role in America's past. Our purpose is to let native voices tell their own story.

So this magazine will be edited and written by Southern Mountain people. Stories, articles, poems, record and book reviews will deal with problems that the Appalachian people are concerned about. We shall also cover folksongs, lore, handicrafts, folk arts, history, and current conditions. We shall keep close watch on the "anti-poverty war" efforts, too.

Subscription rates: \$5.00 per year, 4 issues.

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people's cultural heritage

in

appalachia

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by DON WEST



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Don West is the founder of the Appalachian South Folklife Center in Pipestem, W. Va. He has spent a lifetime in the mountains - - as a union organizer beginning in the 1930s, as a researcher of Appalachian history, as a poet, and as one concerned with education. His book of poetry, Clods of Southern Earth, sold more volumes than any book of poetry in the U. S. excepting Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass.

Other pamphlets by West available from us are:

A Time For Anger, a collection of poems

Romantic Appalachia, Poverty Pays if You Ain't Poor

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PEOPLE'S CULTURAL HERITAGE IN APPALACHIA

by Don West

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Sometimes references to the cultural heritage in the Appalachian South mean merely the quaint mannerisms, Elizabethan word pronunciation, "old-fellerism." Or our beautiful folk ballads, songs, music, tall tales, lore, quilt-making and other arts and crafts may be included. All of these are certainly part of our heritage and should justly be considered. The folk songs, ballads, music, tales and such grow out of the subsoil of folkliving—the hope and hurt, the sorrow and longing of our people. All of these are part of it, but not all.

We believe a true understanding of our history will help to explain not only our songs and music, but that understanding works both ways. Our songs and music help us to understand the heritage from which they sprang, our people, problems, why we developed differently from the rest of the South, and where we may be able to go in the future. Our purpose is toward a more meaningful appreciation that may help in solving current problems and enriching that culture.

Brief Background—Pre-Civil War

The history of Southern Appalachia has a peculiar content and quality which, in so many ways, set it apart from the South and the rest of the nation. Some causes for this, no doubt, are due to the cultural origins of the original settlers. They came largely from a background of old country rebellion against oppressive economic, social, political and religious suppression. They were predominately from Celtic origins.

Further influences grew from the nature of historical developments in relation to conditions and institutions in the new world. These conditioning influences in the old world and developing events in the new created a Southern Mountains sub-culture distinctly distinguishing it from that prevailing in the old South of which it was a geographical part. These differences centered mainly around issues of political and religious independence, freedom and slavery.

I will not here go into any great detail, but may I say that years of research in Southern Appalachia's history and cultural heritage have enabled me to document everything contained herein, and much more. The purpose here is a brief index to what is meant by Southern Appalachia's peculiar role in American history.

Independence, self-government, the freedom of man have always more or less had a place in American ideology. Because of certain specific influences, it was in the Appalachian South that these issues were first most strongly raised and acted upon. The old Regulators of North Carolina at the Battle of the Alamance fought unsuccessfully against the exploitative taxes and dictatorial rule of the royal governor Tyron before the American Revolution. Taking refuge across the Smoky Mountains into what was later to be east Tennessee, they participated in setting up the first self-governing community in the new world. There at Watauga was written and adopted the first constitution for self-government by American-born men. A little later, from these southern mountains, three "declarations of independence" were written and advocated for adoption before the eventual Jefferson document. It was here in this mountain South that the sharpest issues of slavery

were joined as the modern abolitionist movement was born and cradled in infancy toward a growth leading to the Emancipation Proclamation and the freeing of four million black chattels. Here the first newspaper in America wholly dedicated to abolishing slavery was published (*The Emancipator*, Jonesboro, Tennessee, 1820). William Lloyd Garrison of New England was only 10 years old when these southern Appalachians were organizing their manumission societies and launching the *Intelligencer* and *Emancipator*.

And it was here in the mountain South that the gentle Lundy came (after the death of *Emancipator* editor Embree) to labor and sweat and shed his tears as he struggled to print his *Genius of Universal Emancipation* on the mountain abolitionist press. It was also Lundy who after three years at Jonesboro, moved his operation to Baltimore to be more in the mainstream, and on a speaking trip to Boston met and influenced Garrison to become an active abolitionist. Garrison was then editing a temperance sheet. At Lundy's subsequent invitation, Garrison came to Baltimore to assist him. After a year in Baltimore, Garrison was jailed for editorial attacks on a local slave trader. When Lundy and friends managed to obtain Garrison's freedom, he returned to New England to start his *Liberator*.

The relevant point here is that the movement to abolish slavery was not a New England-birthing thing with pesky "yankees" meddling in the affairs of "southerners" ("southerners" meaning always, of course, the no more than three hundred thousand slaveholders, never the six million non-slaveholding whites nor four million black slaves.)

It was in these mountains that the venerable Dr. Samuel Doak organized his freedom teaching academies—Washington and Tusculum—later to become Tusculum College, which is still in operation at Greeneville, Tennessee. Likewise, it was here that two native Kentuckians in 1856 organized and set on its way Berea as an integrated abolitionist institution to teach the principles of freedom to black and white mountain youth. From here came the internationally known abolitionist leader, John Rankin. Educated by Dr. Doak at Tusculum, Rankin moved to Ripley, Ohio, where he kept an underground railroad station, wrote voluminously and led a movement against slavery, particularly in the

Presbyterian Church. Rankin sent nine sons to the Union Army. Garrison called himself a disciple of Rankin, and Beecher called Rankin the "Martin Luther" of the abolition cause. Many other noted men were educated by Sam Doak in east Tennessee, among them Charles Osborn, who moved on to Indiana to lead an anti-slavery movement for which he was "read out" of the Quaker religious order, but never silenced. Another was Sam Houston. His later decision not to sign the Texas ordinance of secession may well have been influenced by his Tennessee mountain education.

There are dozens and dozens of other mountain men who lived dangerously and worked ceaselessly and sometimes gave their lives in the struggle against chattel slavery. Two such from Appalachian Virginia were remarkable in their selfless devotion to human freedom. The first, John Fairfield, as a "conductor" on the Underground Railroad, seemed to live a charmed life. He went into every slave state to lead refugees over the shadowy trail up across Appalachia to Canada West and freedom. The other, John Kagi, a Virginia school-teacher, took two black refugees with him when he went searching for John Brown at Lawrence, Kansas. Kagi became John Brown's close friend, right-hand man and most trusted lieutenant. He died at Harpers Ferry. The fate of John Fairfield who would "give the shirt off his back to a needy refugee" unknown.

Even the mountains of north Georgia and Alabama have their dramatic events and anti-slavery heroes. (Winston County, Alabama, and Dade County, Georgia, seceded from their respective states when those states seceded from the Union.) Christopher Sheets, in the legislature from Winston County, led the fight in convention against William Yancey's secession drive. The preponderant slaveholder influence defeated Sheets' efforts, but he came back to north Alabama to organize mass meetings against secession and the evolving Confederacy. He was arrested and spent the Civil War years in a Montgomery prison. The Alabama mountains were hotbeds of anti-Confederate guerrilla activity. A similar condition prevailed in north Georgia.

In Alabama, Robert Tharin had been a law partner with William Yancey. But he shared Christopher Sheets' anti-slavery sentiment and activity. In 1857, he proposed to publish a newspaper, the *Non Slaveholder*. He also defended in court poor whites accused of associating

with blacks. Given a slaveholder kangaroo court trial, Tharin was sentenced to 39 lashes on the bare back and to exile. Going north via an underground railroad station kept at Cincinnati by Levi Coffin (a Carolina mountain man sometimes called the father and president of the Underground Railroad), Tharin eventually joined the Union Army and in 1863 published a book which he dedicated to the "poor white trash of the South." It was a powerful appeal to the poor whites against slavery.

Tharin's book was quite similar in spirit and content to that of the North Carolina mountaineer Helper, whose book, *The Impending Crisis*, became one of the most controversial anti-slavery books ever written. It was banned and burned in the South. Men were jailed for possessing or circulating it. At least two men were lynched, and Helper was forced to flee for his life to the North. But in 1860 it was reprinted and used as campaign literature to help elect Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency. These stories are not in the history books our mountain children study. They are just a few examples of southern mountaineers who, although unknown, ought to be schoolbook heroes for our mountain youth to help inspire and restore dignity, self-respect, pride, and confidence. They sprang from our people and from a cultural heritage differing sharply from that of the old slaveholding South. History has been so twisted that often a distorted self-image is developed. And it is our belief that a people's self-image is most important; it determines what an individual or a people try to do, and it greatly affects growth and development.

The Civil War

Then came the Civil War. And from a southern mountain point of view, it was a civil war, not a "war between the states." In that struggle, the Appalachian South continued to play a distinctive and strategic role. The area stretched down across nine states to Georgia and Alabama, seven hundred miles long and up to three hundred wide. Although geographically a part of the Confederacy, the Appalachian South sent some two hundred fifty thousand volunteers to the Union Army, more than would have been the draft quota had it been above the Mason and Dixon Line. They joined without inducements of bounty promises and with the almost certain knowledge that their homes would be devastated if the Confederacy had the opportunity. This certainly happened at least in areas of Tennessee around Knoxville.

After the Civil War

During the war, the mountain South was considered a dangerous threat to the Confederacy. The mountaineers were considered "traitors." At one point, a Confederate official complained that the mountain South represented a greater threat to the Confederacy than either army of the Union. And undoubtedly he was right. Had the two hundred fifty thousand southern volunteers been thrown on the other side, the history of America might well have been written differently.

After the war, there was a long period of stagnation in the mountain South. Roads and other internal improvements were neglected. Schools and education were worse. Men whose ancestors had been fairly well educated grew up illiterate, signed their names with an X. Many of the long-form deeds to "mineral rights" on mountain lands were thus signed. Then came new developments which were to change, destroy and play havoc with much of our mountain heritage and culture. Then came representatives of northern-based corporations buying up "mineral rights" at 25 cents to 50 cents an acre.

The long-form deed to "mineral rights" had a clause granting the owner the right to use whatever methods he felt were necessary to remove those minerals. This clause has been used in modern times to legalize the atrocity of stripmining.

With coal rights owned by outside corporations, mines were opened and the mountain man suddenly found himself in strangely new circumstances. He was no longer a free man. He lived in a company town where houses, store, church, school, streets, and roads were owned by the company. He was compelled to trade in the company store, live in a company house, send his kids to company schools, and go to a company church. Whether he wished to or not, he paid the preacher. Frequently the preacher's salary was checked out of the miner's wage before he received his ckeck.

A mining village usually lay along a creek between two mountains. It had a single road that only led in and out. Often the company had an entrance gate across this road and an armed guard stationed there day and night. Strangers without a pass were not admitted. Add dangerous working conditions, low wages, and a constant fear of being fired, and we have a virtually serf- or slave-

like situation. It went hard against the grain for a once-proud and independent people.

The spirit might writhe under such conditions, but fear muted voices of protest. If they were heard, it meant loss of a job. Eventually, though, a notion was born and began to grow—mutual aid, organization, union. These ideas at first were whispered, secret. A quiet word, a nod or an undercover handbill—a secret meeting, of necessity—in basements, out in the woods, even in a cave. For the company imported professional gunmen to terrorize, to brutalize, to kill; they did them all. Sometimes the most secret gathering would be discovered and men were murdered.

But the mountain spirit had been a free thing. "Mountaineers are always free" is not a meaningless motto for West Virginia. Great, dramatic, militant, and heroic struggle ensued—Coal Creek and Tracy City in Tennessee, Harlan and Bell Counties in Kentucky, Cabin and Paint Creeks in West Virginia with five thousand armed miners camped at Marmet, marching toward Logan to aid brother-miners brutalized by a reign of gun-thug terror, battle of Blair Mountain with planes dropping crude bombs on the marching miners—memories of desperation.

Long years of determined struggle against gun-thug terror finally won. The old freedom-loving independent spirit asserted itself. The longings for self respect, human dignity—and food for their children—survived even the worst brutalization. The miners organized. They won a contract with better working conditions, more safety, better wages. The locked gates with armed guards at mine village entrances were removed. The miners were no longer forced to trade in the company store.

Then the union was militant, democratic, with rank and file participation in the decision-making process. All seemed well, with future promise. Victory was good, and it seemed to be a lasting thing. Miners trusted their leaders, and this was their mistake. They forgot that the cost of liberty and human welfare is always eternal vigilance. They forgot that power corrupts and that great power corrupts greatly.

In the beginning, conditions were so bleak, violence and murder so commonplace, that John L. Lewis himself was compelled to lead militantly, to conduct a democratic organization. But Lewis lost sight of

a union's function and purpose. He developed no rank and file education program. He did not see such understanding of the membership as essential. Lewis made the decisions. Lewis got drunk on power. He eventually consolidated that power into what became a virtual union dictatorship. (It was passed on to Tony Boyle, who is currently and finally under federal indictment for his power misuse.) Lewis ruled by the strong-arm method. Those who questioned that rule wound up its victims. The fate of the Yablonski family is the natural fruit of this violent heritage in coal. In the United Mine Workers Union, local districts were not permitted to elect their own officers. John L. Lewis appointed them, and after him Tony Boyle. The miners lost all voice in decision-making. When automation came, Lewis made no fight to protect the members. Tens of thousands of miners were replaced by machinery. Other tens of thousands are scattered through Appalachia, disabled, disillusioned, on welfare.

But again the mountaineer fights back. He is resilient—he may be bent, twisted, warped, but, given the opportunity, he comes up again. He stands straight like the man he was and is. Last year in West Virginia, the mines were solidly closed down and forty thousand miners marched on the state capitol demanding mine safety legislation. They kept the mines closed—against the national union leadership's orders, against the corporations, against the politicians in the state government—until a bill was passed.

WHEN THE LEAVES COME OUT

By A PAINT CREEK MINER

The hills are very bare and cold and lonely:
I wonder what the future months will bring?
The strike is on—our strength would win, if only—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

They've got us down—their martial lines enfold us;
They've thrown us out to feel the winter's sting,
And yet, by God, those curs could never hold us,
Nor could the dogs of hell do such a thing!

It isn't just to see the hills beside me,
Grow fresh and green with every growing thing.
I only want the leaves to come and hide me,
To cover up my vengeful wandering.

I will not watch the floating clouds that hover
Above the birds that warble on the wing;
I want to use this gun from under cover—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

You see them there below, the damned scab-
herders!
Those puppets on the greedy Owners' String;
We'll make them pay for all their dirty murders—
We'll show them how a starving hate can sting!

They riddled us with volley after volley;
We heard their speeding bullets zip and ring,
But soon we'll make them suffer for their folly—
O, Buddy, how I'm longing for the spring!

see serial 97

Pc 229C-29-5612A-1A 92

File No: *NY 100-22129-1A*

Date Received: *9/13/72*

From: *Pittsburg Office*
(NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

(ADDRESS OF CONTRIBUTOR)

By: *SA* (NAME OF CONTRIBUTOR)

b6
b7C

To Be Returned Yes No
Receipt given Yes No

Description: *1 photo of suby.
Donald Lee Whit.*

see serial #97

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
<i>S-1-1</i> FBI-NEW YORK	

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Ronald Lee West

100-15680

taken 1965

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED

HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

NY-100-22,129-1A⁷

~~100-15680-1A7~~

[Handwritten mark]

229c-29-1A10

ENTER AND RETURN
 FILE NUMBER 22/29-1A1
 Date Received 1/29/60
 From . . . Atlanta office
 (Name and Address of Contributor) Atlanta office
 By-Name of SA . . . ~~Robert~~
 To Be Returned Yes () No (x)
 Description:

1 photo of subject Ronald Lee West

[Handwritten initials]
A. J.
[Handwritten mark]

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
 DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN



ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

~~100-559-1A43~~

100-27129-1A

DONALD LEE WEST, AKA Don West, Jim Weaver
James Allen Weaver, Jim Webb

Bn. 6-6-08 at Cartecay, Ga. (Gilmer County)

White

Male

6'2"

185 pounds

Blue eyes

Brown Hair with Grey

Ruddy Complexion

Two fingers missing from left hand

Right Eye does not always focus

Employed as Truck farmer, poet, writer,
preacher, English Teacher

Wife is Mabel Constance West, nee Adams
married 12-14-28 Middlesboro, KY.

Relatives possibly in New York Area:

Daughter-Heddy Grace West, 409 E. 71st St.

Sister- [redacted] Was. [redacted]

[redacted] -a former mbr.

of Central Comm. of CP

[redacted] was. [redacted]

[redacted] former CP member in

North Carolina

[redacted]

Picture Taken 1955 (good likeness)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

b6

b7C

SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

7/31/67

[Signature]
SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680) (RUC)

DONALD LEE WEST, Aka
SM - C
OO: BALTIMORE

Re Louisville letter to Baltimore dated 5/31/67,
and report of SA GEORGE W. HUTCHISON dated 3/31/67 at
Louisville, captioned: "Southern Conference Educational
Fund, Inc.; IS-C; ISA 1950."

On 7/20/67, Mr. [redacted] Pineville,
W. Va., advised SA [redacted] that Post Office Box [redacted]
is presently rented by and listed to a Mrs. [redacted]
who is presently a hospital patient at Radford, Va. (He
stated Mrs. [redacted] has had this box for a number of years.)

b6
b7C
b7D

Mr. [redacted] advised that he has never known a person
by the name of DONALD LEE WEST or any similarity of, ever living
in the Pineville area or renting a Post Office Box in Pineville.

Also, on 7/20/67, Sheriff PAUL GOODE, Sheriff's
Office, and W. W. BOLT, Chief of Police, both of Pineville,
W. Va., advised that they have never heard of the captioned
subject, either under the captioned name or any of his aliases.

No further investigation contemplated by the Pitts-
burgh Office in the Pineville area, and this case is being
RUC'd.

If the Baltimore and Louisville Offices obtain
additional identifying information on captioned subject in the
future, consideration will then be given by Pittsburgh in
reopening this case.

- 2 - Baltimore (RM)
- 2 - Louisville (100-789) (RM)
- ① - Pittsburgh

RDW/emc
(5) *[Signature]*

Searched.....
Serialized.....
Indexed.....
Filed.....

Searched.....
Serialized.....
Indexed.....
Filed.....

100-15680-2

DIRECTOR, FBI (100-20396)

8/25/67

SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392) P

DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM - C
(OO: BA)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Re Louisville letter to Baltimore, 5/31/67,
Pittsburgh letter to Baltimore, 7/31/67 and Bureau 0-1
dated 8/18/67.

Paragraph 3, Page 2 of Louisville letter to
Baltimore dated 5/31/67, states that a cancelled check on
the SCEF account was endorsed, "Appalachian Associates,
D. L. WEST" and was cashed at the Kanawaha Valley Bank,
Charleston, West Virginia.

It appears that to cash a check in the amount
of \$200.00, WEST must be known at this bank.

LEAD:

PITTSBURGH DIVISION

AT CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Make inquiry at Kanawaha Valley Bank in an attempt
to locate subject. If cancelled check is needed, make
request of Louisville for a xerox copy.

Contact logical sources in Charleston for
information regarding subject keeping in mind he is believed
to be employed by Appalachian Associates, which is sponsored
in part by SCEF.

- 2 - Bureau (REGISTERED MAIL)
② - Pittsburgh (100-15680) (REGISTERED MAIL)
1 - Louisville (Info.) (100-789) (REGISTERED MAIL)
1 - Baltimore
ASB:jtk
(6)

Roger Farris
Allen

100-15680-3

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
AUG 23 1967	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

Woodruff

by R.M. W. (serials 1, 2)

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

TO : SAC,

DATE: SEP 12 1967

FROM : SA THOMAS P. SCOLLARD

100-0-28201

SUBJECT:

Donald Lee West

100-156804

100-0-26296

Don West
Box 5
Pipestown, W. Va.

On 7/17/67, [redacted], Circuit Riders, Inc., 110 Government Square, Cincinnati, Ohio, furnished the document described below to SA THOMAS P. SCOLLARD. Circuit Riders, Inc. may be described as a private organization "in the fight against communism and socialism. [redacted] is further described in SAC Letter 62-27 (I), dated 5/8/62, and the Cincinnati Office receives information volunteered by him.

b2
b6
b7C
b7D

Document received was a 62 page list of about 2,500 names and addresses of individuals and organizations throughout the United States. [redacted] said that the list is a current mailing list of the Dayton Area Coordinating Committee To End The War In Vietnam, (DACCEWV). [redacted] stated he knew the list was current because it contains a pseudonym of his own which he started using about April, 1967.

On various dates in 1966-67, [redacted] advised that the DACCEWV was operated by [redacted], Yellow Springs, Ohio, with the assistance of anyone she could get to help from time to time. The primary function of the group was to publish a monthly "Regional Newsletter." The Newsletter was circulated widely through the mail. The Newsletter served to publicize anti-Vietnam War activities principally in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, but included information from many other parts of the U.S.

A characterization of [redacted] is attached.

The name and address of subject or group appeared on this list.

[Handwritten signature]

100-15680-4

SEARCHED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	INDEXED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
SERIALIZED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	FILED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>
SEP 13 1967	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

[Handwritten signatures]

TPS:jms
(1)

[REDACTED]

On September 7, 1961, a source advised that a list of names had been received by the Chicago Chapter of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee (FPCC) from the National Office of the FPCC for use by the Chicago Chapter in securing renewals of membership and/or a subscriber's fee. Included on the list is the name, [REDACTED] Yellow Springs, Ohio, B 62."

In connection with the above list, a second source advised that the letters, "B 62" indicate a member has membership coming up for renewal in the second quarter of 1962.

The first source advised on May 16, 1966, that on May 15, 1966, [REDACTED] stated her maiden name was [REDACTED] but her married name is [REDACTED]

1st Source:
2nd Source:

[REDACTED]

b2
b6
b7C
b7D

AIR-TEL

10/23/67

AIRTEL

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PEJ/AN

TO: DIRECTOR, FBI (100-20396)
FROM: SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15630) - 4/
SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST, aka.
GM - C
OO: BALTIMORE

Re Baltimore letter to the Bureau, dated 8/25/67.

The following investigation was conducted by
SA JOHN B. WOODRUFF at Charleston, W. Va.:

On [redacted] The
Kanawha Valley Bank, advised that there is no record of an
account or any business dealing in any way by his bank with
the subject. He said he would make further inquiries to
determine if he could find out any information concerning
the check cashed at his bank by the subject.

On [redacted] advised that without the
check involved, he was unable to develop any information
at the bank concerning the subject.

b6
b7c

On [redacted] West Virginia
Department of Motor Vehicles, advised he could find no
record indicating the subject had a motor vehicle titled or
driver's license issued to him in West Virginia.

On [redacted] Criminal
Identification Bureau of the West Virginia State Police,
advised she has a record for one DONALD L. WEST,
Baltimore, Md., described as a white male, born 1902, 6'0" tall,
150 pounds. On 3/27/64, he was arrested by the State
Police, Montgomery, W. Va., for driving 65 mph in a 55 mph zone.

- 3-Bureau (RM)
- 2-Baltimore (100-22392) (RM)
- 2-Louisville (100-719) (RM)
- 3-Pittsburgh

ASW/cml (9)
 Searched _____
 Serialized _____
 Indexed _____
 (3)

AIR-TEL

100-15630-5

[Handwritten signatures and initials]

[redacted] [redacted] [redacted]

PG 100-15680

He paid a fine of \$10 and costs of \$8. At the time he was driving a 1961 Studebaker, Maryland License BI-7953, the property of NABLE C. WEST.

b2
b6
b7C
b7D

On [redacted] and [redacted] advised that they had never heard of the subject and they do not know of his being around the Charleston, W. Va., area.

On [redacted] Office of Economic Opportunity, State Capitol Building, advised that he believes Appalachian Associates works out of Bristol, Tennessee, and they work with the Vista Associates or Volunteers in the Beckley, W. Va., area. He said he had never heard of the subject as working in West Virginia.

On 9/12/67, the Cincinnati Office advised that a list of names on the mailing list of the Dayton Area Coordinating Committee to End The War in Vietnam, which was current, contained the name of DON WEST, Box 5, Pipestown, W. Va.

It is noted there is no listing of such a town in West Virginia, but it is believed that it may be Pipestown, Summers County, W. Va.

LOUISVILLE

AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Will secure and furnish to Pittsburgh, a copy of the check cashed by the subject at the Kanawha Valley Bank, Charleston, W. Va., and referred to in relat, so that further inquiries can be made at the bank in Charleston, W. Va.

PITTSBURGH

AT PIPESTEN, W. VA. (SUMMERS COUNTY)

Will determine if Box #5 is held by one DON WEST and if so, determine his location and employment.

PG 100-15680

AT CHARLESTON, W. VA. (KANAWHA COUNTY)

Will, when copy of check involved is furnished
by Louisville, make further inquiries at the Kanawha Valley
Bank.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-20596) ¹⁵⁶⁸⁰

DATE: 10/31/67

FROM : SAC, BALTIMORE (100-15680) - P - ²²³⁹²

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM - C
OO: BALTIMORE

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

b6
b7c

Re Pittsburgh airtel, 10/23/67.

On 10/30/67, a pretext telephone call (prospective employer type) was made by SA [redacted] to the subject's residence, 900 Elton Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland. An unidentified individual advised that the subject was not then at his residence but generally returned home on weekends.

The above is furnished for information.

- ② - Pittsburgh (REGISTERED MAIL)
 - 1 - Louisville (100-789) (REGISTERED MAIL)
 - 1 - Baltimore
- DDD:rlj
(4)

100-15680-6

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
NOV 3 1967	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

Woo [signature]



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680) DATE: 12/1/67

FROM : *B* SAC, LOUISVILLE (100-789) (RUC)

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
SM - C HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
OO: BALTIMORE DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Re Louisville letter 5/13/67 and Pittsburgh letter 10/23/67.

Referenced Pittsburgh letter requested copy of Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., (SCEF) checks to Appalachian Associates, which were cashed at the Kanawaha Valley Bank, Charleston, West Virginia.

All information from endorsements was obtained and furnished in referenced Louisville letter and it is felt that a photograph of the checks, if located, would be of no further assistance.

The report of SA GEORGE W. HUTCHISON, 11/22/67, at Louisville, captioned "Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc., IS - C; ISA-50," information copies to Baltimore and Pittsburgh (100-5352), page 10, reports additional information regarding contributions by SCEF to Appalachian Associates.

It is noted that recent checks to Appalachian Associates have been cashed at the Bank of Athens, Athens, West Virginia.

Information from the two most recent checks is as follows:

<u>Source</u>	<u>Location</u>
[Redacted]	LS 100-197-1A 199
Louisville, Kentucky (Protect)	

CCO
Send Woodruff
Serial 100-5352-84

b6
b7C
b7D

- 2 - Pittsburgh (RM)
- 2 - Baltimore (100-22392) (Info) (RM)
- 2 - Louisville (1 - 100-789)
(1 - 100-197)

GWH:mjr
(6)

Match to 100-5352
of return C
If lead at Athens, W.Va. - By RAN
indicated prepare appropriate memo

100-15680-7

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
DEC 3 - 1967	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

Woodruff



LS 100-789

SCEF Check No. 1452, 7/31/67, payable to "Appalachian Associates" for "Grant for August" in amount of \$100.00 is endorsed by "~~Appalachian Associates,~~" "~~Appalachian South,~~" and Bank of Athens, Athens, West Virginia.

SCEF Check No. 1508, 8/29/67, same payee, same amount, for "Grand-In-Aid" bears same endorsements.

Above checks examined 10/2/67.

If above information is used in communication to be disseminated, please protect as indicated in referenced Louisville letter. Information is furnished with understanding that it will be used for intelligence purposes only.

Please furnish Louisville information developed about DON WEST and Appalachian Associates, designating copies for the Louisville file on SCEF, 100-197.

SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

12/19/67

JM
SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680) (P)

DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM-C

OO: Baltimore

Re Louisville letter to Pittsburgh dated 12/1/67, and
Pittsburgh letter to the Bureau dated 10/23/67.

Referenced Louisville letter indicates that they had obtained all information from the check which was cashed at the Kanawha Valley Bank, Charleston, W. Va., and that the check, if located, would be of no further assistance. It had been hoped that a copy of the check would be obtained so that the teller's stamp with number could be obtained so that the employee of the Kanawha Valley Bank who actually cashed the check could be contacted in an attempt to determine the connection at the bank by the subject. However, no further investigation will be conducted at the Kanawha Valley Bank in the absence of further information concerning the check cashed there.

It is noted further in referenced Louisville letter that recent checks payable to Appalachian Associates have been cashed at the Bank of Athens, Athens, W. Va. It should be noted that Appalachian Associates is a poverty-type program which is conducted in Mercer County, W. Va., and vicinity, and, therefore, further investigation will be conducted by Pittsburgh at Athens, W. Va., and vicinity, and also at Pipestem, W. Va., Summers County, in an attempt to locate the subject and to determine his occupation.

2 - Baltimore (RM)
3 - Pittsburgh

JBW/njm
(5)

[Handwritten signature]

[Large handwritten signature]

100-15680-8

SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

12/19/67

SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680) (P)

DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM-C

OO: Baltimore

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 6032E DCLP/BLJ/JM

Re Louisville letter to Pittsburgh dated 12/1/67, and
Pittsburgh letter to the Bureau dated 10/23/67.

Referenced Louisville letter indicates that they
had obtained all information from the check which was cashed at
the Kanawha Valley Bank, Charleston, W. Va., and that the check,
if located, would be of no further assistance. It had been
hoped that a copy of the check would be obtained so that the
teller's stamp with number could be obtained so that the
employee of the Kanawha Valley Bank who actually cashed the
check could be contacted in an attempt to determine the
connection at the bank by the subject. However, no further
investigation will be conducted at the Kanawha Valley Bank
in the absence of further information concerning the check
cashed there.

It is noted further in referenced Louisville letter
that recent checks payable to Appalachian Associates have been
cashed at the Bank of Athens, Athens, W. Va. It should be
noted that Appalachian Associates is a poverty-type program
which is conducted in Mercer County, W. Va., and vicinity,
and, therefore, further investigation will be conducted by
Pittsburgh at Athens, W. Va., and vicinity, and also at
Pipestem, W. Va., Summers County, in an attempt to locate
the subject and to determine his occupation.

2 - Baltimore (RM)
3 - Pittsburgh

JBW/njm
(5)

b6
b7C

CCo
Re [unclear] case
[unclear] to [unclear] (RM)
[unclear] with serial 516, 7
100-15680-8

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680)

DATE: 12/29/67

FROM : SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392) -P-

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM - C
(OO: BA)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JM

Re Pittsburgh letter to Baltimore, 12/19/67.

On 12/27/67, [redacted] protect) [redacted] Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, advised that the subject still resides at 900 Elton Avenue but is generally home only on weekends. Further, she had determined from the subject's wife that the subject is currently negotiating for a 300 acre tract of land believed to be in West Virginia. This land will be used for some sort of youth camp.

b6
b7C
b7D

In view of leads outstanding in the Pittsburgh Division the above information should be noted.

2 - Pittsburgh (REGISTERED MAIL)
1 - Baltimore
DDD:jtk
(3)

100-15680-9
SEARCHED _____ INDEXED _____
SERIALIZED _____ FILED _____
JAN 1 1968

b6
b7C

[redacted]

By Roy



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680)

DATE: 1/19/68

FROM : SA GEORGE A. PATTERSON

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM - C
(OO: BALTIMORE)

Re Baltimore letter to Pittsburgh dated 12/29/67.

On 1/12/68, records in the Summers County Clerk's Office, Hinton, W. Va., were reviewed. It was determined that recorded on page 329 of Deed Book 101 is a deed from C. M. VEST and wife, VIOLET M. VEST, to DONALD L. WEST and wife, CONSTANCE A. WEST, for 5 tracts of land. The 5 tracts were composed of 5 acres, 14 acres, 92½ acres, 40 acres and 120 acres, totaling 271½ acres, all located Pipestem District of Summers County, W. Va. Title was transferred on 8/25/66.

On page 238 of Deed Book 102, there is a deed from R. V. VEST and OLA VEST to D. L. WEST and CONSTANCE WEST, dated 6/12/67, for one lot, 50 feet by 700 feet, on Sun Valley Lake, one mile south of Pipestem, W. Va., Post Office.

Investigation at Pipestem was previously reported and 3 documents in this case were forwarded to the Pittsburgh Office.

GAP:lc
(2) *lc*

100-15680-10

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
SERIALIZED.....	FILED.....
JAN 19 1968	

PITTSBURGH

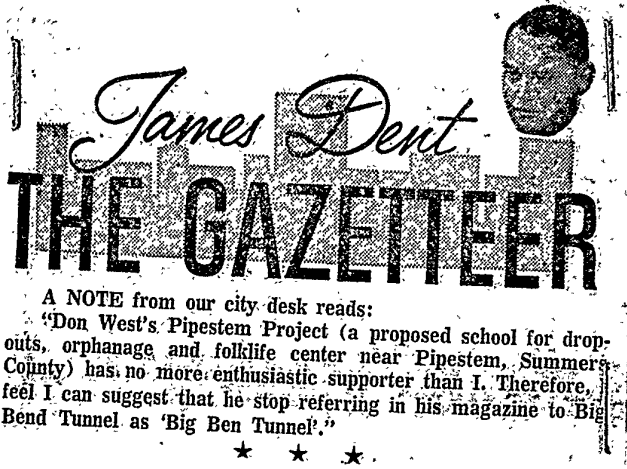
b6
b7C

By R-n



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JM



(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 13

The Charleston Gazette

Charleston, West Va.

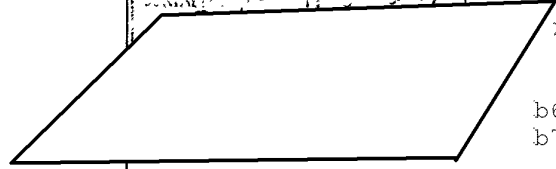
Date: 1-23-68
Edition: Valley
Author:
Editor: HARRY HOFFMANN
Title:

100-15680

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: Pittsburgh

Being Investigated

100-15680-11
SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED FILED



b6
b7c

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC PITTSBURGH (100-15680)

DATE: 2/2/68

FROM : SA [redacted]

b6
b7C

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM - C
(OO:BALTIMORE)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Re Pittsburgh letter to Baltimore dated 12/19/67.

On 1/29/68 Mr. [redacted] Cashier, Bank of

b6
b7C

Athens, Athens, W.Va. advised SA [redacted] has an account in the name of Donald West and an account in the name of "APPALACHIAN SOUTH" both handled by Donald West of Pipestem, W.Va.. Mr. [redacted] said West opened the Appalachian South account on July 3, 1967 with a deposit of \$621.25, the balance in this account as of 1/19/68 was \$1,521.89. Mr. [redacted] said he has spoke to Mr. West on several occasions as he comes into the bank every month or so and West has indicated he is buying land to build a boys camp or orphanage in the Pipestem, W.Va. area. Mr. [redacted] said he feels certain West lives in or near the Pipestem, W.Va. area, and that he has noticed several of West's checks have been cashed at a grocery store in Pipestem.

LEADS

PITTSBURGH

AT PIPESTEM, W. VA.

Determine background and occupation of West through appropriate investigation in the Pipestem area.

b6
b7C

2 - file

Assign 100-15680-12
SEARCHED [redacted] INDEXED [redacted]
By RM

W/ce each send in file

Determine what this guy is doing and where he is staying during the week and furnish BA all info not previously furnished



UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680)

DATE: 2/9/68

FROM : SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM - C

Re BA letter to Pittsburgh, 12/29/67;
Pittsburgh letter to Baltimore, 12/19/67.

Per Bureau instructions, this subject has
been deleted from the Security Index.

A recommendation is being submitted to the
Bureau that he be included in the RI-A.

The Baltimore Office at Baltimore has been
unable to date to ascertain WEST's employment.

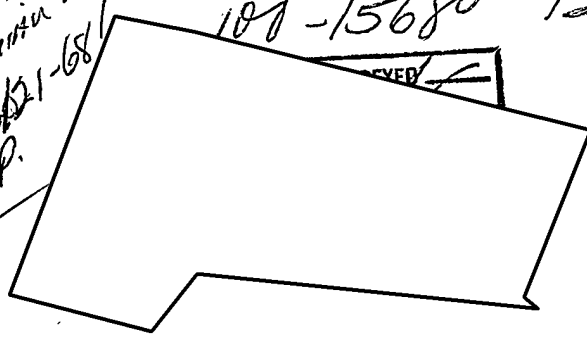
The above is submitted for information inasmuch
as leads are outstanding.

Pittsburgh should advise Baltimore promptly as
to the results of investigation being conducted by that
division.

2 - Pittsburgh (REGISTERED MAIL)
1 - Baltimore
DDD:jtk
(3)

*West has speaking
engagements - Touks - South
writes for "Appalachian South"
dictated to Ba - 2/21-68
GAP.*

100-15680-13



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b7c



ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

HINTON AROUND ... By J. E. Faulconer

Encampment set at Pipestem

MAYOR JOHN LINDSAY of New York City is sponsoring chairman of a Citizenship Encampment to be held on the Don West property in Pipestem District that is now under development.

The encampment is partly financed by the OEO, and will be attended by 70 young people and some 20 staff members, Mr. West said.

Mr. West, a retired University of Maryland professor, two years ago purchased several hundred acres of land that will be developed into a school for Appalachian youth.

* * *

TUITION for the students between the age of 15 and 18 years will be \$500, however, Mr. West will recommend 10 more youths from the mountain area.

Barrack type buildings will be erected to house the students and when the camp is started employment at the minimum wage will be provided for six or seven women in the area.

Outstanding speakers will be secured for the camp-school period.

Mr. West is now on a speaking tour, and his last appearance was Wednesday at Princeton University.

This first student camp is just one more of the many things that are happening in the area that will give a considerable boost to the local economy.

* * *

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #4

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 2/9/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: JOHN E. FAULCONER
Title:
JOHN LINDSAY
30 - 0
Character:
or
Classification: 100-15680
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED FILED
MAR 5 1968
FBI - PITTSBURGH

14

SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

2/27/68

SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680) RUC

DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM - C
OO - BALTIMORE

Re Pittsburgh letter to Baltimore dated 12/19/67,
and Baltimore letters to Pittsburgh dated 12/29/67, & 2/9/68.

On 1/29/68, Mr. [redacted]

[redacted] (protect identity), advised SA [redacted] that his bank has an account in the name of DONALD WEST and an account in the name of Appalachian South. He said that both are handled by DONALD WEST who gives his address as Pipestem, W. Va. Mr. [redacted] said WEST opened the Appalachian South account on July 3, 1967, with a deposit of \$621.25, and the balance in this account as of January 19, 1968, was \$1,521.89. Mr. [redacted] said that WEST comes into the bank every month or two and WEST has indicated he is buying land to build a boys camp or orphanage in the Pipestem, W. Va., area.

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On 1/23/68, Mr. JAMES BEND, a feature writer for the "Charleston Gazette" newspaper, Charleston, R. Va., in his column entitled, "The Gazetteer" stated, "Don West's Pipestem project (a proposed school for dropouts, orphanage, and folklife center near Pipestem, Summers County) has no more enthusiastic supporter than I. Therefore, I feel I can suggest that he stop referring in his magazine to Big Bend Tunnel as "Big Ben Tunnel."

The following investigation was conducted by SA [redacted]

On 1/12/68, records in the Summers County Clerk's Office, Hinton, W. Va., were reviewed and it was determined

- 2 - Baltimore
- 2 - Pittsburgh

GAP:mtl
(5) *mtl*

rec Bureau - RUC
1 Xerox made for BA 9-10-68
5-7
100-15680-15

PG 100-15680

that recorded on page 329 of Deed Book 101 is a Deed from C. M. VEST and wife Violet M. VEST, to DONALD L. WEST and wife, CONSTANCE A. WEST, for 5 Tracts of land. The five tracts were composed of five acres, fourteen acres, 92 1/2 acres, 40 acres, and 120 acres, totaling 271 1/2 acres, all located in the Pipestem District of Summers County, W. Va. Title was transferred on 8/25/66.

On Page 238 of Deed Book 102, there is a deed from R. V. VEST and OLA VEST to D. L. WEST and CONSTANCE WEST, dated June 12, 1967, for one lot, 50 feet by 700 feet, on Sun Valley Lake, one mile south of Pipestem, W. Va., Post Office.

On 2/9/68, Mr. JOHN E. FAULCONER, Editor, "The Hinton Daily News," Hinton, W. Va., in his column entitled, "Hinton Around" stated, "Mayor John Lindsay of New York City is sponsoring chairman of a Citizenship Encampment to be held on the Don West property in Pipestem District that is now under development.

"The encampment is partly financed by the OEO, and will be attended by 70 young people and some 20 staff members, Mr. West said.

"Mr. West, a retired University of Maryland professor, two years ago purchased several hundred acres of land that will be developed into a school for Appalachian youth.

"Tuition for the students between the age of 15 and 18 years will be \$500, however, Mr. West will recommend 10 more youths from the mountain area.

"Barrack type buildings will be erected to house the students and when the camp is started employment at the minimum wage will be provided six or seven women in the area.

"Outstanding speakers will be secured for the camp school period;

"Mr. West is now on a speaking tour, and his last appearance was Wednesday at Princeton University.

"This first student camp is just one more of the many things that are happening in the area that will give a considerable boost to the local economy. "

On 2/12/68, Mr. [redacted] advised that on 2/8/68, Mr. DON WEST stopped at his office at the "Hinton Daily News," Hinton, W. Va., and informed him that he was a retired college professor from the University of Maryland and he was planning to establish a camp type school on the property he had purchased near Pipestem, W. Va. Mr. [redacted] said it was his understanding that the school would be a summer camp and underprivileged children from big city areas like New York, could come there for the summer, but local youths would also be invited to attend. [redacted] said WEST claimed he was obtaining support for the camp from the Office of Economic Opportunity, but WEST did not explain the project in detail. Mr. [redacted] said he had heard of Mr. WEST being in the area on two other occasions within the past year and on each of these occasions Mr. WEST was attending meetings of the Community Action Association which is funded by the Office of Economic Opportunity to assist poverty areas.

Mr. [redacted] said WEST is apparently well acquainted with many persons at Charleston, W. Va., and in particular with writers associated with the "Charleston Gazette" newspaper. He said WEST mentioned being acquainted with L. T. ANDERSON, who was formerly employed by the "Hinton Daily News," and who is now a feature writer for the "Charleston Gazette."

Mr. [REDACTED] further advised that he concluded that Mr. WEST now earns a living by touring the country for speaking engagements and he apparently often appears on the same program with his daughter, HEDY WEST, who is a folk singer and who reportedly only recently returned from Europe.

On February 13, 1968, [REDACTED] Pipestem, W. Va. (PROTECT IDENTITY) advised that DONALD L. WEST came to Pipestem during the summer of 1966 and purchased a farm of slightly less than 800 acres from [REDACTED]. She said this farm contained a small residence and a few farm buildings and an old house trailer has been moved onto it since it was acquired by WEST. She said Mr. WEST stated he purchased this farm in order to build a boys home and school and he gave the impression that the operation would be something like "Boystown, Neb.," but from the beatnik type students who have visited WEST, it would appear that this would not be the type establishment he intends. She stated that during the Easter college vacation holiday customarily granted by most colleges, in 1967, a group of "beatnik type" students from various colleges came to Pipestem to assist Mr. WEST in building his school. She said this group succeeded in tearing down an old building which Mr. WEST purchased from the State of West Virginia and they piled the lumber on the farm which he bought, but nothing further was accomplished. She said Mr. WEST did not reside at Pipestem during 1966 or 1967, but periodically he returned to the area for short periods, and he said that he was touring the country on speaking engagements, however, for a short time during the summer of 1967, a few college students reportedly from Concord College, Athens, W. Va., visited with WEST and supposedly were to help him build his school. [REDACTED] said that during the Spring or Winter term of Concord College in 1967, Mr. WEST made an appearance at Concord College for a lecture and his daughter HEDY WEST, a folk singer, also appeared on the program. She said she attended this program and there were a number of people reportedly from Kentucky present who had come to support Mr. WEST. She said that the people from Kentucky wore odd looking clothing, the men had beards, and all of them appeared

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PG 100-15680

to be dirty and it was her understanding that Mr. WEST had been associated with these people in Kentucky. She said these people were the "beatnik or Flower Children," type as seen on television.

Mrs. [] continued that Mr. WEST's program was most critical of the United States Government and so were the songs which were sung by HEDY WEST and she and others who attended this program from Pipestem were very unfavorably impressed.

Mrs. [] further advised that Mr. WEST had not been at Pipestem for two or three months prior to 2/9 or 10/68 and he said he had been on a speaking tour, but would be in the area much more frequently in the future and his wife planned to join him and they were planning to spend the summer there to work on his boys home and school.

Mrs. [] said that during the 1967, Mr. WEST gave her copies of a magazine entitled, "The Appalachian South," published by Appalachian Associates, Inc., (a universal Christian publication), Post Office Box 4104, Charleston, W. Va. She said these magazines were about poverty, poverty workers, folk music, and folk lore, and had articles contributed by a number of different people. She said Mr. WEST informed her that [] who resides in Charleston, W. Va., was primarily responsible for [] of the magazine, but he was attempting to get third class mailing privileges for the magazine at the Pipestem Post Office. She continued that about February 12, 1968, he mailed approximately 100 of these magazines to various persons and places throughout the United States. Mrs. [] furnished a copy of the magazine and it was listed as Vol. 2, #2, Fall and Winter, 1967. Mrs. [] pointed out that many of the articles in this issue were contributed by Mr. WEST, but many other persons wrote articles for the magazine and one of the articles was written by [] an [] at Concord College, Athens, W. Va.

Mrs. [] said that Professor [] has the reputation of being a radical socialist and he frequently stopped at the Post office to inquire about Mr. WEST during

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recent months when Mr. WEST was not in the area. Mrs. [redacted] further advised that during the past three or four months, numerous school books arrived at Pipestem for Mr. WEST and apparently these books were donated from schools all over the country and they were for all types of subjects and various grades in school. She said Mr. WEST collected these books about February 10, 1968, and at that time he mentioned teaching arts and crafts at his proposed school.

Mrs. [redacted] further advised that on February 12, 1968, Mr. WEST stopped at the Post Office to pick up his mail and after opening some of his mail he asked her to look at a check and tell him what it was because he had forgotten his glasses. Mrs. [redacted] said she was astounded to see that the check was in the amount of \$5,000 and she did not observe the bank on which the check was drawn, nor the individual organization issuing the check. She said there were other people present in the Post Office at the time and she assumed he had asked her to tell him the amount of the check to impress other people. She further advised that he periodically received the checks and she has heard from others that some of the checks he has received are for as much as \$2,000. She said Mr. WEST did not state the source of these funds, but they were not Government checks. She also advised that WEST has a bank account at the Bank of Athens, Athens, W. Va., and he occasionally issued her a personal check on this bank.

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On 2/13/68, Miss [redacted] a [redacted] [redacted] who resides at Pipestem, and teaches school at Hinton, W. Va., requested that her identity be not revealed and advised as follows:

After DONALD WEST purchased a farm at Pipestem, he said he was going to establish a boys home and school on this property, but he has never made it clear whether this will be a summer camp type school or a full-time school. WEST claims to be most interested in poverty ridden people, however, he seems to have more than the average person himself. WEST and his daughter, HEDY WEST, gave a program at Concord College, during which Mr. WEST spoke and HEDY WEST sang folk songs. This program was

PG 100-15680

critical of the Government of the United States and the operation of a democracy.

Mr. WEST gave her issues of "Appalachian South," to place in local schools but after reading these issues she concluded they were not the type of literature that high school students should be exposed to.

During the summer of 1967, a young girl who gave her name as Miss [redacted] was at Pipestem for a few weeks and Miss [redacted] claimed to be a college student from New York and she said she was in the area to work [redacted] for Mr. WEST. Miss [redacted] indicated that her services were voluntary and gratis and it is not known whether she was a paid employee.

On one occasion she observed Miss [redacted] leave the Post Office at Pipestem and discard some papers. She retrieved these papers and noted that they pertained to "National Conference for New Politics, 250 West 57th Street, Suite 1528, New York, N.Y., 10019," and was about a "new politics convention on 1968 and beyond," to be held August 31 - September 4 at the Palmer House, Chicago, Ill., and the keynote speaker was to be MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR. In addition to a letter on letterhead stationery of National Conference for New Politics was a "Call to Convention," which contained a partial list of invited organizations and some welfare groups in West Virginia were among the individuals invited.

On one occasion WEST indicated to her that he may also own a farm in the vicinity of Sweet Springs, W. Va., and he said he had been reared on a farm in Georgia and that his mother still resides in Georgia. WEST also advised that his home is in Baltimore, Md., and his wife resides there, but he has [redacted] who resides at Charleston, W. Va., and a daughter, HEDY WEST, who apparently travels around the country performing as a folk singer.

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

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**Expect 200
at meeting**

Final plans for the March County Wide Action Meeting have been made. The meeting will be held in the Memorial Building auditorium Saturday at 10:00 a.m. Close to 200 are expected to attend.

Robert Fulcher, president of the Mercer County Community Action Association will be the guest speaker. He will be introduced by Don West, editor of the Appalachian South Magazine; W. E. Halstead of Lowell and president of the Summers County Economic Opportunity Association will give the opening remarks.

After the first hour the group will break up to committees with the Fair Deal on Poverty, Citizens Better Roads, CAIP Education committees meeting. Also at that time the leaders of the groups around the county will meet to discuss the controversial Green Amendment to the Economic Opportunity Act and its affect on the local CAP efforts.

The Summers County Court has not decided whether to take over the CAP at this time or let it stay as it is. Most groups in the county have already expressed opposition to County Court control as they fear it might end the program here or greatly hamper its progress. The meeting is open to the public.

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(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1

Winter Daily News

Winter, N. J.

Date: 3/20/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. L. P... ..

Title:

DAVID L... ..
ST - 0

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

*Material
100-15082*

*100-15082-16
N.H.
J.C.*

WEST, DONALD LEE

(Rev.)

100-1695

HUNTINGTON FILE

[100-3066]Pg

HT 100-0-2210

100-1764-1(4)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

100-0-26296

2-57

WEST, DONALD LEE

P WEST, DONALD LEE

6/67

100-15680*

Post Office Box 5
Pineville, W. Va.

WEST, DONALD

2/59

100-0-26839

NID

WEST, DONALD

8-66

~~87-11389~~

87-11389*

NID

WEST, DON

100-577-292

100-1807-2

100-3066

100-1695-111

WEST, DON

6/67

100-0-28201

Poet Educator

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
 HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
 DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Date

TO: CHIEF CLERK

Subject

Aliases

b6
b7c

Address

Birth Date

Birthplace

Race

Sex

Male
 Female

Exact Spelling

All References

Main Subversive Case Files Only

Subversive References Only

Main Criminal Case Files Only

Criminal References Only

Main Subversive (If no Main, list all Subversive References)

Main Criminal (If no Main, list all Criminal References)

Restrict to Locality of _____

File & Serial Number	Remarks	File & Serial Number	Remarks
	<i>additional refs.</i>		
	<i>[Redacted]</i>		
<i>157-19-</i>	<i>2117,</i>		
	<i>2125</i>		
<i>Jim Quena</i>		b6 b7c	
<i>87-9081</i>			

Requested by _____ Squad _____ Extension _____ File No. _____

Searched by *Rlc* _____ (date) _____

Consolidated by _____ (date) _____

Reviewed by _____ (date) _____

File Review Symbols
 I - Identical ? - Not identifiable
 NI - Not identical U - Unavailable reference

SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

5/2/68

SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED,
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C

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Re Pittsburgh letter to Baltimore, dated 2/27/68.

On 4/22/68, Mr. [redacted] Supreme Builders, Princeton, W. Va., advised SA [redacted] that he [redacted] by the captioned subject to build two barrick type buildings at Pipestem, W. Va.

Mr. [redacted] stated that WEST gave him a check on the Bank of Athens, W. Va., for the amount of \$3,700 to build these buildings and will pay the balance upon completion, which will be in about two weeks. [redacted] advised that in addition to these two buildings, WEST and other persons are building a dining room themselves.

[redacted] advised that the captioned subject had purchased approximately 280 acres of land at Pipestem from a [redacted] and that they are holding meetings in the [redacted] home every week or so. He stated that among those attending these meetings were [redacted] and wife, from Princeton, W. Va., and [redacted] an instructor at Concord College, Athens, W. Va.

77-30284
100-6384
15-17098

In addition to the above check, Mr. [redacted] advised that WEST had given him another one for some appliances (which was observed by SA [redacted] in the amount of \$574.75. This check, numbered 6068, was written on the Chemical Bank and New York Trust Company, 65th Street Branch, New York, New York, and was printed "Encampment for Citizenship, Inc., 2 W. 64th St., N.Y., N.Y., 10023."

105-5841-20
100-15680-15, p. 5

This check was made payable to the Supreme Builders Supply Co., and signed by [redacted] and [redacted]

Mr. [redacted] furnished the attached "newsletters," which he stated were given to him by WEST.

2-Baltimore (Encs. 2)
2-Pittsburgh

RDW:psa
(4)

[Handwritten initials]

[Handwritten initials]

[Handwritten initials]

100-12700-2

[Redacted box]

[Handwritten initials]

[Handwritten initials]

100-15680-4

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JM

A news story from Washington, D. C., states that Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen, a small red-haired firebrand, is backing a proposed folk like center on Lick Creek in the Pipestem District of Summers County. The center is a dream of Rev. Don West, Georgia poet and preacher.

The purpose is to develop a school for dropouts and to encourage and preserve the arts and heritage of the mountains. The place is a four hundred acre farm and the buildings are now under construction and cash is being paid for the farm and buildings. The first students will come later this year.

Mrs. Cohen's husband is secretary of health, education and welfare. She has been involved with the Congress for Appalachian Development for some time. The public Welfare Foundation approved \$5,000 for it last December and Mrs. Cohen is raising additional funds in Washington and New York.

The first building is being constructed by the people of the section. Mrs. Cohen came from the Indian Creek section of Texas and with an \$8 typing course was able to break away from that section of Texas during the depression.

The main purpose of the school will be to develop flexible human beings and help them find pride in their ancestry, Mrs. Cohen states.

Handwritten signature

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 16
Sunset News-ObsERVER
Princeton; Bluefield,
W.Va.

Date: 4/25/68
Edition: Evening
Author:
Editor: Jerry McDevitt
Title: Kyle McCormick's Column
Character:
or S.M.C
Classification:
Submitting Office: Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Being Investigated

100-15680-18

SEARCHED _____ INDEXED _____
SERIALIZED _____ FILED _____

Handwritten signature

National camp set on Pipestem farm

Fifty to sixty high school age students from throughout the United States will come to Pipestem for a six-week leadership training program this summer. The third annual Appalachian Encampment for Citizenship will be held on the former Montie West farm in Pipestem, now owned by the Rev. Don West's Appalachian South Folklore Center.

Plans for the encampment were discussed at a meeting held at Mr. and Mrs. Vest's home in Pipestem. Those attending were members of the Encampment Advisory Committee. They included the Rev. Stewart McMurray of the First Presbyterian Church, Hinton; Summers County community action director Joe Hatfield of Hinton; attorney William Sanders of Princeton; Junior Howell, Board of Education President Dana Keaton, Deniz Lyons, Basil Wyrick and Mr. and Mrs. Vest of Pipestem.

Speakers at the meeting included the Rev. Don West, Douglas Kelly, national director of the Encampment for Citizenship, Inc.; and Neil Riordan of Worcester, Mass., who will direct the encampment at Pipestem. Kelley and Riordan are former members of the U. S. Peace Corps overseas, as are many of the staff members associated with the Encampment for Citizenship.

Mr. West pointed out the economic advantage to the local area of having a program like the encampment. Several local women will be employed as cooks for the camp, over \$7,000 will be spent on food and supplies, and campers and staff members are expected to be interested in purchasing quilts and other locally made crafts. Campers and staff will devote two days each week to volunteer work on local projects being selected by Hatfield and West.

Kelley explained that since its founding in 1946, under a sponsoring committee headed by

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Encampment for Citizenship has sponsored 40 summer camps, each six weeks in length, for the attaining of selected young people in community improvement and public affairs activities. Those who attend come from all parts of the country, from all racial and religious groups, and from poor, rich, and middle class backgrounds. "Campers always say they learn a great deal from each other," Kelley said. "It's generally the first time a banker's son from Philadelphia has bunked next to a West Virginia miner's son, a Hopi Indian boy, or a Montana farmer."

Broadening the horizons of young people, helping them to increase their tolerance for and understanding of different groups and ideas, is a basic purpose of the encampment, according to Kelley. The second purpose is to encourage them to take an active part in community improvement efforts in their own home communities. The encampment is non-partisan and non-sectarian, he said, pointing out that Mrs. Roosevelt was succeeded by New York City's Republican Mayor John F. Lindsay as chairman of the Encampment Sponsors Committee. President Lyndon Johnson has praised the Encampment, saying "this venture with which the name of Eleanor Roosevelt has been so closely associated has made a splendid contribution in citizenship education and in the training of young people."

Two dormitories are now being built on the farm at Pipestem, and local volunteers have helped start a dining hall. Mr. West will be business manager for the encampment, and Prof. and Mrs. Sidney Bell of Concord College will be among the 12 staff members. Bell will head a workshop or class on world affairs, and Mrs. Bell will be dietitian. Dates of the camp will be July 7 through Aug. 17.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

HINTON DAILY NEWS

HINTON, W. VA.

PAGE #1

Date: 4/25/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. E. FAULCONER

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C

Character:

or 100-15680

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

100-15680-19

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
MAY - 3 1968	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

REPORTING OFFICE NEW HAVEN	OFFICE OF ORIGIN NEW HAVEN	DATE 7/22/68	INVESTIGATIVE PERIOD 5/28 - 7/17/68
TITLE OF CASE WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC.		REPORT MADE BY SA 	TYPED BY clf
ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED DATE 08-23-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN		CHARACTER OF CASE IS-C INTERNAL SECURITY ACT OF 1950	

REFERENCE: New Haven report of SA 12/13/67

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- P* -

ADMINISTRATIVE: This report is being classified ~~confidential~~ since it contains information received from NH T-1 through NH T-24.

on 1/12/57, are Special Agents of the FBI who observed **ROBERT E. JONES**, and **ANDREW STERTZER**.

ACCOMPLISHMENTS CLAIMED						ACQUIT-TALS	CASE HAS BEEN:
CON.VIC.	AUTO.	FUG.	FINES	SAVINGS	RECOVERIES		
							PENDING OVER ONE YEAR <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO PENDING PROSECUTION OVER SIX MONTHS <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input type="checkbox"/> NO

APPROVED	SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE	DO NOT WRITE IN SPACES BELOW
----------	-------------------------	------------------------------

- COPIES MADE:
- 5 - Bureau (61-9200) (RM)
 - 1 - 1st Army, Fort Meade, Maryland (RM)
 - 1 - DIO, Boston, (RM)
 - 1 - OSI, Westover Field (RM)
 - 2 - Boston (100-28441) (RM)
 - 2 - New York (105-13658) (RM)
 - ② - Pittsburgh (RM)
 - 4 - New Haven (3-100-14793) (1-100-2254, W. UPHAUS)

100-1580-20

SEARCHED _____	INDEXED _____
SERIALIZED _____	FILED _____
JUL 24 1968 FBI - PITTSBURGH	

Dissemination Record of Attached Report					Notations
Agency	Request Recd.	Date Fwd.	How Fwd.	By	

cc in 100-12984

NH 100-14793

One copy of this report is being disseminated to 1st Army, Fort Mead, Maryland; DIO, Boston, and OSI, Westover Field, since this is an organizational report of interest to those agencies.

INFORMANTS

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Source

NH T-1 is

[Redacted]

(Request)

NH T-2 is

[Redacted]

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NH T-3 is

NH T-4 is

[Redacted]

NH T-5 is

[Redacted]

NH T-6 is the former
[Redacted] now [Redacted]

NH T-7 is

[Redacted]

NH T-8 is

[Redacted]

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NYC

Location

Instant report

NH

[Redacted]

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Characterization of
LOUISE PETTIBONE SMITH

Characterization of
JOHN ABT.

Characterization of

[Redacted]

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Characterization of

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NY

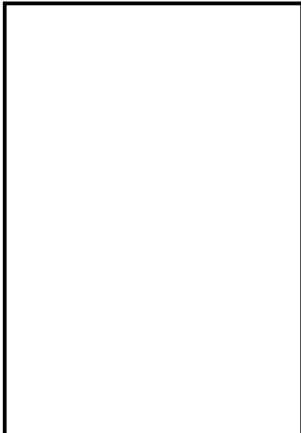
B

COVER PAGE

NH T-9 is LA 2954-S*

Characterization of
HERBERT APTHEKER

NH T-10 is



Characterization of
AIMS

NH T-11 is

Characterization of
AIMS

NH T-12 is

Characterization of
AIMS

NH T-13 is

Characterization of
AIMS

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NH T-14 is

Characterization of
AIMS

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NH T-15 is CG 5021-S*

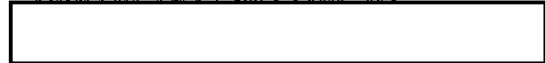
Characterization of



NH T-16 is



Characterization of



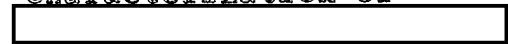
NH T-17 is NY 3379-S*

Characterization of



NH T-18 is CG 6476-S*

Characterization of



NH T-19 is



Characterization of

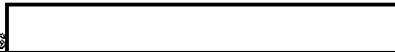


NH T-20 is



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NH T-21 is



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NH 100-14793

NH T-22 is [redacted]

Characterization of
JULIE KURTZ

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NH T-23 is [redacted]

Characterization of
[redacted]

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NH T-24 is [redacted]

NH 100-14793-SN

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LEADS

BOSTON

At Epping, New Hampshire

[redacted] Will maintain contact with [redacted]
[redacted] Epping, New Hampshire, [redacted] for any
information re activities at WFC, Conway, New Hampshire.

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NEW YORK

At Kerhonkson, New York

Will review indices for any information re
Hillberg Center of WF at Kerhonkson, New York (telephone
number 914-893-9839) as well as its [redacted]
[redacted] and [redacted] as noted in instant
report.

D

COVER PAGE

PITTSBURGH

At Pipestem, West Virginia

Will check indices re DON WEST and his center located at Pipestem, West Virginia relative to any WF activities in that area consistent with information in the report re WEST and his operation.

NEW HAVEN

At New Haven, Connecticut

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Will maintain contact with [redacted] [redacted] New Haven, for any available printed material re WFI.

Will follow and report activities of WFI.

E*

COVER PAGE

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Copy to: 1 - 1st Army, Maryland (RM)
1 - DIO, Boston (RM)
1 - OSI, Westover Field (RM).

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Report of: SA [redacted]
Date: July 22, 1968

Office: NEW HAVEN

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Field Office File #: 100-14793

Bureau File #: 61-9200

Title: WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC.

DECLASSIFICATION AUTHORITY DERIVED FROM:
FBI AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION GUIDE
DATE 08-23-2010

Character: INTERNAL SECURITY - C;
INTERNAL SECURITY ACT OF 1950

Synopsis:

Executive Director of World Fellowship, Inc., (WFI), WILLARD UPHAUS, resides with wife, OLA UPHAUS, Associate Director, WFI, at 66 Edgewood Avenue, New Haven, Conn., except for summer time, when both located World Fellowship Center (WFC), Conway, New Hampshire. World Fellowship News (WFN), dated 11/25/67, indicated that a World Fellowship Conference would be held in New York, 3/22-23/68. A statistical summary on the 1967 season at Conway appeared in this WFN. This issue noted a new Center, called Hillberg Center at Kerhonkson, New York, was in operation the year round under the [redacted] WFN, 11/25/67, reflected that WILLARD and OLA UPHAUS were in Washington, D.C., 10/20-21/67, to attend mobilization for peace, where on the 20th, in front of the Department of Justice building, 996 young men turned in their draft cards. WFN also noted LOUISE PETTIBONE SMITH was honored on her 80 birthday by American Committee for Protection of the Foreign Born,

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~~GROUP 1
Excluded from automatic
downgrading and
declassification~~

NH 100-14793

which she has been chairman of for a number of years. Same issue reflected Board Members of World Fellowship attended July 6-9 Stockholm (Sweden) Conference on Vietnam for ending the war there. Mimeographed letter, dated 1/22/68, on WFI letterhead stationery noted a meeting of Greater New Haven Friends of World Fellowship was to be held, 2/2/68, at New Haven. Mimeographed letter captioned Metropolitan Recreation Association (MRA), dated 1/31/68, and addressed to members of MRA, proposed that Camp Midvale be turned over to World Fellowship or another organization. World Fellowship sponsored conference held NYC, 3/23/68. Brochure of WFC, Conway, reflects season to be from 6/24 - 9/3/68. UPHAUS directed letter dated 5/6/68 to Mayor of New Haven on letterhead stationery of WFI, complaining of ills which he states besets the city.

- P* -

DETAILS:

A characterization of World Fellowship, Inc., appears in the appendix.

RESIDENCE AND EMPLOYMENT OF
WILLARD UPHAUS, EXECUTIVE
DIRECTOR OF WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC.

On May 28, 1968, NH T-1 advised that WILLARD UPHAUS resides with his wife, OLA UPHAUS, at 66

NH 100-14793

Edgewood Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut. NH T-1 advised that WILLARD UPHAUS is Executive Director of World Fellowship, Inc. (WFI), and OLA UPHAUS is Associate Director of that organization.

NH T-1 further advised that during the summer months of 1968, WILLARD and OLA UPHAUS operate a summer camp of WFI at Conway, New Hampshire, where they spend a majority of their time returning only for brief periods to their home on Edgewood Avenue.

ACTIVITIES OF WFI

On January 10, 1968, NH T-2 made available a copy of the November 25, 1967, issue of the "World Fellowship News" (WFN). This publication contains information concerning the activities of WFI.

WFN indicated that a World Fellowship Conference (WFC), would be held in New York, March 22 - 23, 1968, having as its theme, "Man and his Faiths in a Changing World", which WFN noted would attract celebrated speakers representing the great historic religions of the world, as well as humanistic and Marxist faiths. The plans, still tentative in form, called for an International World Fellowship Festival on Friday evening, March 22, and lectures and discussions on the following day.

WFN noted that at the October 11 Board Meeting the Executive Director gave a statistical summary of the 1967 season at Conway. "Eight hundred fifty-seven

different persons were in attendance; the staff numbered 25; guests came from 21 states and eight countries outside the US. There were 48 speakers who dealt with a wide range of world problems."

This issue of WFN noted that The Board on October 11, expressed its hearty thanks to CHARLES and DORIS BONNER for their successful direction of our new center at Kerhonkson, New York, which it was noted is located in the foothills of the Catskills, near New York City. The capacity for 50 has already proven too small for the demands according to this issue. Hillberg Center, will be opened the year round and it was noted that for information, telephone or write Reverend CHARLES BONNER, Kerhonkson, New York (914-893-9839).

Under the caption "The UPHAUSES Travel", it was noted in this issue that WILLARD and OLA UPHAUS made a three week trip to the South and Midwest, October 19 - November 11, 1967, which trip began with two days in Washington, October 20-21, to attend the mobilization for peace. "The ceremony on the 20th in front of the Department of Justice building, when 996 young men turned in their draft cards, will long be remembered. The next day, seated high near the speakers, they beheld the magnificent throng, mainly young people, surrounding the reflecting pool in front of the Lincoln Memorial, calling on President JOHNSON and the warhawks to bring our criminal aggression in Vietnam to an end. The trip reaching to almost 4000 miles touched West Virginia, Eastern Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, and home. The travelers talked with many people, including their relatives and friends. They visited Pipestem,

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West Virginia, where DON WEST is developing a project to serve the poor of the Appalachian South." A main lasting impression is the growing unhappiness and open opposition of the people to our national policy in Vietnam."

This issue noted under the caption "DON WEST Building Center In W. Virginia":

"DON WEST, noted Georgia-born poet and social actionist, who has visited us at Conway and Kerhonkson, is building a center at Pipestem, West Virginia, to serve the poor and dispossessed in the Appalachian South. DON, an ordained minister, who by birth, struggle and Christian dedication, feels a deep kinship with these mountain people, wants them to come to a new appreciation of their heritage. Many have an anti-slavery background and are free of the racism of the deep South. The Center will combine work on a 300-acre farm, conferences, training for school drop-outs in social and political leadership, and housing for visitors from other parts of the country. Much of the poverty stems from the fact that northern interests have stripped the land of its natural resources and drained off the wealth. DON has the friendship and cooperation of people in the community, as is proved by the fact that workmen have already excavated the basement for a 38 x 48 building as a contribution. He is badly in need of financial help. World Fellowship friends are urged to help, either by sending a contribution to DON or, better, setting up a meeting in their homes, where he can speak. Address DON at P.O. Box 5, Pipestem, West Virginia."

Under caption "A Lovable Dedicated Lady Is Honored", this issue noted that "The many friends of

NH 100-14793

Prof. LOUISE PETTIBONE SMITH packed the Barbizon Plaza Theatre in New York on Sunday afternoon, November 19th, to pay tribute to her on the occasion of her 80th birthday. The concert/rally was arranged by the American Committee for Protection of the Foreign Born of which she has been chairman for a number of years. As strong of voice and clear of mind as ever, Prof. SMITH reviewed the history of the Committee and forecast a necessary and useful future."

JOHN ABT was the principal speaker, who spoke regarding the restrictions in travel and requirements to report regularly to the immigration authorities, which restrictions and requirements are part of a new constitutional challenge coming through a suit on behalf of victims facing such restrictions and requirements.

NH T-3 advised on January 17, 1961, that LOUISE PETTIBONE SMITH was at that time Honorary Co-Chairman of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born (ACFPB).

The ACPFB has been designated by the Attorney General of the United States pursuant to Executive Order 10450.

NH T-4 advised on July 17, 1967, that JOHN ABT is one of the lawyers who, over a period of years, have represented the Communist Party, United States of America, in its litigation.

Under the caption "World Fellowship Represented At Stockholm", this issue noted that "Two members of the WF Board, SIDNEY GLUCK and LOUIS ZEMEL, attended the July 6-9 Stockholm Conference on Vietnam. This conference, fully reported at the October 11th meeting, was intended to initiate concerted efforts to end the war in Vietnam and to ensure independence for the Vietnamese people in accordance with the Geneva Agreements of 1954. Invited by the Swedish Peace Council this conference drew delegations from many different persuasions. Mr. GLUCK pointed out that through their research facilities the Vietnamese know more about the progress of the peace forces in this country than the American people do themselves. One of the highlights for Mr. ZEMEL was a meeting with members of the NLF."

A mimeographed letter on stationery of WFI, dated January 22, 1968, listed SIDNEY J. GLUCK as an assistant director of WFI.

NH T-5 advised on April 9, 1963, that LOUIS ZEMEL traveled to Europe, April, 1963 - June, 1963, as European Organizer of the Committee to Secure Justice for Morton Sobell (CSJMS) in an effort to develop support for the CSJMS.

Committee To Secure Justice for MORTON SOBELL

"Following the execution of atomic spies ETHEL and JULIUS ROSENBERG, in June, 1953, the 'communist campaign assumed a

different emphasis. Its major effort centered upon MORTON SOBELL, the ROSENBERG's codefendant. The National Committee to Secure Justice in the ROSENBERG Case - a communist front which had been conducting the campaign in the United States - was reconstituted as the National ROSENBERG - SOBELL Committee at a conference in Chicago in October, 1953, and then the National Committee to Secure Justice for MORTON SOBELL in the Rosenberg Case'..." ("Guide to Subversive Organizations and Publications, dated December 1, 1961, issued by the House Committee on Un-American Activities, page 116.)

In September, 1954, the name "National Committee to Secure Justice for MORTON SOBELL" appeared on literature issued by the Committee. In March, 1955, the current name, "Committee to Secure Justice for MORTON SOBELL," first appeared on literature issued by the Committee.

The Address Telephone Directory for the Borough of Manhattan, New York City, as published by the New York Telephone Company on April 14, 1966, lists the "Committee to Secure Justice for MORTON SOBELL" (CSJMS) as being located at 150 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York.

On February 21, 1968, NH T-2 made available a mimeographed letter on letterhead stationery of

NH 100-14793

WFI, bearing the date, January 22, 1968, signed WILLARD UPHAUS, which revealed that a meeting of the Greater New Haven Friends of World Fellowship would be held in New Haven, Friday evening, February 2, 1968, at which DON WEST, famed Appalachian poet and community organizer would be the honored guest and speaker.

This letter noted that DON WEST is establishing the Appalachian Folklife Center at Pipestem, West Virginia.

The letter noted that those who could be present should call [redacted] or OLA UPHAUS.

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On December 10, 1947, NH T-6 advised that [redacted] was a member of the Communist Party at New Haven, Connecticut, at that time.

NH T-7 made available on February 23, 1968, a mimeographed letter captioned "Metropolitan Recreation Association (MRA) Final Notice of Meeting", dated January 31, 1968, addressed "Dear Member", which letter noted there was to be a Special Membership Meeting of the MRA on Saturday, February 10, 1968, at 1:00 PM, at Academy Hall, 853 Broadway, New York, at which meeting action was to be taken on what is to be the future of Camp Midvale.

The letter noted that among the various proposals to be made one is that Camp Midvale be turned over to World Fellowship, headed by Dr. WILLARD UPHAUS or another organization.

A characterization of Metropolitan Recreation Association appears in the appendix section of this report.

NH T-8 advised on [redacted] that on Saturday, March 23, 1968, at 2:30 PM, a conference sponsored by WFI was held at the Church Center for the United Nations, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York City, New York. NH T-8 advised that the speakers at this conference were:

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Father [redacted] Graduate School of Philosophy, Fordham University

HERBERT APTHEKER, Executive Director, American Institute for Marxist Studies, New York City.

NH T-8 advised that WILLARD UPHAUS introduced HOWARD PARSONS as chairman.

Dr. PARSONS introduced Father [redacted] who spoke for half an hour on Catholic opinion on race relations, the Vietnam war, poverty, slums, and ethics.

Dr. PARSONS then introduced Dr. APTHEKER, who made a slashing attack on religion and the church in general and the Catholic Church in particular for about an hour.

There was a question period of about an hour.

NH T-9 advised on March 29, 1967, that HERBERT APTHEKER is currently a member of the Communist Party, United States of

America, and a member of its National Committee.

American Institute for Marxist Studies

NH T-10 advised on April 9, 1963, that on April 7, 1963, at a meeting of the District Committee of the Communist Party (CP) of New England, held in Boston, Massachusetts, HERBERT APTHEKER stated he was developing an organization called American Institute for Marxist Studies (AIMS), which would eventually legalize the CP. He stated AIMS would publish literature on History, Science, Physics, Archeology, and other subjects which would be put out quarterly with various supplements.

NH T-11 advised on June 30, 1966, that HERBERT APTHEKER was elected to the National Committee, CPUSA, at the 18th National Convention of the CPUSA held June 22-26, 1966, in New York City.

NH T-12 advised on [redacted] that on [redacted] spoke at the CP of New York [redacted] meeting concerning AIMS. [redacted] stated AIMS would unite and strengthen the CP; although the CP would not be connected with it. He stated AIMS was being formed within the scope of the McCarran and Smith Acts and would legally bring Marxist material and opinions to the attention of American scholars and the general public.

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NH 100-14793

NH T-13 reported on August 29, 1966, that AIMS issues a "Newsletter" every other month. NH T-13 also made available the information that AIMS issues publications and holds symposiums concerning Marxism.

NH T-14 advised on [redacted] that as of that date, AIMS was located at [redacted] New York City.

Dr. [redacted] was an instructor in the Abraham Lincoln School in Chicago, Illinois, in 1944 (NH T-15); in 1952 he paid \$5 Communist Party dues while employed as instructor at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville (NH T-16); in 1961 he was a [redacted] for the National Assembly for Democratic Rights (NH T-17); in June, 1963, and as late as January 1965, was listed as being on the [redacted] of the National Committee to Repeal the McCarran Act (NH T-18) (NH T-19); in July 1964, he was listed as [redacted] for American Institute of Marxist Studies (AIMS); and in July, 1966, was [redacted] honoring HERBERT APTHEKER, sponsored by AIMS, New York City, New York.

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NH T-20 furnished on [redacted] essentially the same information as that furnished by NH T-8 concerning the conference by WFI, held [redacted] at Church Center, for the United Nations, 777 United Nations Plaza, New York City, New York.

NH 100-14793

NH T-21 made available on April 4, 1968, a brochure captioned "World Fellowship Center, Conway, New Hampshire "Season June 4 - September 3, 1968".

The brochure indicated that World Fellowship deals with such concerns as:

" The forces that threaten our liberties
Full citizenship for all, North and South
Automation and social planning
Unemployment and our forgotten poor
The politics and economics of disarmament
The coexistence of differing political systems
The emerging Nations, and American foreign policy
Personal friendships with people from other lands
The place of historic religions, Humanism, and Marxism in the world revolution
The alienation of man and the recovery of selfhood. "

NH T-2 advised on [redacted], that [redacted] and [redacted] were going to World Fellowship for two weeks starting right after [redacted]

NH T-22 advised on [redacted], that [redacted] was a [redacted] of the Sections [redacted] Communist Party, Garment Section, New York City.

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On January 12, 1957, Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation observed [redacted] enter the Hungarian Restaurant, 2141 Southern Boulevard, Bronx, New York.

NH T-23 advised on [redacted] that the Bronx County Communist Party Convention was held on [redacted] at the Hungarian Restaurant, 2141 Southern Boulevard, Bronx, New York.

[redacted] NH T-2 advised on May 14, 1968, that [redacted] and [redacted] went for a weekend to World Fellowship in Kerhonkson, New York.

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NH T-24 made available on May 10, 1968, a photostatic copy of a letter on stationery of WFI, dated May 6, 1968, 66 Edgewood Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut, which was addressed to the Honorable R.C. LEE, Mayor of New Haven, New Haven, Connecticut, which was signed WILLARD UPHAUS, Executive Director and which in part said that he was filled in on both the deep rumblings, discontent, and of the strong determination to do something for the forgotten and neglected poor.

UPHAUS stated he was shocked by the fact of unconscionable amounts of bail imposed on black pupils to secure their release from prison.

UPHAUS questioned "is the city administration trying to break all grassroots efforts at reconstruction?"

1. .

APPENDIX

WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC. (WFI), aka
World Fellowship Center.

The records of the Office of the Secretary of State of Illinois, show that WFI submitted Articles of Incorporation on October 13, 1936. The Annual Report of WFI, dated March 5, 1959, lists WILLARD UPHAUS as Executive Director, Secretary, and Acting Treasurer, 66 Edgewood Avenue, New Haven, Connecticut. The character of the affairs which the corporation is actually conducting is listed as "occasional publications, summer conferences at World Fellowship Center in New Hampshire, Executive Director travels to speak and organize activities for justice and peace."

On July 24, 1963, a source described World Fellowship Center, Albany, New Hampshire, as definitely pro-Communist in attitudes and objectives, based on their programs and speakers of known Communist and Communist front backgrounds appearing there, which programs and speakers have been critical of the U. S. Government and its policies as opposed to praiseworthy pronouncements of the concepts of governments in the Soviet Union and its allies, notably China.

WILLARD UPHAUS was sentenced to one year imprisonment for contempt of court on December 14, 1959, in Merrimack County Superior Court, New Hampshire, for refusal to produce records identifying individuals who attended the World Fellowship Center, Conway, New Hampshire, during 1954 and 1955. The New Hampshire Attorney General said many of these individuals were affiliated with groups "officially designated as Communist infiltrated or controlled," and requested their identities in connection with an investigation of subversive activities in the State of New Hampshire. UPHAUS was released from Merrimack County House of Correction, Boscawen, New Hampshire, on

WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC. (WFI),
aka. World Fellowship Center

December 11, 1960.

A second source advised on March 28, 1960, that plans had been announced for a building program for WFI summer camp which would represent a monument to the sacrifice WILLARD UPHAUS has made in connection with his work for WFI, and his struggle with the courts resulting in his imprisonment. According to this source, contributions were being solicited to the World Fellowship Building Fund for this purpose with a goal in Connecticut of \$85,000.

A third source on May 4, 1967, provided literature of the WFI which revealed its winter headquarters at 66 Edgewood Avenue, New Haven, and summer headquarters at Conway, New Hampshire. This literature also announced that the summer program of the World Fellowship Camp at Conway, New Hampshire, was scheduled to commence on June 19, 1967, and would continue through September 5, 1967.

A fourth source on April 3, 1964, advised that as of March, 1964, WILLARD UPHAUS was listed among the founding sponsors of the American Institute for Marxist Studies.

The American Institute for Marxist Studies is characterized separately.

A fifth source, on December 6, 1965, identified, "Doctor WILLARD UPHAUS" as one of the national co-chairmen of the American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born.

The American Committee for Protection of Foreign Born has been designated pursuant to Executive Order 10450.

METROPOLITAN RECREATION ASSOCIATION
Formerly known as Nature Friends of
America, Inc., Operator of Camp Midvale

Nature Friends of America, Inc., (NFA) has been designated by the Attorney General of the United States pursuant to Executive Order 10450.

The records of the New York County Clerk's Office, Supreme Court Building, New York City, reflect that a Certificate of Dissolution for NFA was filed with the Secretary of State, State of New York, On February 23, 1954.

A source advised on [redacted] that at a meeting of the former New York local of NFA held on [redacted] in New York City, a [redacted] known as the Metropolitan Recreation Association (MRA) was set up and all assets and real property formerly belonging to the New York Local of NFA were transferred to the MRA. b6 b7C b7D

On [redacted], a second source, who has furnished reliable information in the past, made available a copy of the constitution of the MRA, which was adopted in 1957, and which, under Article II, set forth the aims of the organization as follows:

"The purpose of the association is to bring together people without regard to race, color, national origin, religion, or beliefs, having a common interest in outdoor sports, recreational and cultural activities, and the fullest use of leisure time for the furtherance of the welfare and well-being of the members; to encourage the study of nature and of the natural sciences, and of the modes of living and customs and cultures of the people of the United States, past and present..."

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APPENDIX

METROPOLITAN RECREATION ASSOCIATION
Formerly known as Nature Friends of
America, Inc., Operator of Camp Midvale

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

On March 26, 1954, a third source made available a copy of the March, 1954, issue of the "Camp Midvale News", official organ of Camp Midvale, Midvale, New Jersey, which, on page one, states that the recently formed MRA is the organization which owns and operates Camp Midvale.

As of February 26, 1965, MRA literature bore a return mailing address of Midvale Camp Corporation, Wanague, New Jersey.

The second source advised on May 10, 1965, that Midvale Camp Corporation is that part of the MRA charged with administering the affairs of Camp Midvale.

Chief ROY VAN TASSEL, Ringwood, New Jersey, Police Department, advised on May 12, 1965, that Camp Midvale is actually located on Snake Den Road in the Midvale section of the Borough of Ringwood, New Jersey. Camp Midvale is serviced by the Wanague, New Jersey, Post Office.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION
New Haven, Connecticut

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

July 22, 1968

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

Title WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC.

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Character INTERNAL SECURITY - C;
INTERNAL SECURITY ACT OF 1950

Reference New Haven report of SA [redacted]
[redacted] dated and captioned as
above

All sources (except any listed below) whose identities
are concealed in referenced communication have furnished reliable
information in the past.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN



(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1
Hinton Daily News
Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 7/18/68
Edition:
Author: Larry E. Wickline
Editor: J. E. Faulconer
Title: DONALD L. WEST

Character: 57 - 3
or
Classification: PG 100-15680
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

MOUNTAIN FACES—Mrs. D. L. West works on a portrait of Mrs. Vergie Wyrick of Pipestem that eventually will take its place with others in a Mountain Museum at the Mountain Festival Center of Don

West. A portrait of the late Vivian West also is ready to take its place in the museum, along with other artifacts representative of Appalachian culture.

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100-1568021
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Mountain Folklife Center taking shape at Pipestem

By LARRY E. WICKLINE

Don L. West's goals seem as lofty as the mountains that roll away into the blue haze from his Mountain Folklife Center, perched on a Pipestem ridge.

He sounds like a man fired of the telling as the words pour from his mouth while he sifts through a stack of correspondence in the house trailer that is headquarters and home.

One gets the impression he would rather be doing than telling, although his belief in what he is doing is clear in the emphatic presentation of dreams and plans and programs and successes and failures to date.

West, a hillbilly himself from Kentucky, chose Pipestem to fulfill his dream of a folklife center, orphanage and school for high school dropouts by happenstance. It is the fulfillment of a dream of both himself and Mrs. West, both former teachers.

If Don West's dreams come true, the center will sport not only an orphanage and school for dropouts, but also a museum of mountain culture, an amphitheatre for folk music program and an annual festival and a continuance of youth-oriented programs.

This year West's center was chosen for one of five En-

campment for Citizenship programs, the others being in Puerto Rico, Mexico, Montana and New York. This program has brought about 50 youngsters to the center to study and to learn more about each other.

Of widely varied backgrounds these youngsters, ranging in age from 15 to 18, will spend six weeks at the camp studying in a chosen field, working

at the center and in the community and most importantly learning that regardless of their religious, social and racial status they can live and work together.

West's folklife center is approached along an unpaved road that bends its way along a ridge parallel to the center where one gets a view of the incongruous facilities.

Three long one-story buildings stand in a row where one should find a bar or granary or chicken house. A farmhouse at the end of the ridge surveys a plowed but unplanted field in front and a house trailer sits nearby.

Donated supplies and volunteered help built the largest of the three buildings. It is the dining room-kitchen, meeting room and recreation room. It (Please turn to Page 8, Col. 2)

(Continued from Page One) was built of materials salvaged from houses torn down to make way for Pipestem State Park, a short distance away beyond Pipestem Knob.

Four Yale University students, bypassed spring vacations over a year ago to help dismantle the houses and move them to the center.

The other two buildings are five-bedroom "cottages" which currently house the girls attending the Encampment for Citizenship. The boys are in a rented farm house a ridge away.

West, a writer and ordained minister, estimates he has already poured \$60,000 into his venture and feels it is just now beginning to bear fruit, with the real harvest somewhere off in the future.

As we approached the old farmhouse on our first visit to the center, we could hear a soft, young female voice caring a folk song to the accompaniment of a guitar.

This was an example of the kind of music West wants to preserve, songs of the mountains and their people, accompanied by such instruments as the more familiar guitar and banjo and the now less familiar dulcimer.

In another room, Mrs. West faced an easel from which stared back at her an elderly woman, clearly a resident of the Appalachian Mountains.

The woman, Mrs. Vergie Wyrick, sat peacefully nearby, seemingly satisfied just to rest quietly as Mrs. West, went about mixing just the right color of paint and stroked it onto the easel before her.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1 & 8

Hinton Daily News
Hinton, W. Va.

7/23/64

Larry E. Wickline
J. S. Paulson

100-15680-22

Investigation: 100-15680

Investigating Office: 100-15680

Investigated

100-15680-22

Cont.

Looking on from a wall behind Mrs. West is a portrait of one of Pipestem's best known and best liked citizens, Vivian Vest, who was instrumental in the Wests' decision to locate in Pipestem.

These and other portraits will join the display in the mountain museum someday. In the corner behind Mrs. West's easel is a collection of West Virginia glass that also will become a museum display.

One of the first public offerings of the folklife center will be a folk music festival August 2 and 3. It hopefully will feature the Wests' daughter, Miss Hedy West, a Vanguard records artist currently touring Europe.

Another West daughter is Mrs. Ann Williams of Charleston, whose husband is Dr. Patrick C. Williams Jr., a native of Cabin Creek.

Why Pipestem? The Wests, in the market for a farm to begin working toward their dream, were driving through Southern West Virginia one day when they spotted the "Pipestem, Unincorporated" sign. The name fascinated them, as it has many others.

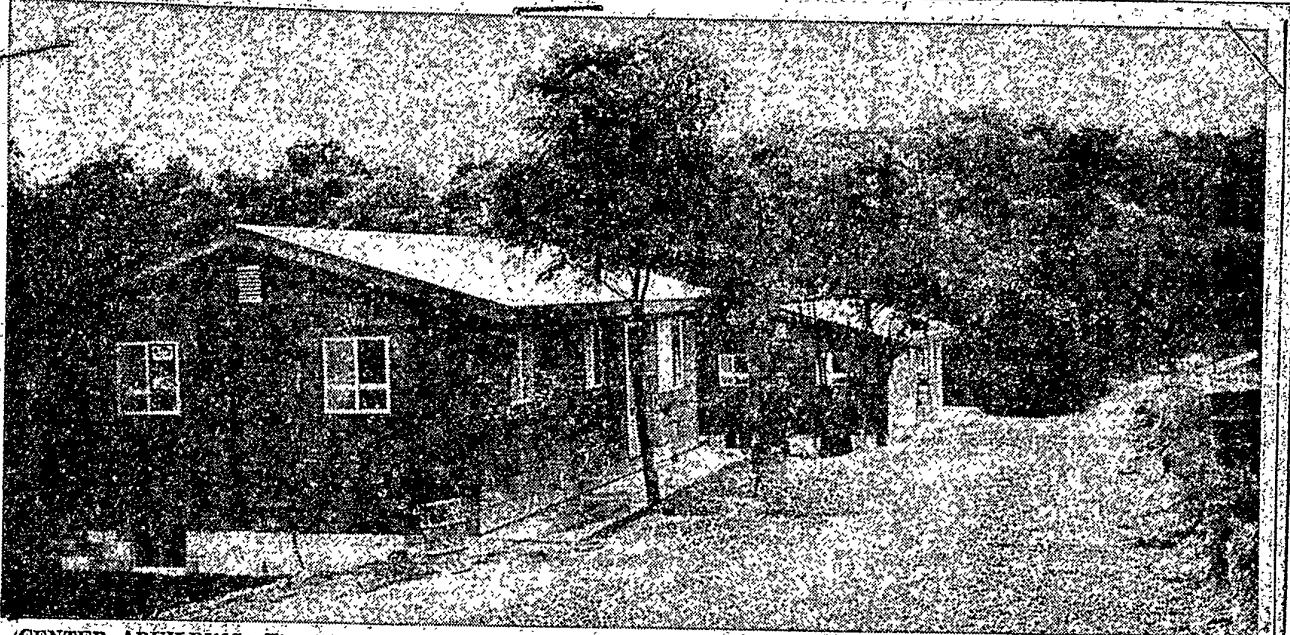
They stopped at the Pipestem restaurant, operated by the Wests. There they met Vivian Vest, teacher, dulcimer player and pipemaker, who told them in reply to their query that his son Monty had a farm for sale.

The purchase was arranged and the Wests and their folklife center became part of Pipestem. And part of Pipestem they want to be, taking part in community activities and working with the people in any way they can.

They donated land for a community center and people from the center and the Encampment for Citizenship are working to construct a building that will become a meeting place, clinic, library and anything else it will serve as to benefit the community.

A lot of planning and work and money have gone into what has been accomplished at the Mountain Folklife Center, but the Wests hope they've only scratched the surface.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)



CENTER ABUILDING—The first permanent building for what eventually is to become an orphanage and school for dropouts on the Don West farm at Pipestem currently houses participants in the Encampment for Citizenship.

These two five-bedroom "cottages" house female participants in the encampment. A third permanent building nearby serves as a meeting place, recreation room and kitchen-dining room.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Page 1
Hinton Daily News
Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 7/18/68
Edition:
Author: Larry E. Wickline
Editor: J. E. Faulconer
Title:
DONALD L. WEST
SP - C
Character:
or PG 100-15630
Classification:
Submitting Office: PG
 Being Investigated

101-15630-23

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 2

Princeton Times

Princeton, N. J.

2-PRINCETON TIMES, Princeton, W. Va., Thurs., Aug. 8, 1968

OUR OPINION

"With public opinion nothing can fail; without it nothing can succeed."

Date: 8/8/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor:

Title:

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

135-154-1-24
SEARCHED _____ INDEXED _____
SERIALIZED 16 FILED 10
AUG 23 1968
FBI - PITTSBURGH

Folk Life Center At Pipestem Should Be Carefully Studied

A few months ago, talk began flying around the area concerning a supposed "Hippie" Camp located near Pipestem. Tales of bearded creatures and free love circulated quite in this area.

For the most part, these tales are gross exaggerations. Perhaps we should be a little sorry that they were not true. We can handle hippies a lot easier than idealistic liberal crusaders who promise cures for poverty and the like. Hippies would at least stay to themselves and above all would not send out letters asking for financial assistance in the continuation of their anti-American confusion.

The Camp situated at Pipestem is a direct product of the "War on Poverty." It is undeniably attached to the federal give-away programs which are so quickly sucking the life blood from this nation.

We do not believe that the transportation to West Virginia of high school drop outs, ex-Vista workers, and liberal college professors will result in "The enrichment of the mountain economy."

Furthermore, we oppose the sanctimonious use of religion as a ruse to hide the unamerican philosophies to be propounded at such a school. A piece of correspondence from the school describes it as "A universal Christian Center in the Judeo-Christian tradition." The writers of such a line must be bowing their heads in shame, for outspoken atheists teach at this school. Never can we be convinced that an atheist can teach in the Judeo-Christian tradition.

As long as Don West and his Camp stayed in Pipestem bothering no one, we remained silent. Now, however, letters are being mailed from the Camp asking for financial support. We cannot be silent and thereby allow people to contribute to such a cause.

It is quite probable that the Camp will become a headquarters in this area for activism and leftist teachings. It may become the Center for civil disobedience and trouble. With such names as Sydney Bell and James V. Overdorf on the list of those who contributed, we can see little good coming from the project.

Such camps and programs as these have been fundamental in the exciting of trouble elsewhere. We have no need for them around here. Any contribution that is made to this Camp will be a contribution toward the ruination of America.

One thing is certain. An "Appalachian South Folk Life Center" cannot succeed in a place where it is not wanted. Perhaps we should let them know this fact.

Above all, don't allow sky-in-the-pie promises for development of this area numb your senses. It takes no sense at all to reach the conclusion that the "Camp" is a liberal and activist danger to the security and freedom of this nation.

SILVER SPRING, MARYLAND

b6
b7C

August 21, 1968

John Edgar Hoover, Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
Department of Justice Building, Room 5633
Washington, D. C.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JUN

Dear Mr. Hoover.

I am informed that within the last year or year and a half, a farm in the vicinity of Pipestem, West Virginia, was purchased by a man whom the local community is convinced is a communist. A Baptist minister from the town of Hinton allegedly reported that upon visiting this farm he saw two brick dormitories of recent construction and numerous members of both sexes and both races lying naked in the fields "like a bunch of pigs".

Please acknowledge this letter and let me know what action has been taken.

Respe

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100-15680-25

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SERIALIZED <i>ll</i>	FILED <i>ll</i>
AUG 27 1968	
RGH <i>[Signature]</i>	

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August 26, 1968

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

b6
b7C

[Redacted]

Silver Spring, Maryland 20901

Dear Mr. [Redacted]

Thank you for your letter of August 21st.

In reply to your request, information in our files must be maintained as confidential pursuant to regulations of the Department of Justice. You may be assured, however, that we will continue to discharge our responsibilities in the internal security field with the highest degree of thoroughness and dispatch.

Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

① - Pittsburgh - Enclosure

Check with [unclear] 105-5118
[unclear] this [unclear]

100-5680-26

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
AUG 27 1968	
RGH	

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

WILLIAM C. BLIZZARD

reports on . . .

ject and favorite area: The Appalachian South.

He publishes a magazine by that name, and plans to set up a press and publication center on his 350-acre farm near Pipestem. He is also a poet and a minister in the Universal Christian Church.

"The Appalachian South," said West, "and in this case I'm referring to my magazine, has quite a wide circulation. It goes to over 300 libraries in this country, and to eight foreign nations.

"A book of poems I published in 1946, 'Clods of Southern Earth,' sold over 100,000 copies, something of a record for that sort of thing, according to my publisher."

Project Pipestem

★ ★ ★

On August 2 and 3, West held at his Pipestem farm the First Annual Appalachian South Folk Festival. Sometimes called more

simply the Pipestem Folk Festival, it was designed in part to let the curious know the meaning of the recent activity concentrated on 350 acres of rolling, loamy plateau between Hinton and Princeton.

Many local people already knew, for they are involved in the Appalachian South Folklife Center construction now going on. An Elks lodge at Princeton, for instance, contributed locust support posts for use on a basketball court. There were local "work ins," this summer, sometimes lasting all

day and involving 100 or more people, to erect a dining hall and dormitories for Don West's students and guests.

West has contributed land for a community center, where a building is being erected by local people organized as Community Group, Inc., and has given another chunk of property for use as a playground, a ballpark, and other community purposes.

★ ★ ★

Proceeding south from Hinton, on W. Va. 20, you turn east near Pipestem and follow a dusty secondary road for a few miles to find West's farm, where the main buildings are located perhaps 300 yards from the highway.

At the time of the Festival it had been a hot, dry summer in the area, and a pallid patina of dust coated everything—people, cars, buildings, musical instruments, tape recorders, cameras. Two long, barrack-style, dormito-

The tall, sunburned man in overalls, and straw hat spoke rapidly: "Did you know," he asked, "that from North Georgia and North Alabama up to the Mason and Dixon, which includes nearly all of West Virginia, more men volunteered for the Union Army during the Civil War than would have been the draft quota?"

"And they volunteered with no promise of bounty or anything, only with the certainty that their homes would be devastated, as they often were, if Confederate forces came to the area."

The tall man was Don West, and he was speaking in Pipestem, W. Va., Although in his rough attire West appeared as closely wed to the earth as any mortgage-ridden dirt farmer (he would blend perfectly into any Saturday afternoon gathering in any rural area), he can hardly be classed as a simple son of the soil.

For nearly all his adult life, Don West has been a schoolteacher at elementary, secondary, and college levels, a teacher, for the most part, in the Appalachian South. Most recently, before moving to Pipestem (named for a shrub, Spiraea alba, that grows profusely in the area, once furnishing stems for clay and corncop pipes), he taught educational philosophy at the University of Maryland.

A Georgia and Western North Carolina native, West began teaching in the harsh, coal-mining area of Eastern Kentucky, where he met his wife, Constance, an artist and art teacher. After a lifetime (he is now 59) of teaching within the confines—more or less—of conventional pedagogy, he is attempting to realize a dream of his own school and folklife center developed in accordance with his own concepts.

Like his friend and fellow Appalachian, Harry Caudill of Kentucky, West does a lot of writing and speaking on his favorite sub-

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

21

THE SUNDAY
GAZETTE-MAIL

CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Date: 9/1/68

Edition: CITY

Author:

Editor: HARRY HOFFMANN

Title:

Character:

or

Classification:

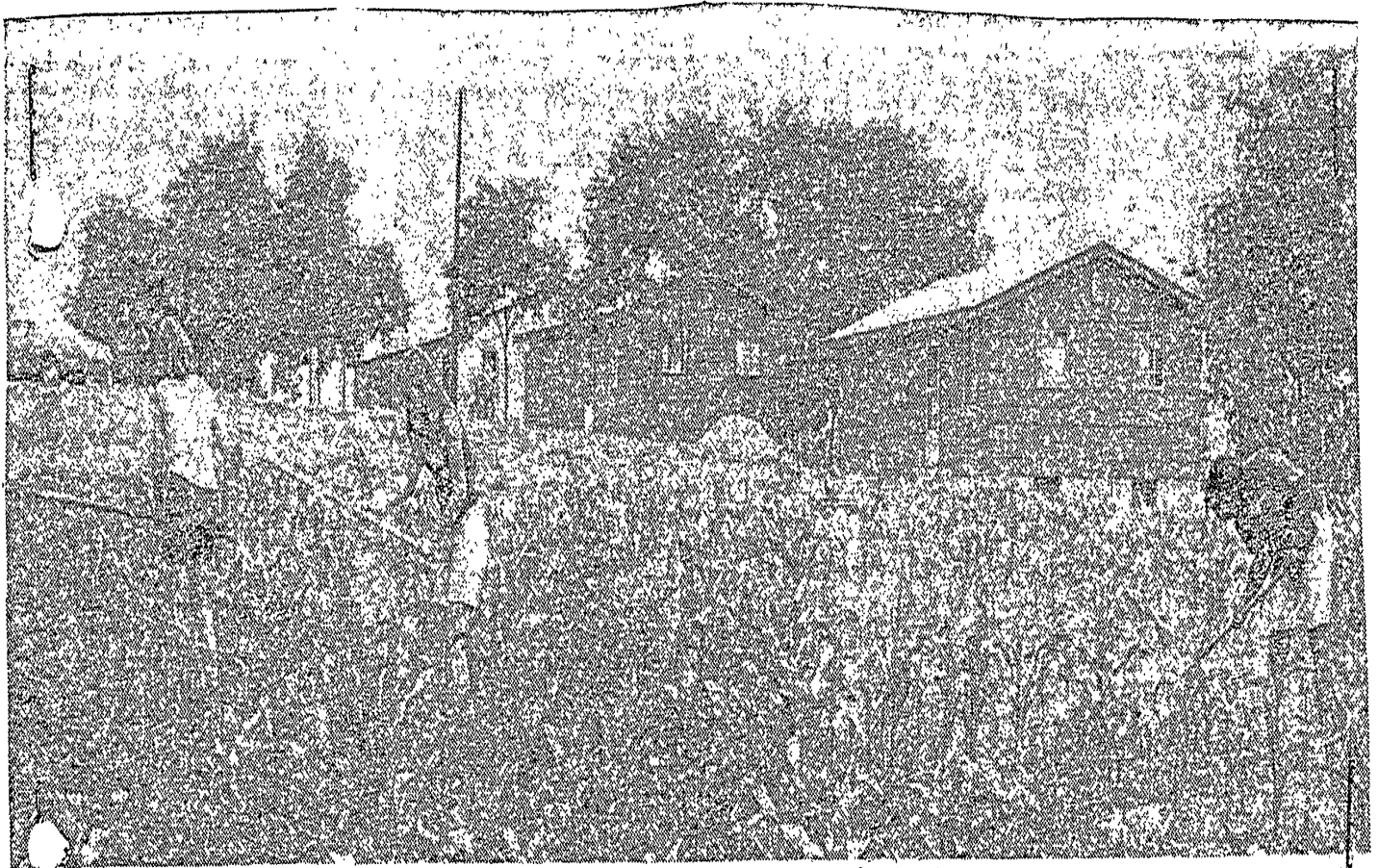
Submitting Office: INTSEARCH

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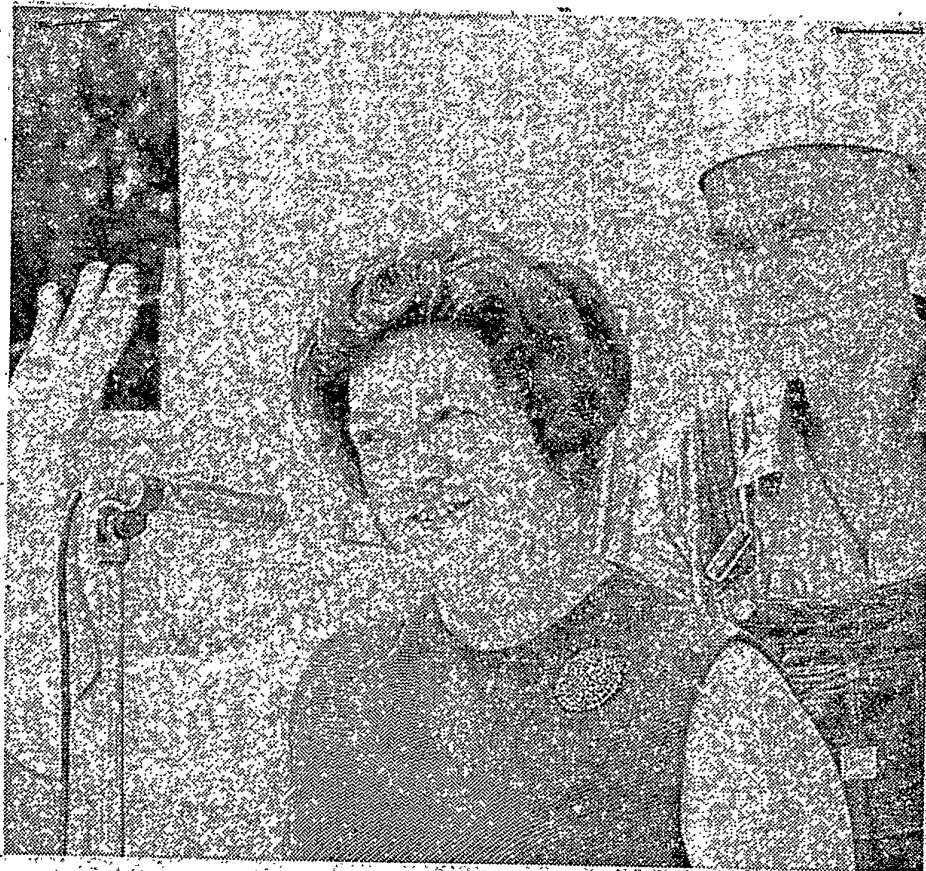
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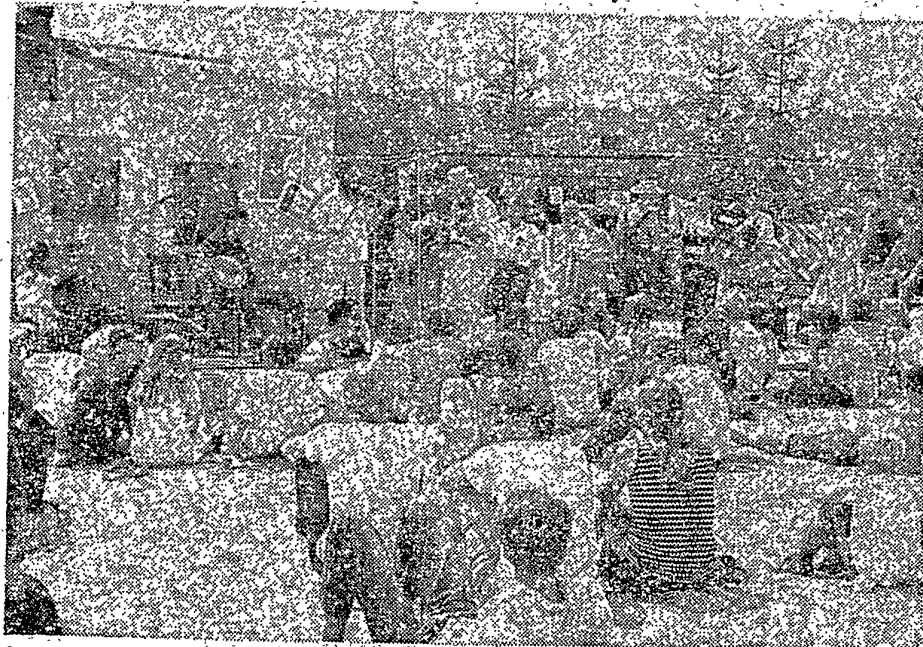
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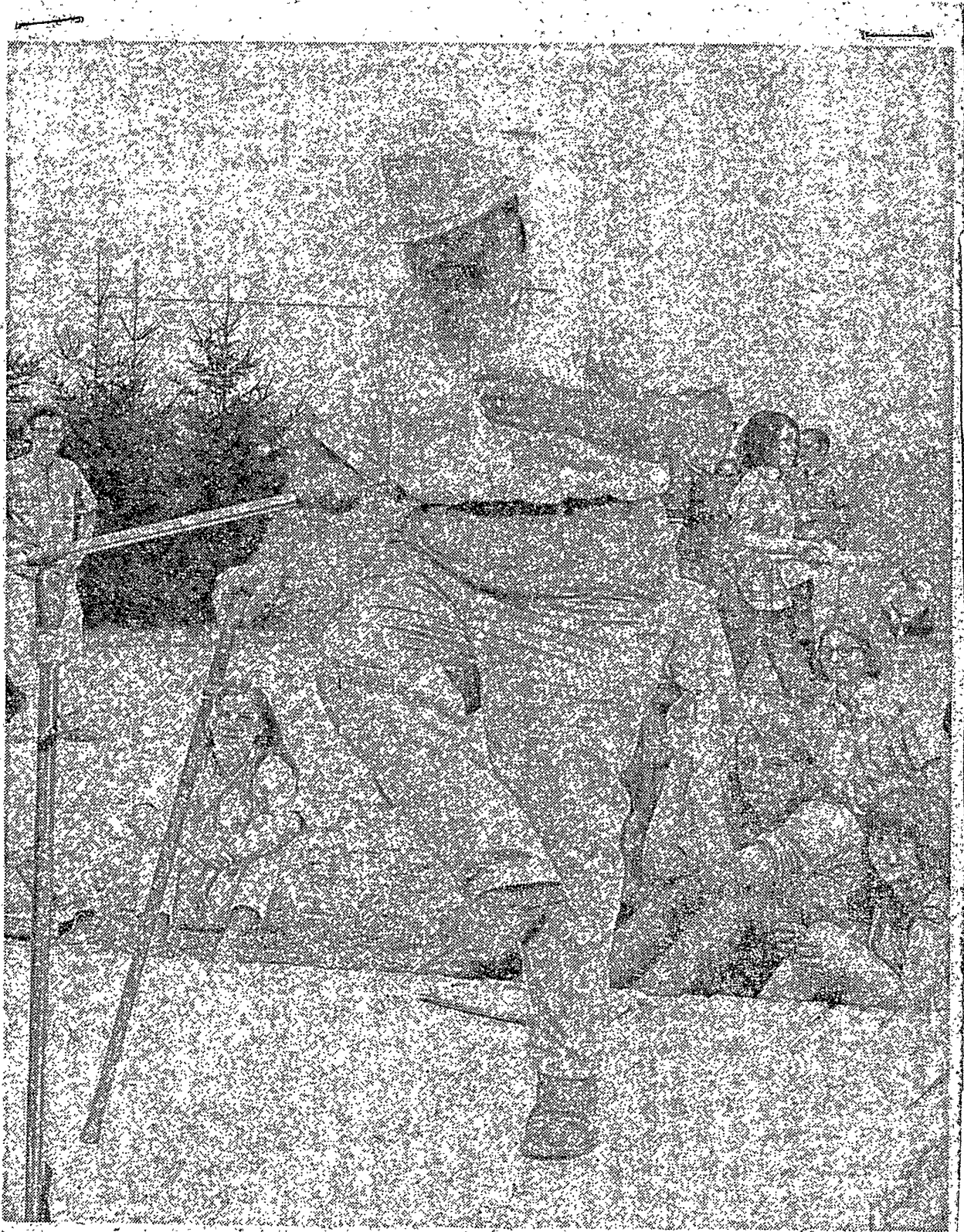
Encampment students chop weeds out of corn. Girls' dormitories and dining hall are in background. There's much to be done.



Don West and Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen, wife of U. S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.



Part of crowd at first annual Pipestem Folk Festival.



Old-time fiddler, John Hilt of Tannersville, Va., retired to mountains after heart attack 20 years ago.

and independence with human dignity to the end that people of all races, faiths, and nationalities may better understand one another's religion and culture and work and live together for peace, brotherhood and plenty for all."

It's a long sentence and a big dream. It is Don West's Pipestem dream. Will it ever become full-blown, self-sustaining reality?

Who knows the future? Those who know Don West are singing along with the poet from Georgia.

Photographers headed by Gene Shapiro of New York City filmed a color documentary with elaborate camera and sound equipment. Another professional, Osiris R. Dias of Brazil, recorded the mountain music and photographed performers with both still and movie equipment.

There was no doubt that the Festival was a resounding success, despite the failure to show of Harry Caudill and Hedy West, the latter a folk-singer daughter of Don and Constance; Paul Kaufman of Charleston, recent unsuccessful candidate for the West Virginia gubernatorial nomination, did appear, and spoke briefly, as did Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen, wife of the U. S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

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But I was still not entirely clear as to what Don West was doing and had in mind at Pipestem, and I interviewed him to find out.

One thing I was clear about, without being told, though Don West wasn't shy in telling me: He can use money for his project, although he has put in about \$75,000 of his own money, virtually everything he owns.

A great financial helper to West, present at the Festival, has been Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen. On two occasions she got \$5,000 grants for the Pipestem project from a small Washington, D. C., philanthropic foundation, and

\$1,000 from the Benedum Foundation, a fund set up by the late oil wildcatter from the Mountain State.

Just what is West building at Pipestem?

"We are setting up here," he told me, "a school for dropouts, a home for orphans, and a folklife center, including a museum and library. We accept students from the ages of about 14 to 18, and we intend to include teaching of creative arts, including writing and the crafts.

"We're looking for young people who have dropped out of school, those we feel may be interested in getting back into the educational process. We'll try to make it possible here for them to pass the high-school equivalency exam, if they wish to do so; but we're more interested in stimulating young people to think in terms of values that are worthy of a young person committing a life to in this day and time."

This summer, the first summer there has been a six-weeks residence school, there are 55 young men and women in attendance, of backgrounds varied both ethnically and geographically.

"Among our students," said West, "we have: a Cheyenne Indian from Montana, a Sioux Indian from the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, one Canadian kid and another from California, one student from Guam, and yet another from Nicaragua. We also have 15 students — Negroes — from Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn."

Student fees at present, if I understood correctly, have been waived in exchange for donated labor, but will be charged on a more usual basis as the encampment becomes established.

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It is planned that a smaller student group will come to Pipestem this fall and remain for the winter.

"In the winter," said West, "our program

ries were in line with a somewhat more roughly constructed dining hall and behind them were two house trailers, one the temporary Pipestem home of Don West and his wife.

Centrally located was a small farmhouse with a concrete-floored porch, the porch looking as if it has been smashed by a powerful hammerblow from the sky. The house itself appearing reeling, wobbly, and unrecovered from the thunderbolt.

Except for temporary occupancy by some freelance photographers covering the Festival, the house was not occupied in the usual sense. But Constance West was utilizing a front room as an art studio, busily doing an oil portrait of a bewhiskered man who turned out to be John Hilt, old-time fiddler extraordinary from Tannersville, Va.

Because much of the land in front of the weary house had been plowed, and other areas had been freshly scraped of topsoil by new construction, Don West's establishment had a raw, rough appearance, looking much as a new prairie farm home must have looked in the old homesteading days.

Stacked around the area were piles of old, used lumber salvaged by local volunteer labor from abandoned buildings at Pipestem State Park, the bent, rusty nails in the boards making red slashes against the face of the blue sky.

Despite the roughness, it was obvious that the place was rich in potential beauty. Perched on a ridge with tiered backdrops of blue-shrouded hills receding ever more mistily into the distance. And it was obvious that Don West was ignoring the arid, ugly present in his view of the lush, beautiful future.

"That old house," said West, "will be completely made over. We have a natural amphitheater on that hill over there, and we hope to have it completed for our annual festival next year. Eventually, we'll have many more buildings, a folklife museum, a printing press, and a farm that will furnish much of our food."

★ ★ ★

The First Annual Pipestem Festival was held on a rather hastily constructed outdoor stage surrounded by a sawdust-covered arena. On two successive days, about 400 guests watched guitarists, fiddlers, banjoists, dulcimer players and singers perform old mountain tunes.

Michael Kline, a talented composer of protest songs from Vinton, Ohio, entertained the crowd with guitar-accompanied musical complaints about the contemporary state of affairs in the Appalachian coal fields.

The festival, dedicated to the late Vivian Vest (a male, despite the name) of Pipestem, was well covered by representatives of the West Virginia press from Hinton, Princeton, Bluefield, and Charleston. The

will be geared to the needs of our own mountain people. Next summer we hope to have a larger encampment here, and next fall perhaps a full student body."

Although some parts of a traditional curriculum will be taught at what West calls the Pipestem Encampment for Citizenship, so that those who need help in specific areas such as mathematics, English, science or other fields may get it, such teaching is not West's primary Pipestem purpose.

"And," he said, "we're not a trade school either, though we want to have our own printing press, and operate a farm, so that skills will arise from actual practice."

What, then, will the school at Pipestem teach?

"Our program," said West, "will be geared to cultural anthropology, though I should perhaps take back the long words. By this I mean that we study our own mountain culture and the ways of the people of different backgrounds and races."

I gathered that many common concepts, or cliches, of conventional education would receive some hard knocks in West encampment. He deploras, for instance, the dominance of Confederate oriented teachers and professors throughout the United States after the Civil War, teachers who perpetuated the myth of "happy Sambo" on antebellum plantations, who defied Robert E. Lee, who falsified the history of the South, and who contributed to today's prevalent white racism.

"The first abolitionist newspaper in the United States," he said, "was published in the town of Jonesboro, in East Tennessee, when William Lloyd Garrison was only 10 years old. During the years preceding the Civil War there were 10 times as many abolitionists in the mountains of Western North Carolina as there were in New England and New York combined."

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West's Encampment for Citizenship is a part of what he hopes to build as The Appalachian Folklife Center at Pipestem. It is one of five such camps, sponsored by the American Ethical Culture Society with headquarters in New York City. Three of the camps are in the United States, one in Mexico, and another is in Puerto Rico.

The stated purpose of the encampments everywhere is to encourage teen-agers from varied ethnic, religious and geographical backgrounds to get together and understand one another. The encampments are largely self governed, with workshops around such topics as World Affairs, Practical Politics, Youth Issues, and Community Development.

In a printed circular, West described the broad aims of his proposed Appalachian South Folklife Center:

"A Universal Christian Center dedicated to a mountain heritage of freedom, self respect

DIRECTOR, FBI (61-9200)

9/20/68

SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-12984) (RUC)

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC.
IS - C; ISA OF 1950

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b7C

Rerep SA [redacted] dated 7/22/68 at
New Haven.

Pittsburgh File 100-15680 captioned, "DONALD LEE
WEST, aka.; SM - C," Bufile 100-20396, Baltimore File
100-22392, Baltimore - Origin, relates to DON WEST,
Pipestem, W. Va.

Enclosed for the Bureau and New Haven Office is
one copy each of Pittsburgh letter to Baltimore, 2/27/68,
captioned, "DONALD LEE WEST, aka., SM-C," which sets
forth an up-to-date composite of information developed
regarding WEST.

The 3/29/68 issue of the "Hinton Daily News,"
a daily newspaper published at Hinton, W. Va., contained
an article captioned, "Expect 200 at Meeting," which set
forth that final plans for the March County Wide Action
Meeting have been made and the meeting would be held at
10:00 a.m., the following Saturday. It set forth that
ROBERT FULCHER, President of the Mercer County Community
Action Association, would be the guest speaker and would
be introduced by DON WEST, Editor of the Appalachian South
Magazine.

b6
b7C
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On 4/22/68, [redacted] Supreme Builders, Princeton,
W. Va., advised SA [redacted] that he [redacted]
[redacted] by DONALD LEE WEST to build two barrick-type
buildings at Pipestem, W. Va., that WEST and other persons

- 4 - Bureau (Enc. 1) (RM)
- 2 - New Haven (100-14793) (Enc. 1) (RM)
- 1 - Baltimore (100-22392) (Info.) (RM)
- 2 - Pittsburgh
(1 - 100-51680)

HLW:AOB
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15680

100-15680-28

were then building a dining room themselves, and that WEST had purchased approximately 280 acres of land at Pipestem from a [redacted] and that they were holding meetings in the [redacted] home every week or so. [redacted] stated that among those attending these meetings were [redacted] and his wife, from Princeton, W.Va., and [redacted] an instructor at Concord College, Athens, W. Va. [redacted] advised that WEST had given him a check in the amount of \$574.75, numbered 6068, written on the Chemical Bank and New York Trust Company, 65th Street Branch, New York, New York, and was printed "Encampment for Citizenship, Inc., 2 West 64th Street, New York, New York, 10023," made payable to the Supreme Builders Supply Company, and signed by [redacted] and [redacted]

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The 4/25/68 issue of the "Hinton Daily News" contained an article captioned, "National Camp Set On Pipestem Farm," set forth that fifty to sixty students from throughout the United States would come to Pipestem for a six-week leadership training program this summer. The third annual Appalachian Encampment for Citizenship will be held on the former MONTIE VEST farm in Pipestem, now owned by Rev. DON WEST's Appalachian South Folklore Center. This article noted that plans for this encampment were discussed at a recent meeting, and speakers at the meeting included Rev. WEST, DOUGLAS KELLY, National Director of the Encampment for Citizenship, Inc., and NEIL RIORDAN of Worcester, Mass., who will direct the encampment at Pipestem. The article noted that KELLEY and RIORDAN are former members of the U. S. Peace Corps overseas, as are many of the staff members associated with the Encampment for Citizenship. According to KELLEY, a basic purpose of the encampment is broadening the horizons of young people, helping them to increase their tolerance for and understanding of different groups and ideas and the second purpose is to encourage them to take an active part in community improvement efforts in their own home communities.

The 4/25/68 evening edition of the "Sunset News - Observer," a daily newspaper published at Princeton-Bouefield, W. Va., contained an uncaptioned article which set forth that a news story from Washington, D. C., states that Mrs. WILBUR J. COHEN, a small red-haired firebrand, is backing a proposed folklike center on Lick Creek in the Pipestem District of Summers County, the center being a dream of Rev. DON WEST, Georgia poet and preacher. The article stated that the purpose is to develop a school for dropouts and to encourage and preserve the arts and heritage of the mountains, and that Mrs. COHEN's husband is Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. The article noted that Mrs. COHEN has been involved with the Congress for Appalachian Development for some time, that the Public Welfare Foundation approved \$5,000 for it last December, and Mrs. COHEN was then raising additional funds in Washington and New York.

The 8/3/68 issue of the "Princeton Times," a daily newspaper published at Princeton, W. Va., set forth an editorial captioned, "Our Opinion," the context of which is as follows:

**"FOLK LIFE CENTER AT PIPESTEM
SHOULD BE CAREFULLY STUDIED"**

"A few months ago, talk began flying around the area concerning a supposed 'Hippie' Camp located near Pipestem. Tales of bearded creatures and free love circulated quite in this area.

"For the most part, these tales are gross exaggerations. Perhaps we should be a little sorry that they were not true. We can handle hippies a lot easier than idealistic liberal crusaders who promise cures for poverty and the like. Hippies would at least stay to themselves and above all would not send out letters asking for financial assistance in the continuance of their anti-American confusion.

"The Camp situated at Pipestem is a direct product of the 'War on Poverty.' It is undeniably attached to the federal give-away programs which are so quickly sucking the life blood from this nation.

"We do not believe that the transportation to West Virginia of high school drop outs, ex-Vista workers, and liberal college professors will result in 'The enrichment of the mountain economy.'

"Furthermore, we oppose the sanctimonious use of religion as a robe to hide the unamerican philosophies to be propounded of such a school. A piece of correspondence from the school describes it as 'A universal Christian Center in the Judeo-Christian tradition.' The writers of such a line must be bowing their heads in shame, for outspoken atheists teach at this school. Never can we be convinced that an atheist can teach in the Judeo-Christian tradition.

"As long as Don West and his Camp stayed in Pipestem bothering no one, we remained silent. Now, however, letters are being mailed from the Camp asking for financial support. We cannot be silent and thereby allow people to contribute to such a cause.

"It is quite probable that the Camp will become a headquarters in this area for activism and leftist teachings. It may become the Center for civil disobedience and trouble. With such names as Sydney Bell and James V. Overdorf on the list of those who contributed, we can see little good coming from the project.

"Such camps and programs as these have been fundamental in the exciting of trouble elsewhere. We have no need for them around here. Any contribution that is made to this Camp will be a contribution toward the ruination of America.

PG 100-12984

"One thing is certain. An 'Appalachian South Folk Life Center' cannot succeed in a place where it is not wanted. Perhaps we should let them know this fact.

"Above all, don't allow sky-in-the-pie promises for development of this area numb your senses. It takes no sense at all to reach the conclusion that the 'Camp' is a liberal and activist danger to the security and freedom of this nation."

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

PIPESTEM CAMP RAISES QUESTIONS OF INTERNAL SECURITY

In an editorial a few weeks ago, we pointed out the need for a thorough investigation into Donald West and his so-called "Appalachian South Folk Center" at Pipestem. Now that request becomes a demand. Increasing amounts of evidence indicate that the Camp can only be a most devastating influence to Southern West Virginia and the entire nation.

Actually, this "Folk Life Center" is not the questionable West's first such endeavor. According to reports of the House Committee on Un-American Activities West was involved with another similar school in Monteagle, Tenn.

The Highlander Folk School, as it was known, was abolished by an act of the Tennessee Legislature which charged the school with being a subversive organization. As a matter of fact, the House on Un-American activities has concluded that the Highlander Folk School was heir apparent to another subversive organization known as the Commonwealth College.

Commonwealth College, started by James A. Dombrowski and Myles Horton in 1932, was convicted under the laws of Arkansas of displaying the hammer and sickle and openly teaching Communism. This school was controlled by the People's Institute of Applied Religion, which had been organized by the Communist Party. Employing a quite logical idea, its advocates believed that religion was such a strong force in the South that only by comparing texts of the New Testament and Karl Marx could it ever be successful.

In 1959, Senator Alford of Arkansas made the following remarks on the floor of the United States Senate. "The legislature of the great State of Tennessee, only a few days ago, authorized an investigation of Communist influences in Highlander Folk School in Monteagle, Tenn. This school was founded in 1932 by Myles Horton and Don West. It is a southern meeting place for persons who have been leaders in race agitation for many years. Many of who have gone in and out of Highlander Folk School have records of affiliations with Communist and Communist Front organizations."

For those who would like to confirm Alford's statement, we refer you to pages 2544-2549, Vol. 105-Part 2 of the Congressional Record for Feb. 2 - Feb. 24, 1959.

However, far more than West's name has been heard in the halls of Congress. He has been before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. He appeared before this committee on October 28, 1957, giving his address as RFD 4, Douglasville, Ga. West invoked the Fifth Amendment over 15 times when questioned concerning

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1
Princeton Times
Princeton, W. Va.

Date: 9/26/68
Edition: WEEKLY
Author:
Editor: David E. Redman
Title: Pipestem Camp
Raises Questions of
Internal Security
Character:

or
Classification: Info.
Submitting Office: Pittsburgh

Being Investigated

b6
b7c

100-15680-290

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
OCT 6 1968	

membership and activities in the Communist Party, U.S.A. He stated that he was not a member of the Communist Party at the time of his testimony. However, he retired to the safety of the Fifth Amendment when asked if he was a member prior to his scheduled appearance before the Committee. This can be confirmed in a report entitled "Communism in the South" by the Committee and completed in 1957.

Does this lead one to wonder about our Folk Life Center at Pipestem?

There is more evidence to be revealed at a later date, but the above surely represents enough to justify some type of investigation. Bill Blake, editor and publisher of the Kanawha Valley Leader, had this to say last week in an editorial in his publication.

"The people of Pipestem are beginning to whiff that dirt farmer Don West may be involved in more 'Dirt' than farming". We tend to agree.

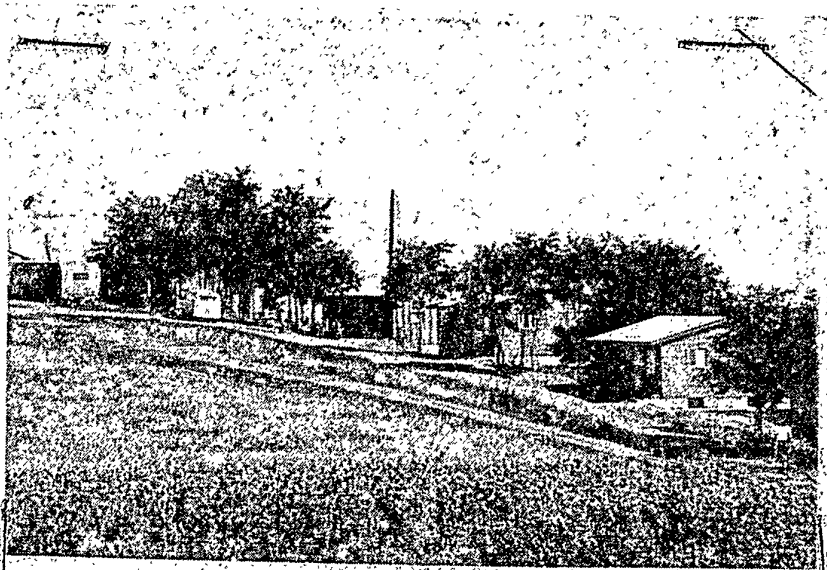
West himself presents a striking picture. He claims to hold a number of degrees including a divinity degree from Vanderbilt University. However, he jaunts around the hills of Pipestem with bib overalls and a hillbilly hat on his head. He purports to be extremely interested in the folk culture of our area, yet his history indicates that his interest in our culture may only be a disguise.

The camp itself is situated on a hill far off the main road with only one road leading into the camp. It is quite isolated and visitors to the camp can be seen well before they reach its pre-fab buildings.

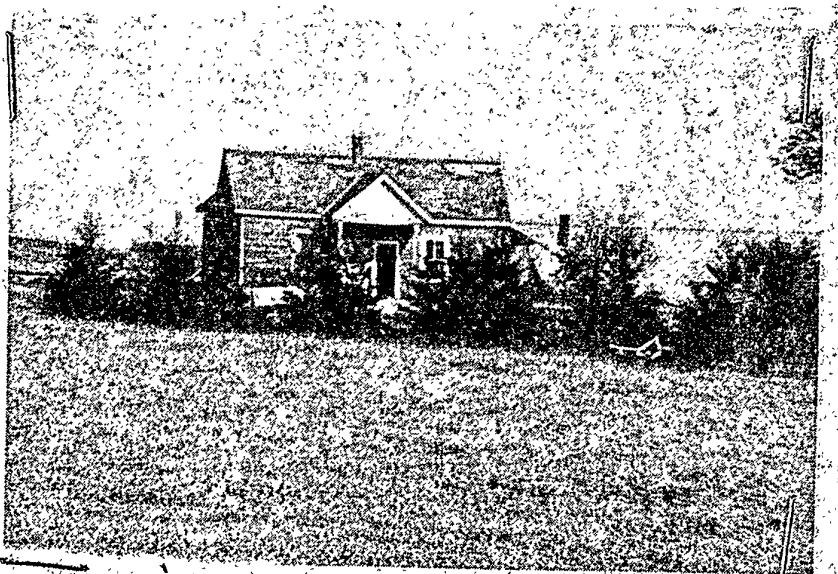
There is little doubt that Communism, as an active force, does represent an ever-present danger to our society. Consequently, any such organization as West's demands investigation. If nothing else, it will at least assure residents of the safety of their society.

The editorial in the Kanawha Valley Leader concluded by saying that, "although William Blizard in his State magazine story described the Pipestem Project as 'Don West's dream' those more knowledgeable or more willing to accept the ever-present Communist Conspiracy as a fact of American life are more apt to believe that the Appalachian South Folk Life Center may become Pipestem's nightmare."

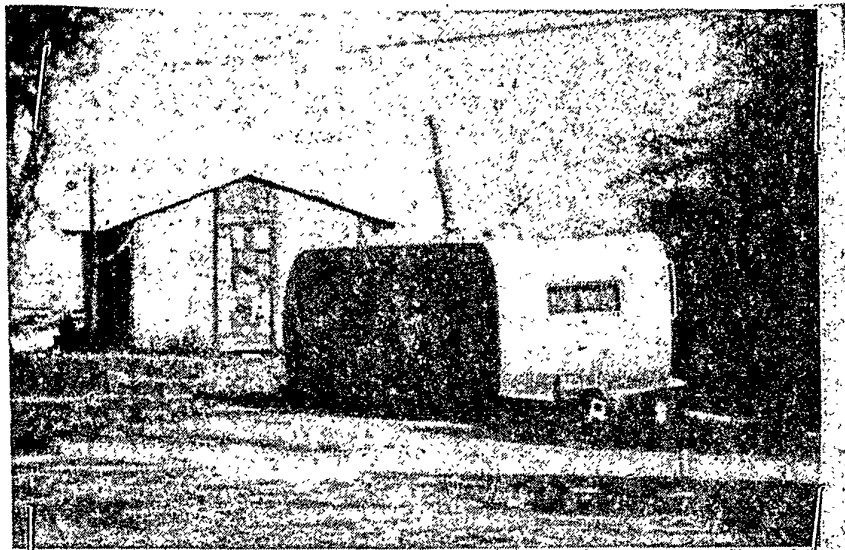
Here we must disagree only slightly with Blake. It may become West Virginia's nightmare. Don West and his supporters sent out letters to area residents asking for contributions. Therefore, area residents are justified in visiting the camp. At least drive by and allow West to know that you know he is there.



DORMITORIES AND MESS HALL AT CAMP PIPESTEM.



HEADQUARTERS FOR ACTIVITIES AT THE FOLK LIFE CENTER.



DON WEST LIVES IN A TRAILER SITUATED ON CAMP GROUNDS.

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

PROMINENT PEOPLE SUPPORT 'DON WEST' CAMP AT PIPESTEM

The "Folk Life Center" at Pipestem, West Virginia, is continuing to arouse concerned interest in this area. A similar institution situated in Mont-eagle, Tennessee was outlawed by the Tennessee Legislature.

Recently, the "Folk Life Center" mailed out letters to area residents asking for contributions. The communications was signed by a number of people, some of whom merit mentioning.

The final statement in the letter read: "Won't you join us in helping make this program work by sending a contribution and making a regular pledge." State Senator Paul Kaufman of West Virginia was one of the letter's signatories. Kaufman was defeated earlier this year in an attempt to capture the Democratic nomination for Governor.

William C. Blizzard of the Charleston Gazette was another supposed signatory to the letter. Mr. Blizzard prepared a feature article on the Camp for the State Magazine, a Sunday publication of the Gazette.

A Concord Professor was another name which appeared on the list. This was Sydney Bell, Associate Professor of History at Concord. According to an earlier interview with West, Bell was to teach a class in World

Affairs during a summer session at the Camp.

Among the other names of local people which are present on the list were: Russell Lilly, City editor of the Hinton Daily News, Denzil Lyon, president of the Pipestem Community Action Association, and James V. Overdorff, former Director of the Mercer County Community Action Program.

Other names of prominence have also been associated with this questionable undertaking. Jay Rockefeller, present Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, has made at least one visit to the Camp.

Mayor John Lindsey of New York heads some kind of agency which is concerned, directly or indirectly, with funds which have gone to the Camp.

Mrs. Wilbur Cohen, wife of the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, has made visits to the Camp and presented West with two anonymous donations of \$5,000 for the Camp. The Benedum Foundation of West Virginia has perhaps blindly contributed \$1,000 to the Camp.

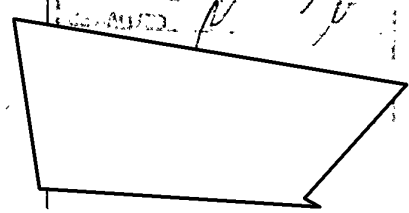
Speaking of notable persons, there is one group of outstanding West Virginians who are overlooking the Camp. These are the members of the West Virginia State Legislature. It would seem that there is sufficient evidence to warrant an

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1
Princeton Times
Princeton, W.Va.

Date: 10/3/68
Edition: WEEKLY
Author: DAVE PEDNEAU
Editor: DAVID E. PEDNEAU
Title: Prominent People Support "Don West" Camp At Pipestem.
Character: b6
or Info. b7C
Classification:
Submitting Office: Pittsburgh
 Being Investigated

100-15680



investigation into the Camp and West's objectives.

Certainly, until some investigation is made into the Camp and those associated with it, any contributions made to the project would be hazardous. Such monetary help may be financing a center for disruption and chaos.

The following quote was taken from the Congressional Record. It was contained in a speech made by Senator Alford. "The legislature of the great State of Tennessee, only a few days ago, authorized an investigation of Communist influences in Highlander Folk School at Mont-

eagle, Tennessee. This school was founded in 1932 by Myles

Horton and Don West. It is a southern meeting place for persons who have been leaders in race agitation for many years. Many who have gone in and out of Highlander Folk School meetings have records of affiliation with Communist and Communist front organizations..."

This speech was made in 1959; a few months later the legislature abolished the school. Our legislature should at least take a close look at the Camp at Pipestem.



MRS. WILBUR COHEN, WIFE OF THE SECRETARY OF HEW, IS SHOWN WITH DON WEST

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UOLP/PLJ/JN

Letter To The Editor

West Is Defended

1706 Darst. St.
Charleston, W. Va. 25311

Dear Dave Pedneau:

I have never seen such a complete violation of the ethics of journalism and a free press as you committed in your article "Pipestem Camp Raises Questions of Internal Security" in your September 26 issue.

First you seek to incite your readers with a barrage of thoroughly discredited scare propoganda, then you clearly issue an invitation to violence against Don West and his Folklife Center, by issuing detailed directions, suggestions that the place is "isolated", and urging your readers to "drop by and allow West to know that you know he is there."

I haven't seen anything worse in a newspaper since the ravings in Hitler's personal organ, the "Volkische Beobachter".

Let me make this clear, Mr. Pedneau. Don West is a valued member of our union and a friend to thousands of working people in West Virginia and all over Appalachia. If anything happens to him or his camp, we will hold you and your followers personally responsible.

I would advise you to retract these scare articles and make a public apology to Mr. West and to your readers.

Sincerely,
Jim Williams, Chairman
Local 189, American Federation
of Teachers, AFL-CIO

(Editor's Note: Think Again, Brother!)

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1
Princeton Times
Princeton, W. Va.

Date:
Edition:
Author:
Editor:
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

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SERIALIZED	FILED
OCT 5 1968	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Mountain Folklife Center taking shape at Pipestem

By LARRY E. WICKLINE

D. L. West's goals seem as lofty as the mountains that roll away into the blue haze from his Mountain Folklife Center, perched on a Pipestem ridge.

He sounds like a man tired of the telling as the words pour from his mouth while he sits through a stack of correspondence in the house trailer that is headquarters and home.

One gets the impression he would rather be doing than telling, although his belief in what he is doing is clear in the emphatic presentation of dreams and plans and programs and successes and failures to date.

West, a hillbilly himself from Kentucky, chose Pipestem to fulfill his dream of a folklife center, orphanage and school for high school dropouts by happenstance. It is the fulfillment of a dream of both himself and Mrs. West, both former teachers.

If Don West's dreams come true, the center will sport not only an orphanage and school for dropouts, but also a museum of mountain culture, an amphitheatre for folk music program and an annual festival and a continuance of youth-oriented programs.

This year West's center was chosen for one of five En-

campment for Citizenship programs, the others being in Puerto Rico, Mexico, Montana and New York. This program has brought about 50 youngsters to the center to study and to learn more about each other.

at the center and in the community and most importantly learning that regardless of their religious, social and racial status they can live and work together.

West's folklife center is approached along an unpaved road that bends its way along a ridge parallel to the center where one gets a view of the inconspicuous facilities. Three long one-story buildings stand in a row where one should find a bar or granary or chicken house. A farm house at the end of the ridge surveys a plowed but unplanted field in front and a house trailer sits nearby.

Donated supplies and volunteered help built the largest of the three buildings. It is the living room-kitchen, meeting room and recreation room. It Please turn to Page 8, Col. 2)

campment for Citizenship programs, the others being in Puerto Rico, Mexico, Montana and New York. This program has brought about 50 youngsters to the center to study and to learn more about each other. Of widely varied backgrounds these youngsters, ranging in age from 15 to 18, will spend six weeks at the camp studying in a chosen field, working

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 7/18/68
Edition:
Author: Larry E. Wickline
Editor: J.E. Faulconer

Title: Donald Lee West
SM - C

Character: or 100-15680

Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

100-15680-32

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Thu., July 18, 1968

Mountain

(Con. from Page One)

was built of materials salvaged from houses torn down to make way for Pipestem State Park, a short distance away beyond Pipestem Knob.

Four Yale University students, bypassed spring vacations over a year ago to help dismantle the houses and move them to the center.

The other two buildings are five-bedroom "cottages" which currently house the girls attending the Encampment for Citizenship. The boys are in a rented farm house a ridge away.

West, a writer and ordained minister, estimates he has already poured \$60,000 into his venture and feels it is just now beginning to bear fruit, with the real harvest somewhere off in the future.

As we approached the old farmhouse on our first visit to the center, we could hear a soft, young female voice caress them in reply to their query sing a folk song to the accompaniment of a guitar.

This was an example of the kind of music West wants to preserve, songs of the mountains and their people, accompanied by such instruments as the more familiar guitar, banjo and the now less familiar dulcimer.

In another room, Mrs. West faced an easel from which stared back at her an elderly woman, clearly a resident of the Appalachian Mountains.

The woman, Mrs. Vergie Wrick, sat peacefully near, seemingly satisfied just to rest quietly as Mrs. West, we about mixing just the right color of paint and stroked onto the easel before her.

Looking on from a wall behind Mrs. West is a portrait one of Pipestem's best and best liked citizens, V. West, who was instrumental in the Wests' decision to locate in Pipestem.

These and other portraits will join the display in the mountain museum, someday. In the corner behind Mrs. West's easel is a collection of West Virginia glass that also will become a museum display.

One of the first public offerings of the folklife center will be a folk music festival August 2 and 3. It hopefully will feature the Wests' daughter, Miss Hedy West, a Vanguard records artist currently touring Europe.

Another West daughter is Mrs. Ann Williams of Charleston, whose husband is Dr. Patrick C. Williams Jr., a native of Cabin Creek.

Why Pipestem? The Wests, in the market for a farm to begin working toward their dream, were driving through Southern West Virginia one day when they spotted the "Pipestem, Unincorporated" sign. The name fascinated them, as it has many others.

They stopped at the Pipestem restaurant, operated by the Wests. There they met Vivian West, teacher, dulcimer player and pipemaker, who told them in reply to their query that his son Monty had a farm for sale.

The purchase was arranged and the Wests and their folklife center became part of Pipestem. And part of Pipestem they want to be, taking part in community activities and working with the people in any way they can.

They donated land for a community center and people from the center and the Encampment for Citizenship are working to construct a building that will become a meeting place, clinic, library and anything else it will serve as to benefit the community.

A lot of planning and work and money have gone into what has been accomplished at the Mountain Folklife Center, but the Wests hope they've only scratched the surface.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 11 + 8

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 7/18/68

Edition:

Author: Larry E. Wickline

Editor: J.E. Faulconer

Title:

Donald Lee West
SM - C

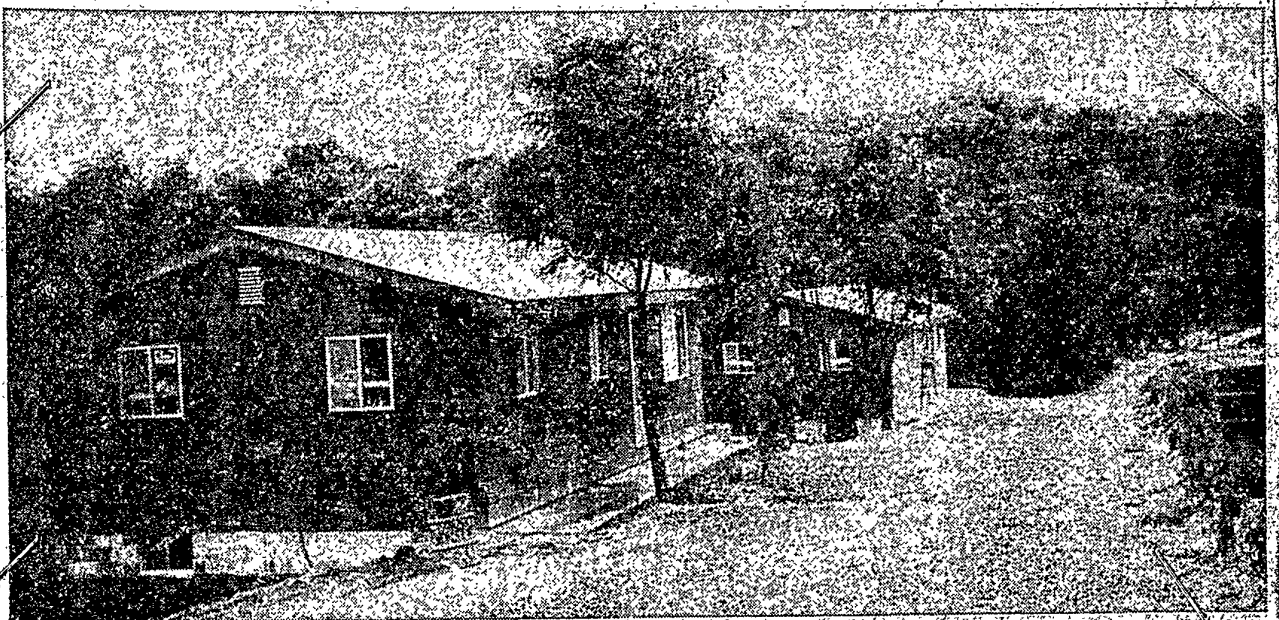
Character:

or 100-15680

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated



CENTER BUILDING—The first permanent building for what eventually is to become an orphanage and school for dropouts on the Don West farm at Pipestem currently houses participants in the Encampment for Citizenship.

These two five-bedroom "cottages" house female participants in the encampment. A third permanent building nearby serves as a meeting place, recreation room and kitchen-dining room.

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

'To Reawaken An Appreciation For Mountain Culture Heritage' Is Aim Of Pipestem Appalachian Center

By DAVID WIRT

"To reawaken an appreciation for our own mountain cultural heritage" is the aim of Rev. Don West, former Congregational minister, college professor and poet, with his Appalachian Folk Life Center in Pipestem, north of Athens.

The Folk Life Center, based on a 300-acre farm, is an attempt to restore the original mountain culture which has been sublimated, Rev. West stated, "by the drain of wealth, talent and hope, which left along with the coal, oil and other resources taken from the Appalachian region."

The Center is located on the former Monty Vest farm in Pipestem, which Rev. West happened to find almost by accident when he was traveling through the area in search of a location for his center. West said he stopped at a restaurant owned by Vest and was engaged in conversation by Vivian Vest, Monty's father, known as the Pipestem Pipemaker. After learning of Rev. West's plans, Vest informed him that his son had a farm of con-

siderable size for sale. The farm was thus acquired.

Work on the Center has proceeded throughout the past winter, when weather allowed, in hopes that the center will be operational this summer. Local citizens of Pipestem contributed their time and talents throughout the winter and spring to get the project moving.

Students and different groups have come from Wisconsin, Maryland, Washington, Kentucky, Yale University, and one group of Quakers from the Sandy Springs, Md. Friends School came down to help when they heard of the center. Many students traveled to Pipestem for week-ends to help, returning to their colleges and universities just in time for classes. Rev. West stated that these young people are typical of many others "who want to contribute to something worthwhile and meaningful," but that many never find something that possesses these qualities to which they can apply themselves.

Rev. West, who holds A.B.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

2

BLUMFIELD CITY TOL
GRAPH
SUNDAY MAGAZINE AND
ENTERTAINMENT RE-
VIEW

Date: 7/21/ - 7/27/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor:

Title:

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

100-15680-33

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M.A. and B.D. degrees and an advanced education degree from Johns Hopkins University, and his wife, Constance West, are the parents of Folksinger Hedy West, who will be at the Center later in the summer. Both have given up lucrative careers in education to devote full time to the center.

A non-profit organization, the center is planning an annual folk festival, to be held in a planned amphitheatre, August 23. Rev. West hopes all persons who play and sing the old, original mountain music will take part in the festival.

Other projects at the center includes a Pipestem Community Center, now under construction near the entrance to the center, by the Pipestem Community Group, Inc., a group of local citizens working together to benefit the community. The land for the project was donated to the group by Rev. West.

The center will include a library, which will be the first and only public library in Summers County. The remaining space will be used for a medical health center, meeting place, and for entertainment purposes. An orphans home, mountain museum, and a school for drop-outs from schools in the Appalachian regions, which will prepare students for high school diplomas from their native states will also be a part of the main center. The entire educational process, however, will be geared around anthropology, the study of people.

The main instrument in drawing attention to the work being done at the center is the magazine, Appalachian South, which is compiled at the center and printed in Charleston. The magazine is devoted to stories of Appalachia, its people and their history, and is rich in articles on the tumultuous early days of coal mining, and the people who made the history of Appalachia. Many of Rev. West's poems of Appalachia and its people appear in the magazine, along with works by many other state and local people.

Now being held at the center is the Appalachian Encampment for Citizenship, an extension of the Encampment for Citizenship, Inc., a federally sponsored project founded in 1946 to enable outstanding young men and women de-

velop the ages of 15 to learn first hand about the efforts being made to overcome social and economic problems in an area of poverty.

For the past two years, young people from throughout the country have gathered in six-week summer Appalachian Encampments on college campuses in eastern Kentucky. This year, it was decided to move the camp to a more rural setting, where they could work directly on problems and projects, without having to leave the encampment or its close vicinity, according to Neil Riordon, encampment director.

Weekly fieldtrips will acquaint the campers with the economic and conservation problems of Appalachia, and a trip is planned to Charleston, where state government officials will meet the campers.

Six workshops are conducted on community development and co-operatives, practical politics, public health problems and recreational leadership tutoring and head start volunteer work, world affairs, and youth issues. The workshops have two-hour sessions two afternoons each week, and devote two days each week to related volunteer workcamp and social service work in the community of Pipestem and the surrounding area.

Three morning lecture sessions are planned with themes on improvement of inter-group and inter-personal relationships; current world affairs issues; the future of Appalachia and human rights problems.

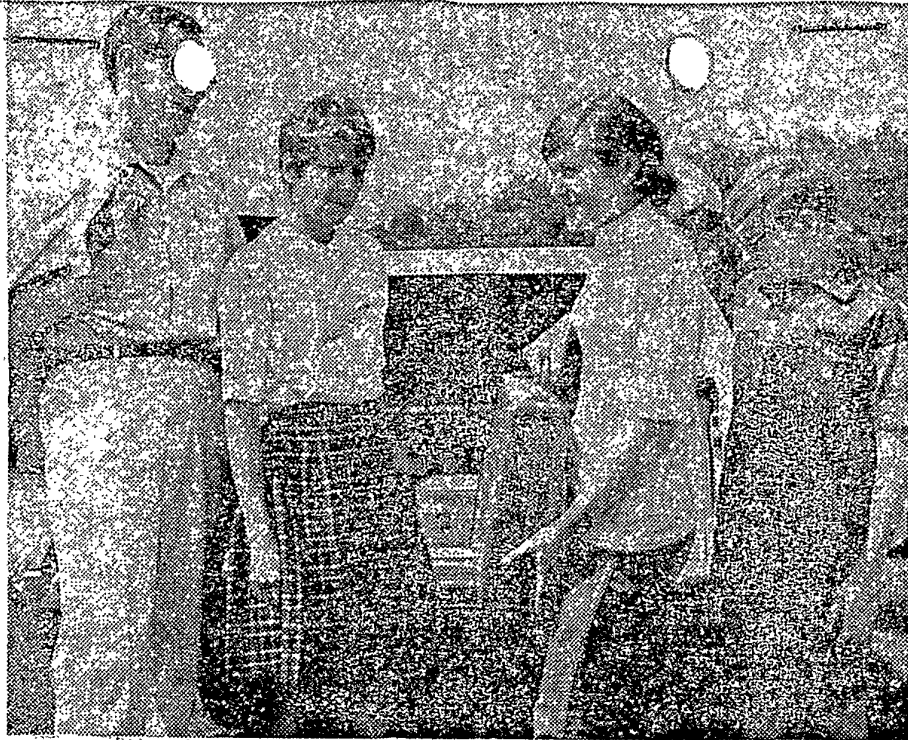
Evening activities at the camp will include films, camp "town meeting," panel discussions, forums, debates, guest personalities, cultural, social and recreational affairs.

The Encampment director is Neil Riordon of Worcester, Mass. Now a college sociology teacher, he is a former Peace Corps worker in Iran, and has worked for the past two years as a staff member in summer encampments in New York. His wife and baby are in residence with him at the camp. The encampment staff of 12 includes other experienced high school and college teachers, community development workers, a nurse, and a dietician, from West Virginia, Montana, New York and New Jersey.

Rules for the campers are fewer than in most schools and camps, with campers assuming

much responsibility for their behavior and conduct. Use of beer, liquor, and non-medical drugs is not permitted in the encampment. Fire prevention and other safety rules must be respected and campers are not allowed to have vehicles. Campers live fully within the encampment grounds, with no overnight stays away from the encampment, other than those provided in the program.

Recreational facilities for the campers includes swimming at a small lake in Pipestem, and larger beaches in the state park nearby, with basketball, volleyball and softball available.



FORMER WEST VIRGINIANS—Shown left to right are James, Einle, Chris and Randy Gibson, former residents of Morgantown, now of Detroit, Mich., unloading Chris's luggage.

Chris will be staying at the center for six weeks as a member of the Encampment for Citizenship program.



WORKING AND TALKING—Work and talk go hand in hand as the campers begin their self-appointed tasks in the camp projects. Greg Walker, left, a student at the University of Wisconsin, and Mark Jordan, a high school student from New York, hold a conversation while going about their work of mixing cement.



PIPESTEM PIPEMAKER—Rev. Don West poses with a picture, painted by his wife, Constance West, of the late Pipestem Pipemaker, Vivian Vest, who was on West's Folk Life Center board of directors. The picture eventually will be placed in a Mountain Museum which is being planned for the center. (Photos by Davis Wirt)

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Action meeting slated August 3 at West Farm

The county-wide Community Action meeting scheduled for Saturday, August 3, is planned to be the biggest of the recent action meetings. The meet will be held at the Don West Farm at Pipestem to coincide with the first annual Folk Festival to be held at the West farm.

Speakers invited to date are Paul J. Kaufman, recent candidate for governor of West Virginia; Jay Rockefeller, successful candidate for nomination as Secretary of State; and John Lindsay, mayor of New York City, and chairman of the Advisory Council of the Encampment for Citizenship now being held at the West farm. Other speakers are being invited.

The meeting scheduled for July 27 has been cancelled. Action Groups from all over southern West Virginia will attend.

The folk festival being held that weekend will attract many of the big names in the mountain folk field and will add to the atmosphere of the meet. The Pipestem Action Group as well as others will sell locally made arts and crafts and refreshments.

The SCEOA personally invites the families of the 244 paid workers and enrollees that the local agency is sponsoring this summer which include: NYC, Head Start, Work Study, CAP, Upward Bound, Elderly Program and other workers. The meeting and Folk Festival are open to the public.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Page 1

Date: 7/25/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: J. B. Johnson
Title:

Don West Farm

Character: 3-3
100-5540
or

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Classification:
Submitting Office:

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 13

Winton Daily News

Winton, N. Va.

Date: 7/23/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. B. Faulkner

Title:

DOUGLAS L. ...
... - 0

Character:

or 100-15630

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b7c

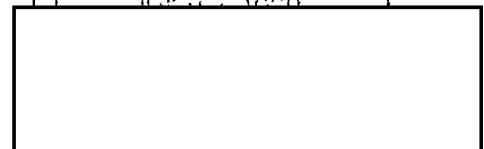
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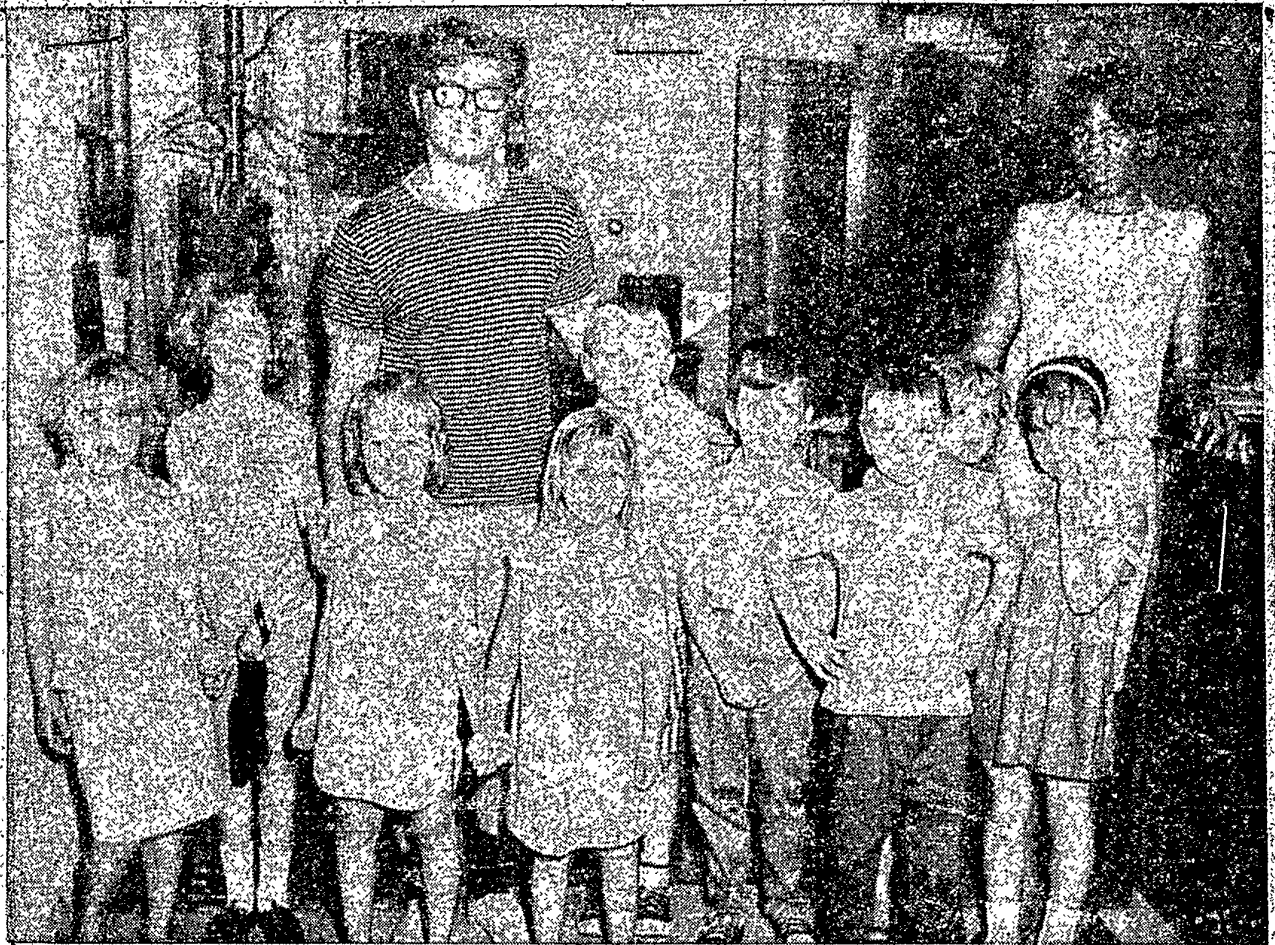
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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN



ANOTHER INSPECTION—Another Head Start class found newspaper production fascinating Friday as the Hinton Daily News operation was inspected closely by the youngsters. This group was from the Head Start center at

Greenbrier School and the staff was aided in keeping up with the interested youngsters by two members of the Encampment for Citizenship program at the Don West farm in Pipestem.

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Pipestem Folk Festival set Friday and Saturday

Concerts, workshops, speeches and fun and games are all on tap for the first Pipestem Folk Festival scheduled Friday and Saturday at Appalachian South Folklife Center on the Don West farm at Pipestem.

Emphasis will be on authentic, traditional folk music—song, ballad, banjo, fiddle, guitar, dulcimer, autoharp and so forth.

The festival is an effort to help develop appreciation for

our own mountain cultural heritage by bringing audience and folk musicians together. We welcome all who do the music or enjoy listening," said Don West, whose dream the center is.

The center itself plans "an active, cultural and educational program for area residents and a boarding school for high school dropouts" and other programs, including a mountain museum.

The festival will get underway Friday night with a concert from 7 to 9 p.m. with West's daughter, Ann West Williams, as emcee. Mrs. Williams is a folk singer.

Saturday's session will open with a workshop at 9:00 a.m. covering such subjects as singing styles and folk instruments.

At 10:30 a.m. Saturday a general session of the Summers County Community Action Program will begin with State Sen. Paul Kaufman as speaker. Kaufman is a member of the board of the center.

Also scheduled to be at the Saturday session is Mrs. Eloise Cohen, wife of the secretary of Housing and Urban Development Mayor John V. Lindsay of New York City, national chairman of the Encampment for Citizenship which has a camp at the center this summer, was scheduled to attend but scheduling difficulties pre-

vented his being here. Lunch, hotdogs, hamburgers, lemonade and so forth, will be sold on the grounds at 12:30 p.m. and games, including such favorites, as three-legged races, greasy pole, apple bobbing and so forth, will begin at the same time.

The final concert will begin at 2 and continue until 4:30 p.m.

Performers scheduled to appear at the two concerts include Frank Austin of Mercer County, George and Rodney (Please turn to Page 8, Col. 6)

(Continued from Page One)
Blankenship and Eddie Cales of Summers County, Fred Coon of Logan, Frank George of Bluefield, Johnny Hilt of Tazewell, Va., Claude Keaton of Mercer County, Wanda Small of Montana, Annie Romaine of North Carolina, John Sullivan and Vistas of Washington, Clifford Trail and Montje Vest of Summers County, Marian Williams, Gospel Singers of Hinton and Bud Wood and the Sun Valley Boys of Mercer County.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1 & 8

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 7/30/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: J. E. Faulconer
Title:

SEARCHED [] INDEXED []

Character: b6
or 100-15630 b7c
Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

101-15630-36
SEARCHED [] INDEXED []

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Dulcimer performance captivates Kiwanians

Frank George captivated the Kiwanis Club Monday with his hammered dulcimer, homemade banjo and old violin.

The performer and student of Appalachian mountain music played authentic folk songs on all three and gave a brief history of each instrument. The dulcimer was easily the most fascinating, but all three instruments were enjoyed.

George accompanied Don West, who is in the process of developing the Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipe-

stem. West explained to the Kiwanis Club the goals and ideals of the center and progress to date, and invited members to attend the center's first folk music festival, scheduled Friday and Saturday.

West said many of the values of the mountain people are being eroded and the planned festival and a museum, along with other phases of the center's program, are designed to preserve and expand these values and to provide a new appreciation for the area's cultural heritage.

He said mountain people of the area have always had a great deal of pride, self-respect and independence, even among the poor, but that there has been some erosion of these ideals in recent years and the center hopes to reverse this trend.

In addition to the museum, the center will have an orphanage, a school for high school dropouts and will continue its summer program, which this year has the Encampment for Citizenship.

West said he and his wife and their project have had a most encouraging reception from the people of the Pipestem community and from Summers County as a whole.

Both West and his wife are former teachers and he is a writer and ordained minister as

(Please turn to Page 3, Col. 1)

(Continued from Page One)
well. They have used their private savings to purchase the farm where the center is located and to get the program underway and hope now for grants to support continued development.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1 & 3

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 7/30/63

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. E. PAULSON

Title:

DULCIMER PERFORMER
FRANK GEORGE

Character:

or 100-15680

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

b6
b7c

100-15680-37
SEARCHED _____ INDEXED _____



OPEN AIR CONCERT—Anne Romaine, left, of North Carolina and Frank George of Bluefield treated Encampment of Citizenship participants to an open air concert Tuesday afternoon at the Don West Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem. Both will participate Friday and Saturday in the Pipestem Folk Festival and both are spending the week at the camp.

(see index of article on next page)

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

7/27/68
Historical Times
Petal, N. C.

Date: 7/27/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: J. W. Ferguson
Title:
DON WEST ENCAMPMENT

Character:
or 100-15680 b6
Classification: b7C
Submitting Office:

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN



performing and giving instruction in authentic mountain folk music. Anne Romaine plays an autoharp, while George plays a hammer dulcimer. About 15 individuals and groups are scheduled to perform at the folk festival this weekend.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Pipestem Folk Festival set today, Saturday

An old farm at Pipestem promises to be a beehive of activity tonight and tomorrow as the first Pipestem Folk Festival and combined Summers County Community Action Program get underway.

A folk concert, featuring authentic mountain music, is scheduled for 7 to 9 tonight on the Don West farm that also is the Appalachian South Folklife Center. West's daughter, Ann West Williams, will be master of ceremonies. She also is a folk singer.

Saturday's program will begin at 9 a.m. with workshops and the Community Action countywide meeting will begin at 10:30. At 12:30 lunch will be

served and contests, such as three-legged races, greasy pole and apple bobbing, will begin.

The concluding concert is scheduled for 2 to 4:30 p.m. Some 15 individuals and groups, mostly from this section of the state, will participate.

Featured will be West Virginia folk star and student Frank George of Bluefield, who plays the banjo, dulcimer and bagpipes, and Anne Romaine of North Carolina, a folk singer who also plays the auto-chord and guitar. Other out-of-state performers include Wanda Small of Montana and John Sullivan and Vistas from Washington, D.C.

The farm is reached via the Lick Creek Road at Pipestem.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 8/2/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. L. Faulconer

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST
37 - C

Character:

or 100-15680

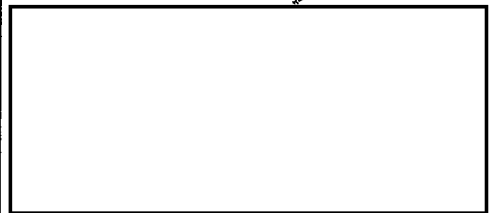
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b7c

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

100-15680-39



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN



COMPLIMENTS CENTER—State Sen. Paul J. Kaufman had many kind things to say Saturday about Don West's Appalachian Folklife Center, which was hosting its first folk festival. Kaufman also thanked Summers Countians who supported him in his recent unsuccessful bid for the state Democratic gubernatorial nomination. Kaufman joined Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen, wife of the secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and scores of others in enjoying the mountain music concert.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 2
Hinton Daily News
Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 3/5/60
Edition:
Author:
Editor: J. E. Paulorner
Title:

DONALD LEE WEST
3 - 0

Character: b6
or 100-15670 b7c

Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

100-5880-40
SEARCHED



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN



GUEST OF HONOR Mrs. Eloise Cohen, wife of Wilbur J. Cohen, secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, chats with Don West, whose Appalachian Folklife

Center hosted its first folk festival Saturday. Mrs. Cohen lauded the West development at Pipestem and enjoyed a little old-fashioned mountain music.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 8/5/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. J. Texler

Title:

FOUNDED IN 1907
31 - 3

Character: b6
or 100-15600 b7C

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Submitting Office:

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SERIALIZED FILED

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Letter to the editor

To The News:

In my opinion ignorance in its most horrible form was displayed today by some of our leading citizens. It came in the form of hurting innocent boys and girls who, gave up their time to volunteer their services to different activities here in town.

The monster called ignorance would not have been so bad if it had not come from some of our leading and most learned people in the community. It seems that some of the boys and girls from the Encampment for Citizenship came for their daily head start activities and found that they were not wanted.

Not so long ago these same kids came here to give their help to another organization and, were received in the same manner by some of the people here.

I cannot see how an adult can be so dense and rigid that he or she cannot stand to see young people of all backgrounds and cultures get along together. This, in my opinion, is the reason that the young people have been labeled hippies and a little bit of everything else.

I have been called a hippie, too, for associating with these kids. Well, let me tell you and anyone that reads this, if these kids are hippies then I hope that we have a whole generation of hippies. I further hope that my own kids will be the leaders of the generation if they are going to be anything like these kids from the encampment at Pipestem. I have always had a very different idea about hippies than what

some of you have. If these boys and girls are hippies then I thank God for them.

These boys and girls came here to help us make our town a nicer place to live. And believe me, we need all of the help we can get if this is your attitude about people that you have not even met, let alone know anything about.

If I were one of these kids, with the hurt that you have tried to do and, the way some of you have acted toward them, I would not even want to see you, let alone speak to you.

My Holy Bible tells me suffer little children to come unto me forbid them not for unto such is the kingdom of Heaven. It also says that, what so ever you do unto the least of these ye have done unto me also. So I ask you, who is wrong?

Barbara Mann

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Hinton, Oklahoma

Hinton, Oklahoma

Date: 3/7/68
Edition:
Author:
Editor: C. D. Paulson

Title:
Hinton, Oklahoma

Character:
or 100-20330

Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

b6
b7c

100-5230-42
[Redacted Box]

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

SENATOR ALSO WILL TOUR PIPESTEM PARK

Randolph explains purpose of visit

to Don West farm

Editor's Note: The following is the text of a telegram from Sen. Jennings Randolph concerning his visit today to Pipestem State Park and the Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem.

By Sen. Jennings Randolph
ELKINS—There is a camp for young people at Pipestem in Summers County. It is directed by Rev. Donald L. West on his 350-acre farm as the Appalachian South Folklife Center.

The Charleston Gazette has described Rev. West as a 69-year-old "retired University of Maryland professor, Universal Christian Church minister and a

best selling poet (who says his camp is designed to help orphans, poor youngsters and high school dropouts get a better chance in life.).

Many nationally prominent persons interested in work for improvement and enrichment of American youth—and I do not mean the hippie and yippie movement—have spoken to me about the reputed helpful program at the center. Some of them ask that I speak there to the young folk. I accepted. There is also at Pipestem one of our major state park projects for which I have been working in federal assistance for several years. I contacted

the Department of Natural Resources and arranged for a late Saturday afternoon tour of the Pipestem State Park development to precede my evening session with the teen-agers and adults whom I have been told would form the audience.

I have since learned that Rev. West has come under attack by persons who allege that he is a man of "leftwing tendencies." Allegations are made that Rev. West is or has been a Communist. I have received communications from three West Virginians urging that I not speak at the Center.

If there is any reason why that institution should not exist

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

West Virginia or elsewhere in the United States at the expense of Rev. West's savings and with assistance from privately endowed foundations I would home to ascertain those reasons. If there is valid reason for the camp to continue on the basis of meritorious performance, I would wish to see and hear the evidence if the youth at the center are coming under so-called left-wing Communist or neo-Communist influence and need to receive valid indoctrination in Americanism. I will talk with them on Americanism. I was not asked to speak on any particular subject but I have determined to

make my address on "The Shield of Freedom." Those present will hear me tell the inspiring story of those patriots who signed our declaration of independence, I'll encourage the youth to learn and labor and grow into community leaders and builders of a better society through understanding and faith and justice. I will speak in advocacy of Americanism out of respect for American tradition and obedience to the laws and the good order of our nation. Certainly I would not further in any degree either Communism or anti-American effort. I am (Please turn to Page 3, Col. 8)

Randolph

(Continued from Page One)
against those forces,
I will go to Pipestem from the Elkins Mountain State Forest Festival, first to the State Park for conferences and a guided tour, then I will meet my commitment to address the youth. I assure both the friends and the detractors of the Youth Center at Pipestem that I will stress Americanism. At the same time I will be on a fact finding mission as I check on the activities of the Youth Center as well as the development of the State Park.

(sd) Jennings Randolph

Date: 10/5/68
Edition:
Author: Sen. J. RANDOLPH
Editor: J. E. FAULCONER
Title: DONALD LEE WEST
Character: SM - C
or
Classification: 100-15680
Submitting Office: Pg.
 Being Investigated

100-15680-43
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SERIALIZED _____ FILED _____

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Randolph Visits Pipestem Center

Sen. Jennings Randolph, D-W.Va., made a "fact finding tour" of the Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem in Summers County Saturday but was unavailable for comment afterward.

Randolph said one of his purposes was to check reports that the center, run by Rev. Don L. West, a 60-year-old Universal Christian Church minister, exercises "so-called leftwing, Communist or neo-Communist influences."

The center at Pipestem is a 350-acre farm run by West and his wife for the benefit of orphans, poor youngsters and high school dropouts. West said earlier the camp is financed by his savings and grants from two foundations.

Randolph sent a telegram to the Bluefield Daily Telegraph earlier Saturday stating that he had been invited to speak at the camp Saturday night and would take the opportunity to inspect it for subversive influences.

"If there is reason why that institution should not exist in

(Turn To Page 2)

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 16
Bluefield Daily
Telegraph
Bluefield, W. Va.

RANDOLPH

(Continued From Back Page)

West Virginia or elsewhere in the United States," Randolph said, "...I would hope to ascertain those reasons."

Randolph also said he would deliver an address on Americanism to the young people at the center, and "encourage the youth to learn and labor and grow into community leaders and builders of a better society through understanding and faith and justice."

Efforts to locate Randolph for comment on his findings during the inspection tour of the center were unavailing Saturday night. The Senator failed to respond to several telephone messages left at the center.

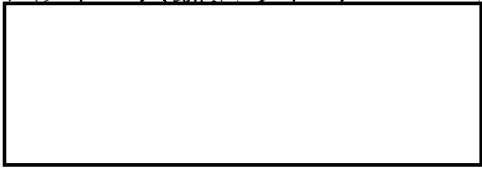
A Princeton weekly newspaper recently described the camp for young people as "danger to the security and freedom of this nation." It said West claimed Fifth Amendment protection in 1957 when asked whether he was a Communist party member.

Date: 10/6/68
Edition: Morning
Author:
Editor: Hugh Shott
Title: Randolph Visits
Pipestem Center
Character:
or Info.
Classification:
Submitting Office: Pittsburgh
 Being Investigated

b6
b7c

100-15680-44

INDEXED



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

EDITORIALS—

Vigilantes in Summers Are Beneath Contempt

There is a gang of unprincipled vigilantes in Summers County which could do vast harm to West Virginia, its people, and their reputation for fair dealing.

These men and women, taking their cue from the techniques of thought-controllers in the Soviet Union have launched a campaign of harassment against a man who has harmed them in no way — but, to the contrary, came among them in the course of an effort to raise the status of mankind.

Their victim is Don West, who has attempted to fulfill a lifelong dream by establishing a school at Pipestem to teach ethical behavior, mountain lore, crafts, and civic responsibility and to impart to students, many of them underprivileged, a sense of belonging in America.

We know little about West except:

That he has a consuming compassion for the disadvantaged; that he has devoted much of his life to the labor movement; that he is a gentle and sensitive poet; that he loves his fellow men; that he believes in the practical application of the teachings of Christ; and that he declined to answer a question regarding the Communist party when the question was put to him during a shameful period of American life when suspicion dominated good sense.

He has explained that he declined to answer the question, as many people did at the time, on the grounds that it was insulting. Many people were offended, in the 1950s, when their national loyalty was questioned. Hundreds of decent Americans also refused to answer the same question during the same period for the same principle.

The vigilantes, reacting to the nameless terrors of the 1950s, have taken up the same jackal cries that served as slogans for the Know Nothing groups which flourished 15 years ago. They want to drive Don West out of Summers County, we presume, although to date they have brought not one accusa-

tion beyond the blanket charge that they find him to be a suspicious character.

These vigilantes are beneath contempt. We advise them, for what it's worth, to confront Don West in the courts with specific charges of misconduct, or treason, or whatever crime they believe he has committed. This is the American way. Nothing is more foully un-American than the slanders that are now being whispered by the would-be thought-controllers and their despicable attempts to influence responsible citizens against a man who wants only to live in peace and do the work he believes he has been called to do.

Thank God the vigilantes aren't typical of West Virginia and Summers County, where the decent majority has never stooped to character assassination — not even during the incredible McCarthy years of hate and hysteria.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 6

The Charleston Gazette

Charleston, West Va.

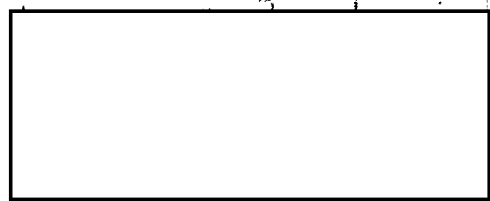
Date: 10-7-68
Edition: Valley
Author:
Editor: HARRY HOFFMANN
Title:

Character: 100- b6
b7C

or
Classification:
Submitting Office: Pittsburgh

Being Investigated

100-15680-45



HINTON AROUND... By J. E. Faulconer

Summers County vigilantes?

MANY RESPONSIBLE Summers countians were deeply concerned over the lead editorial that appeared in the Charleston Gazette Monday morning that charged "There is a gang of unprincipled vigilantes in Summers County."

If this be true we join the Gazette in condemning such a group, but if one does exist, the Charleston writer knows more about the situation than do the people of Summers County with whom we have talked.

BEFORE commenting further we present the Gazette's editorial in its entirety:

"There is a gang of unprincipled vigilantes in Summers County which could do vast harm to West Virginia, its people, and their reputation for fair dealing

These men and women, taking their cut from the technique of thought-controllers in the Soviet Union have launched a campaign of harassment against a man who has harmed them in no way—but, the contrary, came among them in the course of an effort to raise the status of mankind.

Their victim is Don West, who has attempted to fulfill a lifelong dream by establishing a school at Pipestem to teach ethical behavior, mountain lore, crafts, and civic responsibility and to impart to students, many of them underprivileged, a sense of belonging in America.

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That he has a consuming compassion for the disadvantaged; that he has devoted much of his life to the labor movement; that he is a gentle and sensitive poet; that he loves his fellow men; that he believes in the practical application of the teachings of Christ; and that he declines to answer a question regarding the Communist party when the question was put to him during a shameful period of American life when suspicion dominated good sense.

He has explained that he declined to answer the question, as many people did at the time, on the grounds that it was insulting. Many people were offended, in the 1950s, when their national loyalty was questioned. Hundreds of decent Americans also refused to answer the same question during the same period for the same principle.

THE VIGILANTES, reacting to the nameless terrors of the 1950s, have taken up the same jackal cries that served as slogans for the Know Nothing groups which flourished 15 years ago. They want to drive Don West out of Summers County, we presume, although to date they brought not one accusation beyond the blanket charge that they find him to be a suspicious character.

These vigilantes are beneath contempt. We advise them, for what its worth, to confront Don West in the courts with specific charges of misconduct, or treason, or whatever crime they believe he has committed. This is the American way. Nothing is more foully un-American than the slanders that are now being whispered by the would-be thought-controllers and their despicable attempts to influence responsible citizens against a man who wants only to live in peace and do the work he believes he has been called to do.

THANK GOD the vigilantes aren't typical of West Virginia and Summers County, where the decent majority has never stooped to character assassination—not even during the incredible McCarthy years of hate and hysteria."

THE DAILY NEWS has had

representatives at the West Farm at Pipestem on several occasions and they have never seen anything that would lead to some of the wild charges being made by some weekly newspapers in the state.

Neither has anyone presented us with one iota of evidence to back up some of the wild rumors that have been circulated throughout the area or some of the things that are supposed to have occurred at the West farm, and until we have the proof we will continue to believe the sincerity of purpose of Mr. West, and his establishment at Pipestem.

ONE GROUP of young people who were at the West farm last summer did cause much comment by their appearance and actions when they visited

Hinton, but Mr. West told us that he probably made a mistake with that group and that they would not be back.

Gossip is a pretty bad thing under any circumstances. In fact, at times it can be libelous, so we would suggest to the mongers that they had better have facts before they make any other rash statements.

AS TO THE Gazette's statement on vigilantes in Summers county, we strongly disagree, and think that the Charleston writer must be referring to a group in some other county rather than Summers. If the paper has proof of a vigilante group here we would certainly like to know about it we would be quick to condemn such an organization that has no place in a democracy.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 10/8/68

Edition:

Author: J.E. Faulconer

Editor: J.E. Faulconer

Title:

Donald Lee West
SM # C

Character:

or 100-15680

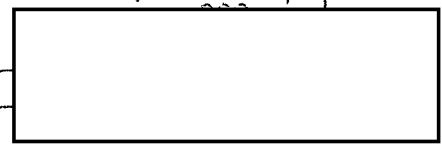
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OCT 10 1968
FBI - HINTON



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SENATOR TOURS PIPESTEM PARK

Randolph urges youth to

become involved

in informal discussion

at Don West camp

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #6

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

LARRY E. WICKLINE

"Don't be afraid to work, really dig in."

"Do not skid along in life and just try to touch the corners."

"Never pull yourself out of the mainstream. Work with people."

"Nothing is worth the wear of winning but friends."

"Give of yourself and you will find a wonderful feeling deep inside yourself."

This was the advice Sen. Jennings Randolph gave those attending a Saturday evening dinner at Don West's Appalachian South Folk Life Center at Pipestem. His remarks were aimed primarily at a group of Mercer County youngsters and Concord College students attending the affair.

For the parents attending Randolph counseled them to give of their time to their children. He cited his belief in discipline but added he was opposed to hitting children. The father of two sons emphasized his belief the answer to successfully raising children is to counsel with them, to give them time.

Senator Randolph was a guest of West after touring Pipestem State Park, which he praised again and again during his tour. As each new vista presented itself in the park, the senator would make some new remark about the beauty, the functional-

ism, the potential of what will be West Virginia's largest such operation when completed next year.

Kermit McKeever, chief, division of parks and recreation, Department of Natural Resources, conducted Randolph on the park tour and then joined him for dinner at West's farm.

Also at the dinner were Princeton attorney and Mrs. William Sanders and Park Super-

intendent and Mrs. Troy Gatrell.

Randolph, who spoke informally and without notes, had his audience in his hand from the start as he reminisced about his earlier days in the House of Representatives and in West Virginia, making important points about his experiences as he went.

He cited rural improvements brought about during his tenure in the House and Senate, including rural electrification and water programs, among others.

The current Appalachian Development Program, he pointed out, is the first highway program in the history of the country whose location was not dictated by an established traffic flow. This program is designed exclusively to develop areas where there is not existing traffic demand for roads.

Discussing the technological transition that has left hundreds of West Virginia coal miners jobless, Randolph said "I like problems. That's when you make progress."

Senator Randolph told his audience he feels history should be a compulsory subject in high schools and colleges, not the dates of battles and so forth but the history of the dreams, goals and ideals of human beings.

He reviewed briefly some interesting points about the signers of the Declaration of Independence, a subject in which he apparently was well versed.

Of the 56 persons who signed the document, he said, only one was an old man and he was Ben Franklin. Eighteen of them were under 40 years of age and three were in their 20's.

Not one of the 56, he stressed, ever reneged on the pledge presented in the declaration, although nine of them were to lose their lives in the Revolutionary War, five were to be captured by the British and others lost families and fortunes.

Randolph sounded a brief warning on communism, but did not refer directly to recent charges the West camp is a communist front organization. However, before coming to Summers County, he wrote a story explaining why he would speak at the West camp despite rumors concerning the camp.

Date: 10/10/68

Location:

Author:

Editor: J. E. Faulconer

Title:

Donald Lee West

SM - C

Character:

or 100-15680

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

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b7c

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INDEXED
SERIALIZED
FILED

see next page

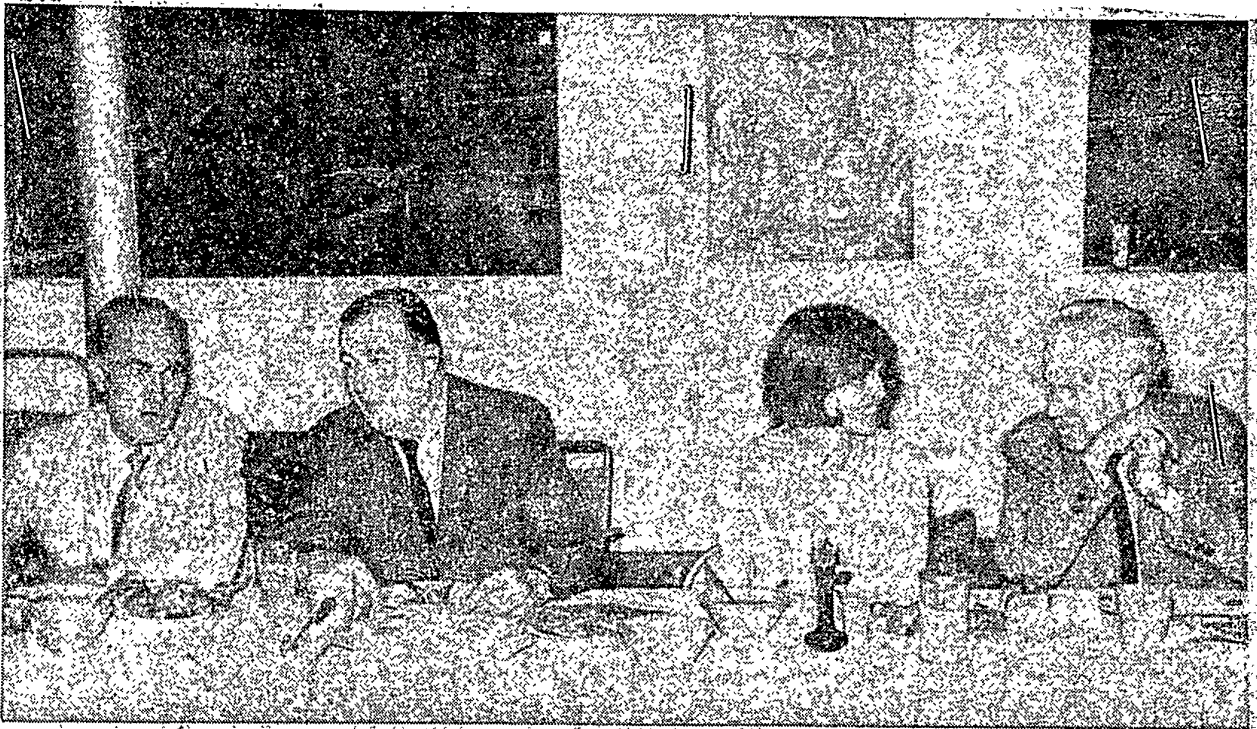
Sanders, a self-styled "country lawyer" who looks like a nothing but, was very laudatory of West's stated goals at Pipestem and expressed a belief that nothing West could do even if charges against him were true could ever hurt the spirit and faith of the Pipestem community.

He said he saw at the West camp a rebirth of community life that has seemed to be disappearing from rural life in this area in recent years.

Sanders termed the Appalachian South Folklife Center "almost a Godsend" in its efforts to revive a sense of community.

McKeever briefly outlined some of the many benefits the community may expect from Pipestem State Park when it is completed.

Mission Circle



WEST CAMP GUEST—Sen. Jennings Randolph, second from left, chats with Don West, director of the Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem Saturday night. Randolph spoke there to a group of youngsters and community residents, along with the West camp staff. Also at the speaker's table were attorney and Mrs. William Sanders of Princeton. Sanders lauded the goals of the folklife center.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

OEO SPEAKER
 Don West, founder of the Appalachian Folklife Center at Pipestem, will conduct an all-day session Friday for office staff and field workers of the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington.

West will discuss his program at Pipestem, results of his research into the history and culture of the Appalachian area and will read original poetry.

S

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #8

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 10/10/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. E. Faulconer

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST

SM - C

Character:

or 100-15680

Classification:

Submitting Office:

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

PRINCETONIAN WANTS QUESTIONS ANSWERED ON PIPESTEM FOLK CENTER

Dear Mr. Pedneau,

I am beginning to wonder whether or not your game of throwing poison darts at Don West will not boomerang. You are giving him prime publicity space and increasing stature by associating him with some of the people most respected by West Virginians. Shall we place the "yellow arm band" on such people as Paul Kaufman, Mrs. Wilbur Cohen, William Blizzard, Jay Rockefeller, Mayor Lindsey, The Benedum Foundation, etc. because you dislike their politics, or "something"?

What terrible thing have these people done? Don West is developing a Folk Life Center designed to house and train children who cannot fit in elsewhere. This is the best description I can glean from the Times. There evidently are public figures interested in his project and contributing to it. You say the Legislature of Tennessee found fit to dismantle a similar school in their great state. You do not say what their legal grounds were for doing so. The legislature of Tennessee has found it fit to disbar many acti-

vities in their state which other states have found quite normal. One cannot teach the Darwin theory of Evolution in their schools. Their laws governing the sale and service of liquor are confusing to most of their neighbors.

What does Don West teach at his school that is so galling and apparently dangerous? What do you know of his curricula? How do young people qualify for his institution? What comparable institution can our alienated young people turn to besides the Folk Life Center? What does Mercer County offer its young people that they may safely spurn Don West? He swore under congressional oath that he was not a communist...according to the Princeton Times.

As long as you are determined to make our community aware of Don West and Pipestem, please include some facts and pertinent information about his Folk Life Center.

Very sincerely yours,
Margaret Harrison
Route 4, Box 70

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

1

PRINCETON TIMES
PRINCETON, N. VA.

Date: 10/10/68
Edition: WEEKLY
Author: DANE PEDNEAU
Editor:
Title: PRINCETONIAN WANTS
QUESTIONS ANSWERED ON
PIPESTEM FOLK
Character: CENTER
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: PITTSBURGH b6 b7C

Being Investigated

100-15680-49
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need to take the Fifth Amendment on principle.

As to the names of West Virginians associated with the Camp, whether famous or infamous, it is merely a service to the people. Presumably, these people know something about the Camp, or think they do, and could answer questions concerning it. Others mentioned, while not elected officials, do offer a variety of sources for information concerning the Camp. We assume that these people would have thoroughly investigated the Camp before signing a letter supporting solicitation of contributions to it.

What is wrong with Mr. West organizing a place for children who have no other place to go? First of all, these are not really children. Their ages run, according to Mr. West, from 15 and up. If these are orphans, I would hate to see a young adult. If these children have no other place to go, it is only because they have no desire to go any other place.

We are the first to admit that we don't know what's going on at the Camp. The attempt to give everyone a "run-around" on the activities at the Camp only enhance our suspicion. We don't know what they are being taught. We surely wouldn't "bug" the place. As to the comparable institutions to which these young people can turn, I would suggest the Church, the schools, work; their choices are many.

The Tennessee legislature dismantled the Highlander Folk School for subversive activities, just as Arkansas did its predecessor, Commonwealth College. As to what constitutes subversive activities, I would assume it means the advocating of the violent overthrow of the United States government. Is this reason enough?

It is not a matter of what Mercer County offers these young people in place of Don West. We need offer them nothing. We don't give teenagers Coca-Cola so they will stay off "Pot" or "Acid." You seem to be implying that we must bribe our children away from Don West. Rather, we must teach our children right and wrong, as well as practical and impractical. This is the answer, not bribery or blackmail.

Dave Pedneau

Mrs. Harrison:

First let me say that I have not accused Mr. West of being a member of the Communist party. The purpose of these articles are to demonstrate that there is historical justification for an investigation.

Before answering your questions, perhaps it would be well to give a brief description of Communism as far as theory goes.

Karl Marx was of course the first man to set forth a full theory of Communism. Other men had played with the notion but Marx was the first to make a serious attempt to organize the doctrine into a political system.

Marx's idea of Communism was entirely economic. He said that someday the industrial workers would unite to overthrow the capitalists. They would do this because the capitalist was paying them less than they deserved. The capitalist was taking a great deal off of the top and calling it profit. By eliminating the capitalists, the workers could run the plant and keep the profits.

He went on to say that a great revolution would take place and the end result would be a society with no government or laws. Until this occurred though, a dictatorship of the workers would exist. According to Communist dogma, the Soviet Union and Red China are in the midst of this revolution and dictatorship.

However, Marx had one basic flaw in his theory. He assumed that man was perfect. Actually, Marx's theory will never get past the stage of the dictatorship. For once a small group of men get absolute control, they will not release. "Power corrupts: Absolute Power Corrupts Absolutely."

Hence, we have suppression of the individual's rights. We have a tyrannical dictatorship bent on getting all of the power which it can.

Any person who professes to believe in Communism must: (1) disavow the existence of any God - the State is the only Supreme Being, (2) he must believe in the overthrow of all forms of government which are not Communist - including the United States, (3) he can only be satisfied when Communism has con-

quered the world.

This is Communism, and it clearly indicates why we in the United States should be so "picky" about allowing such a system to thrive. And it will thrive, because it promises people pie-in-the-sky dreams which can never be realized.

Communism today is nothing as Marx conceived it. It is absolute, violent, and tyrannical. The individual can say nothing against the State. The plight of the Czech people demonstrates this fact.

I do not believe that there is a "Communist Conspiracy" of any size in this nation, but this isn't to say that it is an impossibility. After all, the Communists managed to overthrow the Russian Czar in 1917.

We cannot allow our young people to be bombarded with Communist doctrine. It can be made quite enhancing. It promises equality of wealth, and food for all, yet it only delivers tyranny and suppression.

No country is immune to Communism. This is a fact we must face, and the best way to see that Communist dogma does not get a foot hold is through public explanation of the system and its faults.

Don West has done nothing at his Camp in Pipestem which violates any laws, so far as we know, but testimony by one Paul Crouch before the House Un-American Activities Committee raises questions. Crouch testified, "I knew him very well, for many years, as Don West and as Jim Weaver. He was district director of the Communist Party of North Carolina while I was district organizer...."

West stated in testimony before the same committee that he was not a member of the Communist Party at the time he was being questioned. He took the Fifth Amendment when he was asked if he was a member prior to his testimony.

West maintains that he took the Fifth only on principal. It seems that he would take the Fifth on every question then, and not answer some while answering others.

This is justification for an investigation into West's present activities. He is not in the McCarthy Era now, and he has no

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EDITORIALS—

Vigilantes Should Confront 'Pipestem Peril' in Court

Since the appearance last Monday of an editorial noting the presence of "vigilantes" in Summers County, several readers have called or written to say it would be more nearly correct to say that most of the "vigilantes" who are harassing Don West at his Pipestem Folk Life Center live in adjoining Mercer County.

The Gazette didn't intend to condemn the people of Summers County, and, indeed, took pains to note that the "vigilantes" aren't typical of Summers County people. Our critics are right, however, when they say Mr. West's school has some determined enemies in Mercer County.

Pipestem is near the Summers-Mercer border. Regardless of the side on which the greater number of Mr. West's enemies live, all of them doubtlessly are inspired to some extent by the fulminations which appear more or less regularly in a Mercer County newspaper, the Princeton Times.

The newspaper's attacks are based on Mr. West's past associations or alleged past associations and rely most heavily on his refusal to reply to testimony that he was a member of the Communist party. The testimony, as far as the Gazette can determine, was given to the House Un-American Activities Committee in 1949. This was nearly 20 years ago, or only slightly less remote in time than Sen. Robert C. Byrd's membership in the Ku Klux Klan.

The Times has never made it clear just what sort of dangers lurk at Pipestem, although it seems to be suggesting that whatever is going on there is certain to be unwholesome. It is possible that it is burdened by the Southern fear of race amalgamation. The Oct. 3 edition quoted from the Congressional Record a contention that Mr. West once was associated with the Highlander Folk School which was a meeting place for "leaders in race agitation." Most of us know that when a Southern congressman speaks of race agitation he means the effort to obtain equal rights for all American citizens, a dastardly undertaking indeed.

The same edition notes that the school at Pipestem appears to have the support of such notorious persons as State Sen. Paul

Kaufman, the Charleston air pollution crusader; William C. Blizzard, a writer for the Sunday Gazette-Mail State Magazine; Russell Lilly, formerly city editor of the Hinton Daily News; Denzil Lyon, president of the Pipestem Community Action Program; Sydney Bell, a history professor at Concord College; and the Rev. James V. Overdorff, who attempted unsuccessfully to practice Christianity in Bluefield.

The Times manages to make these names sound sinister. And that's not all. It notes darkly that John D. Rockefeller IV (the well known Marxist) visited the school and that Mayor John Lindsay of New York heads an agency which is concerned with funds which have gone to the school. Mayor Lindsay, perhaps in an effort to disguise this kind of un-American activity, was one of the endorsers, at the Republican National Convention, of Richard M. Nixon. Further, says the Times, Mrs. Wilbur Cohen has visited the school bearing two anonymous donations. Mrs. Cohen is the wife of the man who heads the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, an agency of the U. S. government, believed on the Far Right to be an alien power.

This massive documentation of the evils existing at Pipestem was concluded with a suggestion for a legislative investigation of the school. "There is sufficient evidence," the Times declares, neglecting to mention any.

We suspect the harried Don West and the fair-minded people of Summers and Mercer counties would welcome such an investigation if it would end, once and for all, the question of Mr. West's alleged guilt.

But investigations cannot settle the question of guilt. Courts can. The Princeton Times and the vigilantes it has aroused should confront Mr. West in court with the crimes they believe he has committed. This is the American way. Or it used to be the American way.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 16

The Charleston Gazette

Charleston, West Va.

Date: 10-11-68

Edition: Valley

Author:

Editor: HARRY HOFFMANN

Title: *Donald West*

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office: Pittsburgh

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Letters to the editor

To The News:

As a relatively new resident of West Virginia, I am somewhat puzzled by the way the State motto, "A Mountaineer Is Always Free" is interpreted in certain situations.

According to the editor of the Princeton Times, Mr. David Pedneau, Don West is not free to operate a school on his own private property without having scurrilous attacks made by Mr. Pedneau. At the same time, Mr. Pedneau apparently feels quite free to continue making these attacks and inciting people to violence because he is convinced that Mr. West is deliberately subverting the youth of West Virginia. As far as I am aware, Mr. Pedneau has no direct evidence for this charge—only his own violent distaste for some ideas Mr. West may or may not have held at another time and in another place.

No newspaper editor, hiding behind the first amendment to the Constitution is free to distort freedom of the press to his own ends. Don West has committed no crime, instigated no plots, planned no conspiracies. His only "crime" in Mr. Pedneau's eyes is that he might have been a communist thirty years ago, and for this reason Mr. Pedneau has taken it upon himself to "expose" Mr. West.

To persecute a man for his presumed ideas hardly seems compatible with West Virginians' sense of fair play. It seems rather more compatible with the communism Mr. Pedneau professes so vehemently to dislike.

Sincerely yours,

Elizabeth K. Blatt
Athens, W. Va.

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(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #4

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 10/11/68

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J.E. Faulconer

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C

Character:

or 100-15680

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Classification:

Submitting Office:

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Never Communist, Ired West Declares

A beleaguered professor-clergyman declared in Charleston Sunday that he isn't, and never was, a Communist.

But he said he wouldn't tell that to congressional probers, because he doesn't think politicians have any right to grill private citizens about their personal beliefs.

The Rev. Donald L. West, speaking at a three-state Unitarian convention in North Charleston, indicated he is annoyed at being forced to make denials and defenses in his own behalf.

Mr. West, founder of the Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem, Summers County, has been under intensive attack by two small newspapers and a group called Citizens for the Prevention of Anti-American Infiltration into Summers County. (Mr. West said Sunday the



The Rev. Donald West
Never a Commie

group consists only of "a few fundamentalist preachers" whose effort is being aided by "drunks and half-drunks from the beer joints.")

The opponents have pointed out that Mr. West helped found a Tennessee folk school in 1932 which was declared, years later, to be subversive; that he "took the Fifth Amendment" when called before congressional committees; and that an informer once testified that West had been a Communist party district official.

MR. WEST said in Charleston Sunday that the informer's testimony was "completely false."

"I have never been a card-carrying Communist, nor a card-carrying member of any political party," the former University of Maryland professor said.

"I was called before the Eastland committee, and refused to answer questions. Sen. Eastland gets \$13,000 a month government subsidy for not growing crops on his land, while welfare children in his state get \$9 a

month. I'm not going to let a man like that question my loyalty to America . . ."

Mr. West admitted that he has been a lifelong social activist—that he led a student strike while in college—that he was a union organizer in the Kentucky coal fields in the bitter Depression years when unions were illegal—that some of the men he worked with in the 1930s "may or may not have been Communists . . . I never asked their personal beliefs . . ."

"I'm guilty of not being a Johnny-come-lately to the social concerns that so many young people today think they're discovering for the first time," he said. ". . . I'm guilty of writing poetry about the problems of the poor . . ."

(One of his poetry books sold more than 100,000 copies.)

The retired professor said he and his wife invested their life savings in the youth camp at Pipestem in an effort to give underprivileged youngsters a better chance in life.

A prime goal of the camp, he said, is to teach people that the Southern Appalachians have a history of democratic ferment which has been ignored and forgotten. Mountain people were the leading foes of slavery before the Civil War, he said, and chief operators of the "underground railroad" which smuggled runaway slaves to freedom. Later, he said, the mountains fostered the Populist movement and labor movements dedicated to democratic principles.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 3

The Charleston Gazette

Charleston, West Va.

Date: 10-14-68

Edition: Valley

Author:

Editor: HARRY HOFFMANN

Title:

100-

Character: b6
or b7C

Classification:

Submitting Office: Pittsburgh

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(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 4

The Charleston Gazette

Charleston, West Va.

Date: 10-14-68
Edition: Valley
Author:
Editor: HARRY HOFFMANN
Title: 100-

Character: b6
or b7C

Classification:
Submitting Office: Pittsburgh

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tial violence and arson to our center has been inflammatory editorials in the Princeton Times, in Mercer County. After these editorials appeared, cars loaded with hoodlum-type characters, sometimes drunk or drinking, have trespassed upon our place, making threats and insulting remarks to girls and women.

In Summers County the Hinton Daily News has been consistently fair and unbiased in reporting the news about our center. It hasn't stopped to print unfounded rumors, but has tried to tell the truth. This is all we ask of any newspaper.

The only time there was any ugly reaction from Summers County was when one of the Princeton Times editorials

was reprinted as a paid advertisement in the Hinton Daily News and signed by some "committee." This advertisement brought a few carloads of ugly talkers. I am informed the advertisement was sponsored by a couple of preachers who forgot that Jesus taught love and instructed his followers against judging others.

But this type of preacher isn't typical of the ministers of Hinton and Summers County. I find them — as I find the Summers County newspapers, businessmen and people generally — to be friendly, cooperative and fair-minded.

Don West, Director
Appalachian South Folklife
Pipestem

All Not Acting Ugly

Editor the Gazette:

While appreciating the purpose and intent of your lead editorial of Oct. 7, I seriously doubt that there are any organized vigilantes worth mentioning in Summers County.

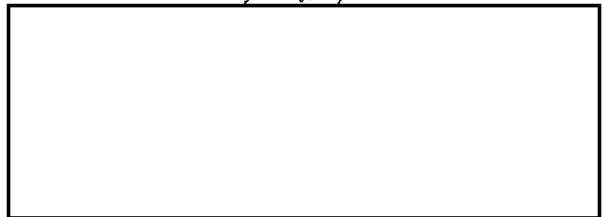
The main source of poten-

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2,
if anything can be done.

Sincerely yours,
An interested Citizen of
Summers Co.

P.S.

Vista workers are coming into West's Camp
Monday Oct. 14 for "training" - perhaps
"HIS" training - also he is trying to become
Head of Econ. Opp. Prog in Summers Co

Now he is in Washington to speak at
an Ec. Opportunity meeting somewhere.
It seems he must be in with some of
the Heads of Econ. Opp. in Wash
too.

People in Summers Co. are
afraid of what he is teaching.

Hope there is some way to
find out what is taught
behind closed doors as that is
what went on this summer.

Oct. 14, 1968

Dear Mr.

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DATE 08-19-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JM

I am a resident of Summers County and am interested in the welfare of our people and the nation. So I am writing to tell you there will be a group taking classes of some kind at the Don West place beginning around the 8th of Nov. and lasting for 2 wks. The young people there last summer were taught for 6 wks. behind closed doors and people of this county would like to know what is being taught at the place. We thought perhaps the FBI might find out something as to the teaching if you could send someone there in disguise to the class. People who seem to know, think communism is being taught there. People are pretty worried about this and don't want to sit helplessly by and let it happen

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Top O' The Morning Would Jesus Say 'Well Done'?

By CHARLOTTE FLESHMAN

The Rev. Donald L. West, retired clergyman-professor, who founded the Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem in Summers County a year and a half ago, is being victimized by the worst kind of un-Americanism possible under our democratic form of government.

Because he practices a brand of Christianity unrecognizable by a fundamentalist minister and a weekly newspaper editor, he is being harassed. His wife and some camp youth have even been subjected to indignity by a gang of drunks.

Acting as judge and jury, a few self-appointed guardians of thought and action seemingly have decided that anyone who believes in a doctrine of brotherhood — as West obviously does — just must be a Communist or a hippie and in either case should "git!"

Actually, West's own background probably isn't very different from that of his oppressors. He is a Georgia native reared in the Baptist faith. He outgrew denominationalism as an adult, although still believing "very devoutly" and translating his religious convictions into social action.

He is an ordained minister of the Universal Christian Church, and a former university professor. He has taught at Oglethorpe University in Georgia, the University of Georgia, and the University of Maryland.

After retirement, he and his wife invested their life savings in a youth camp at Pipestem with the stated purpose of giving underprivileged young people a better chance in life.

"We were doing what we could to help the state through young people," said West yesterday, "and all was peaceful until that Princeton Times editorial called the camp a 'hippie haven' with 'free love' and such."

This was reprinted as a paid advertisement signed by what West believes is "a fictitious group" called Citizens for the Prevention of Anti-American Infiltration into Summers County.

"Papers were distributed free in the beer joints," explained West, "and carloads of half-drunks came out and tried to get the women to go to bed with them. It was terrible!"

West was away from camp that night. He had taken 93 Appalachian young people on a cultural trip to Washington, D. C.

Since then, the situation has deteriorated into one in which West is accused of having helped to found, in 1932, a Tennessee folk school, which was declared to be subversive years later. He also is accused of taking the fifth amendment, when called before a congressional committee. Latest accusation, allegedly from testimony of an "informer," is that West was once a Communist party district official.

West ignored all the charges, saying only that "if my life and work do not speak for themselves, of what use would words be?"

However, he did respond to an invitation of the Kanawha Valley Unitarian Fellowship to speak about it in Charleston Sunday at a district convention attended by about 100 Unitarians from Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia.

He categorically denied testimony of the "informer" as "completely false" but readily admitted to having taken the fifth amendment.

"I was called before the Eastland committee and refused to answer questions," West told Unitarians. "Senator Eastland gets \$13,000 a month government subsidy for not growing crops on his land while welfare children in his state get \$9 a month. I'm not going to let a man like that question MY loyalty to America!"

In our conversation yesterday, West said he wasn't "a Communist or anything else subversive, but I refused to say so in Washington. It's a matter of principle."

Even if West were a Communist, which seems very unlikely, it's no crime. It's perfectly legal in the United States; where a man may believe whatever he pleases.

That's what makes this such a wonderful country!

In our free land, a man can even go around doing the work of Jesus if he wishes, and if he is strong enough to withstand attacks from Sunday religionists who don't understand weekday Christians.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 4

Beckley Post-Herald

Beckley, W. Va.

Date: 10/15/68

Edition:

Author: CHARLOTTE FLESHMAN

Editor: E. J. HODEL

Title: DONALD L. WEST

Character: SM

or

Classification: 100

Submitting Office: PITTSBURGH

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Letter to the editor

Athens W. Va. 24712
To The News:

I am writing to protest the article by Mr. Dave Pedneau that appeared in the September 26 edition of the Princeton Times. The article attacked Mr. Don West and his Pipestem enterprise as being Communist-affiliated and called for an investigation of Mr. West's Folk Life Center. The article ended with the assertion that since Mr. West had circulated letters requesting contributions, area residents were justified in visiting the camp. The last sentence of the article read "At least drive by and allow West to know that you know he is there."

I feel that Mr. Pedneau is justified in asking for investigation of Mr. West and his Folk Life Center, if he finds

the place disturbing and has legal grounds for such an investigation. But any such investigation should be done by legally - empowered authorities, not by just any individual who disapproves of Mr. West or his farm. Furthermore, Mr. West's property should not be subject to intrusion by curiosity-seekers or self-styled patriots-- either before, during, or after any legal investigation.

At the invitation of a friend of Mr. West, I visited Mr. West's farm and met the man for the first time yesterday. He was kind enough to show my wife and me his place and to try to explain what he plans to do there. It happens that I don't feel that he has much chance of accomplishing a lot at Pipestem; but that is a difference of opinion between Mr. West and me. Certainly, his modest camp is a poor excuse for a den of Communists; and the man himself does not impress me as a plotter against his country. Rather, he thinks he can do some good for the Appalachian region by encouraging local crafts, holding country music festivals, and giving orphans and school dropouts a congenial atmosphere in which to develop into useful citizens.

Maybe he can. I doubt it, but it is now obvious to me that he will certainly do no harm to Pipestem, West Virginia, or the United States. His right to use his farm as he sees fit, within the law, should not be open to question by a newspaper writer; and the suggestion that area residents "...drive by and allow West to know that you know he is there" is irresponsible journalism.

I would not wish to live in an America that allowed intemperate newspapermen to decide who shall live in peace and who shall be subject to harassment and intrusion. I doubt seriously that Mr. Pedneau would, either, should he be unfortunate enough to be the object rather than the agent of such an attack.

Sincerely,
Laurence E. Bayless

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #4

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 10/17/68

Edition:

Author: L. E. BAYLESS

Editor: J. E. FAULCONER

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C

Character:

or 100-15680

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Classification:

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Submitting Office:

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OCT 22 1968

PITTSBURGH

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680)

DATE: 10/11/68

FROM : SA [redacted]

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SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C
(OO-BA)

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Numerous newspaper clippings have been forwarded to the office from Ronceverte, Bluefield and Charleston RAs regarding subject and his camp at Pipestem, W. Va. Also one letter regarding subject was forwarded by the Bureau. A review of these items indicates that considerable research in the files of the Pittsburgh Division needs to be done regarding individuals mentioned.

SA [redacted] has 70 other cases assigned to him, some of which are major criminal cases and a number of leads in ITSMV Ring cases and is badly in need of assistance in this particular case.

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In view of the above, it is requested that this case be re-assigned to an agent in the Pittsburgh office who is familiar with Security Matters for review, research and preparation of proper communications in this case.

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gap

*West is a Reserve Index - A Subject (Baltimore origin)
Determine whether is actually residing in W. Va.
or still maintains his residence in Baltimore,
and operated the camp in Pipestem only during
summer. If latter furnish summary of activities
to BA. If of a permanent resident of W. Va. Advise
3A and suggest they change origin to Pgh.
Also copy each serial being sent for review
to determine whether Bureau authority should be requested
to investigate Appalachian South Folk Center in accordance with 87-E M&I*

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OCT 14 1968
By Rm

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UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH

DATE: 11/5/68

FROM : SA [redacted]

b6
b7C
b7D

SUBJECT: DON WEST:
Appalachian Folklife Center
American Ethical Culture Society
Pipestem, W. Va.
SM-C

Mrs. [redacted] who resides at [redacted]
[redacted] Huntington, W. Va. [redacted] in Huntington
advised on [redacted] that she is a [redacted] Mrs. [redacted]
is presently the [redacted] of Inter-Club Council, Huntington
area women clubs, Huntington, W. Va.

Mrs. [redacted] made available the attached article
appearing in "Gazette mail- State Magazine," 9/1/68,
Charleston, W. Va. entitled "Project Pipestem". Mrs. [redacted]
advised that she is acquainted with subject Don West and his
possible communist affiliations and that she desired to call
the attached article to the attention of the FBI.

The above is submitted for record purposes.

2-Pittsburgh

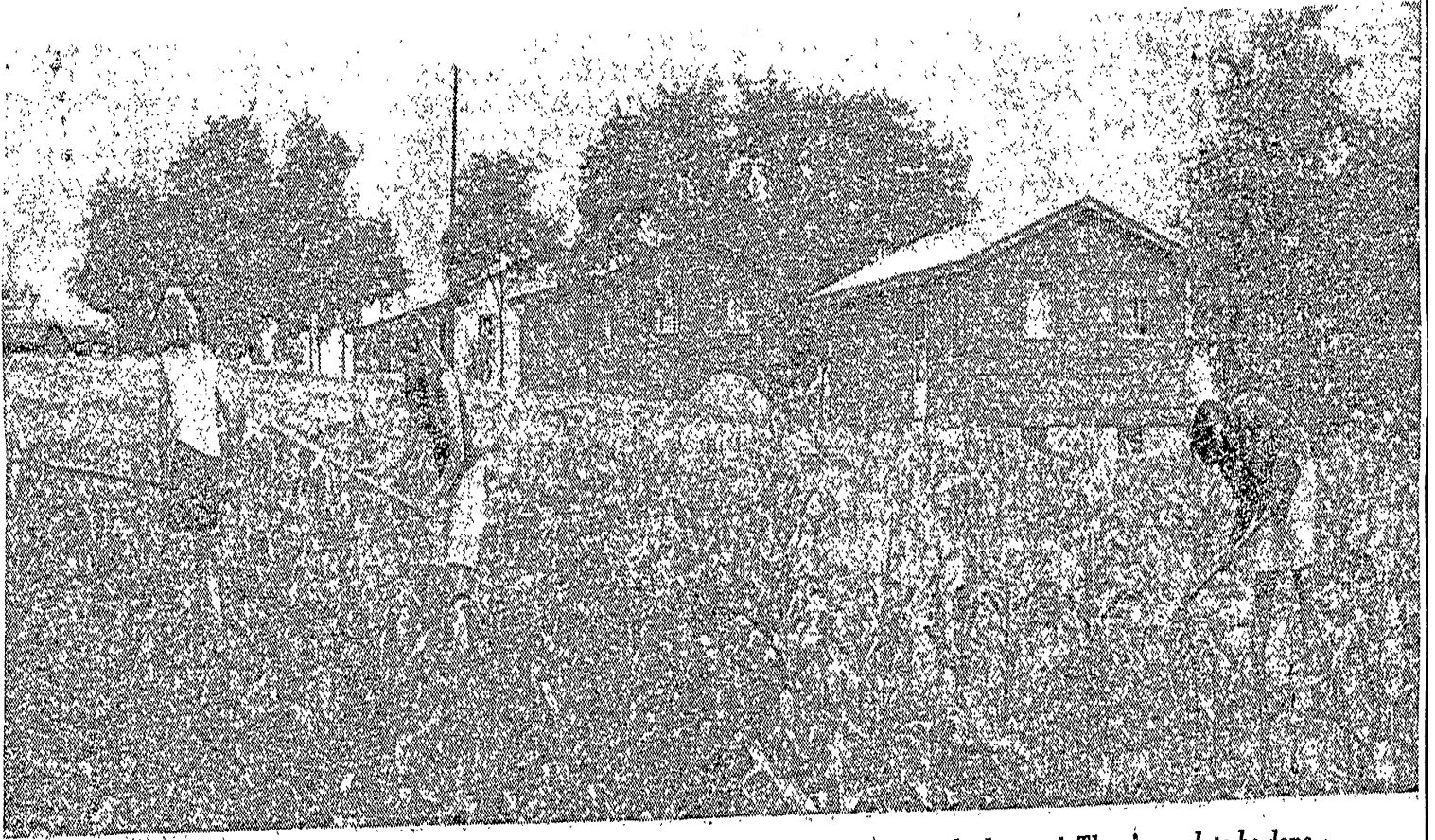
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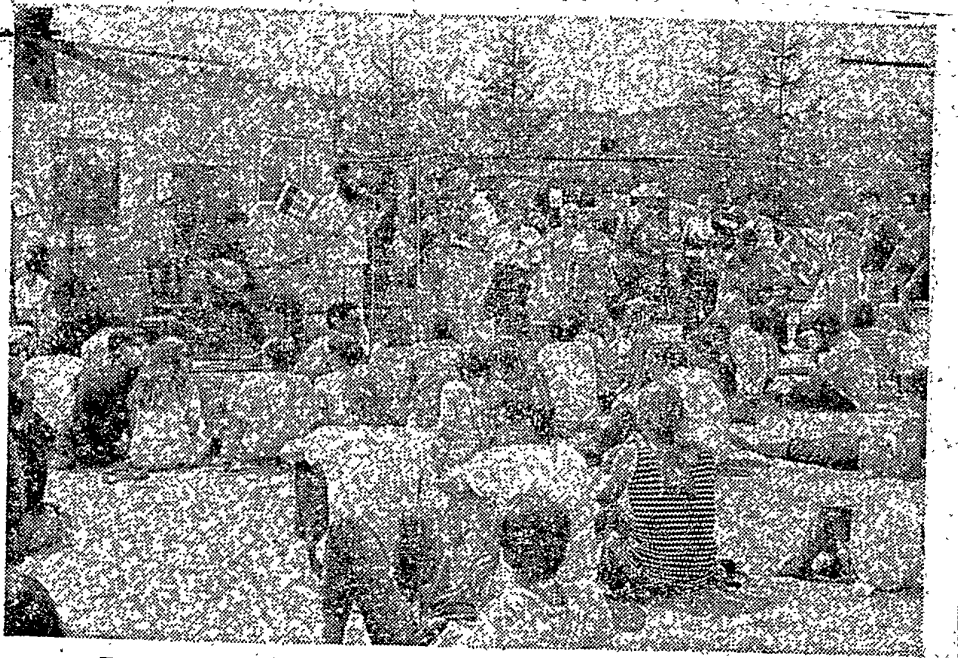
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Encampment students chop weeds out of corn, Girls' dormitories and dining hall are in background. There's much to be done.



Part of crowd at first annual Pipestem Folk Festival.



Don West and Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen, wife of U. S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

It is planned that a smaller student group will come to Pipestem this fall and remain for the winter.

"In the winter," said West, "our program will be geared to the needs of our own mountain people. Next summer we hope to have a larger encampment here, and next fall perhaps a full student body."

Although some parts of a traditional curriculum will be taught at what West calls the Pipestem Encampment for Citizenship, so that those who need help in specific areas such as mathematics, English, science or other fields may get it, such teaching is not West's primary Pipestem purpose.

"And," he said, "we're not a trade school either, though we want to have our own printing press, and operate a farm, so that skills will arise from actual practice."

What, then, will the school at Pipestem teach?

"Our program," said West, "will be geared to cultural anthropology, though I should perhaps take back the long words. By this I mean that we study our own mountain culture and the ways of the people of different backgrounds and races."

I gathered that many common concepts, or cliches, of conventional education would receive some hard knocks in West encampment. He deploras, for instance, the dominance of Confederate oriented teachers and professors throughout the United States after the Civil War, teachers who perpetuated the myth of "happy Sambo" on antebellum plantations, who defied Robert E. Lee, who falsified the history of the South, and who contributed to today's prevalent white racism.

"The first abolitionist newspaper in the United States," he said, "was published in the town of Jonesboro, in East Tennessee, when William Lloyd Garrison was only 10 years old. During the years preceding the Civil War there were 10 times as many abolitionists in the mountains of Western North Carolina as there were in New England and New York combined."

★ ★ ★

West's Encampment for Citizenship is a part of what he hopes to build as The Appalachian Folklife Center at Pipestem. It is one of five such camps, sponsored by the American Ethical Culture Society with headquarters in New York City. Three of the camps are in the United States, one in Mexico, and another is in Puerto Rico.

The stated purpose of the encampments everywhere is to encourage teenagers from varied ethnic, religious and geographical backgrounds to get together and understand one another. The encampments are largely self governed, with workshops around such topics as World Affairs, Practical Politics, Youth Issues, and Community Development.

In a printed circular, West described the broad aims of his proposed Appalachian South Folklife Center:

"A Universal Christian Center dedicated to a mountain heritage of freedom, self respect and independence with human dignity to the end that people of all races, faiths, and nationalities may better understand one another's religion and culture and work and live together for peace, brotherhood and plenty for all."

It's a long sentence and a big dream. It is Don West's Pipestem dream. Will it ever become full-blown, self-sustaining reality?

Who knows the future? Those who know Don West are singing along with the poet from Georgia.

ries were in line with a somewhat more roughly constructed dining hall and behind them were two house trailers, one the temporary Pipestem home of Don West and his wife.

Centrally located was a small farmhouse with a concrete-floored porch, the porch looking as if it has been smashed by a powerful hammerblow from the sky. The house itself appearing reeling, wobbly, and unrecovered from the thunderbolt.

Except for temporary occupancy by some freelance photographers covering the Festival, the house was not occupied in the usual sense. But Constance West was utilizing a front room as an art studio, busily doing an oil portrait of a bewhiskered man who turned out to be John Hill, old-time fiddler extraordinary from Tannersville, Va.

Because much of the land in front of the weary house had been plowed, and other areas had been freshly scraped of topsoil by new construction, Don West's establishment had a raw, rough appearance, looking much as a new prairie farm home must have looked in the old homesteading days.

Stacked around the area were piles of old, used lumber salvaged by local volunteer labor from abandoned buildings at Pipestem State Park, the bent, rusty nails in the boards making red slashes against the face of the blue sky.

Despite the roughness, it was obvious that the place was rich in potential beauty, perched on a ridge with tiered backdrops of blue-shrouded hills receding ever more mistily into the distance. And it was obvious that Don West was ignoring the arid, ugly present in his view of the lush, beautiful future.

"That old house," said West, "will be completely made over. We have a natural amphitheater on that hill over there, and we hope to have it completed for our annual festival next year. Eventually, we'll have many more buildings, a folklife museum, a printing press, and a farm that will furnish much of our food."

★ ★ ★

The First Annual Pipestem Festival was held on a rather hastily constructed outdoor stage surrounded by a sawdust-covered arena. On two successive days, about 400 guests watched guitarists, fiddlers, banjoists, dulcimer players and singers perform old mountain tunes.

Michael Kline, a talented composer of protest songs from Vinton, Ohio, entertained the crowd with guitar-accompanied musical complaints about the contemporary state of affairs in the Appalachian coal fields.

The festival, dedicated to the late Vivian Vest (a male, despite the name) of Pipestem, was well covered by representatives of the West Virginia press from Hinton, Princeton, Bluefield, and Charleston. Cine-

matographers headed by Gene Shapiro of New York City filmed a color documentary with elaborate camera and sound equipment. Another professional, Osiris R. Dias of Brazil, recorded the mountain music and photographed performers with both still and movie equipment.

There was no doubt that the Festival was a resounding success, despite the failure to show of Harry Caudill and Hedy West, the latter a folk-singer daughter of Don and Constance. Paul Kaufman of Charleston, recent unsuccessful candidate for the West Virginia gubernatorial nomination, did appear, and spoke briefly, as did Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen, wife of the U. S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare.

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But I was still not entirely clear as to what Don West was doing and had in mind at Pipestem, and I interviewed him to find out.

One thing I was clear about, without being told, though Don West wasn't shy in telling me: He can use money for his project, although he has put in about \$75,000 of his own money, virtually everything he owns.

A great financial helper to West, present at the Festival, has been Mrs. Wilbur J. Cohen. On two occasions she got \$5,000 grants for the Pipestem project from a small Washington, D. C., philanthropic foundation, and \$1,000 from the Benedum Foundation, a fund set up by the late oil wildcatter from the Mountain State.

Just what is West building at Pipestem?

"We are setting up here," he told me, "a school for dropouts, a home for orphans, and a folklife center, including a museum and library. We accept students from the ages of about 14 to 18, and we intend to include teaching of creative arts, including writing and the crafts.

"We're looking for young people who have dropped out of school, those we feel may be interested in getting back into the educational process. We'll try to make it possible here for them to pass the high-school equivalency exam, if they wish to do so; but we're more interested in stimulating young people to think in terms of values that are worthy of a young person committing a life to in this day and time."

This summer, the first summer there has been a six-weeks residence school, there are 55 young men and women in attendance, of backgrounds varied both ethnically and geographically.

"Among our students," said West, "we have a Cheyenne Indian from Montana, a Sioux Indian from the Rosebud Reservation in South Dakota, one Canadian kid and another from California, one student from Guam, and yet another from Nicaragua. We also have 15 students — Negroes — from Bedford-Stuyvesant in Brooklyn."

Student fees at present, if I understood correctly, have been waived in exchange for donated labor, but will be charged on a more usual basis as the encampment becomes established.

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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Project Pinestem

The tall, sunburned man in overalls and straw hat spoke rapidly: "Did you know," he asked, "that from North Georgia and North Alabama up to the Mason and Dixon, which includes nearly all of West Virginia, more men volunteered for the Union Army during the Civil War than would have been the draft quota?"

"And they volunteered with no promise of bounty or anything, only with the certainty that their homes would be devastated, as they often were, if Confederate forces came to the area."

The tall man was Don West, and he was speaking in Pipestem, W. Va., Although in his rough attire West appeared as closely wed to the earth as any mortgage-ridden dirt farmer he would blend perfectly into any Saturday afternoon gathering in any rural area, he can hardly be classed as a simple son of the soil.

For nearly all his adult life, Don West has been a schoolteacher at elementary, secondary, and college levels, a teacher, for the most part, in the Appalachian South. Most recently, before moving to Pipestem (named for a shrub, Spiraea alba, that grows profusely in the area, once furnishing stems for chile and cornop pipes), he taught educational philosophy at the University of Maryland.

A Georgia and Western North Carolina native, West began teaching in the harsh, coal-mining area of Eastern Kentucky, where he met his wife, Constance, an artist and art teacher. After a lifetime (he is now 59) of teaching within the confines—more or less—of conventional pedagogy, he is attempting to realize a dream of his own school and folklife center developed in accordance with his own concepts.

Like his friend and fellow Appalachian, Harry Caudill of Kentucky, West does a lot of writing and speaking on his favorite subject and favorite area: The Appalachian South.

He publishes a magazine by that name, and plans to set up a press and publication center on his 350-acre farm near Pipestem. He is also a poet and a minister in the Universal Christian Church.

"The Appalachian South," said West, "and in this case I'm referring to my magazine, has quite a wide circulation. It goes to over 300 libraries in this country, and to eight foreign nations.

"A book of poems I published in 1946, 'Clods of Southern Earth,' sold over 100,000 copies, something of a record for that sort of thing, according to my publisher."

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On August 2 and 3, West held at his Pipestem farm the First Annual Appalachian South Folk Festival. Sometimes called more

simply the Pipestem Folk Festival, it was designed in part to let the curious know the meaning of the recent activity concentrated on 350 acres of rolling, loamy plateau between Hinton and Princeton.

Many local people already knew, for they are involved in the Appalachian South Folklife Center construction now going on. An Elks lodge at Princeton, for instance, contributed locust support posts for use on a basketball court. There were local "work ins," this summer, sometimes lasting all day and involving 100 or more people, to erect a dining hall and dormitories for Don West's students and guests.

West has contributed land for a community center, where a building is being erected by local people organized as Community Group, Inc., and has given another chunk of property for use as a playground, a ballpark, and other community purposes.

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Proceeding south from Hinton on W. Va. 20, you turn east near Pipestem and follow a dusty secondary road for a few miles to find West's farm, where the main buildings are located perhaps 300 yards from the highway.

At the time of the Festival it had been a hot, dry summer in the area, and a pallid patina of dust coated everything—people, cars, buildings, musical instruments, tape recorders, cameras. Two long, barrack-style, dormitory

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

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CHARLESTON W. VA.

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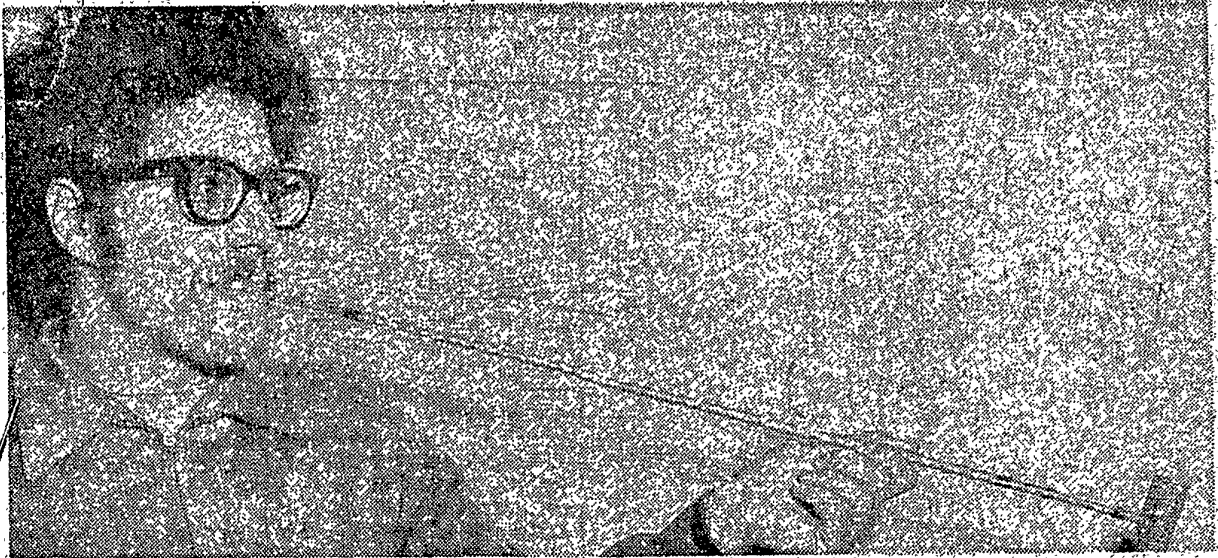
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PIPESTEM, SUMMERS COUNTY, gets its name from peculiar pipestems made in the area, oldtimers say. Hollow, reed-like plants that grow nearby are used to make "Pipestem pipes." Here, John Florio of New Jersey, a VISTA worker, tries one of the pipes at the Appalachian South Folklife Center.
(Staff Photo)

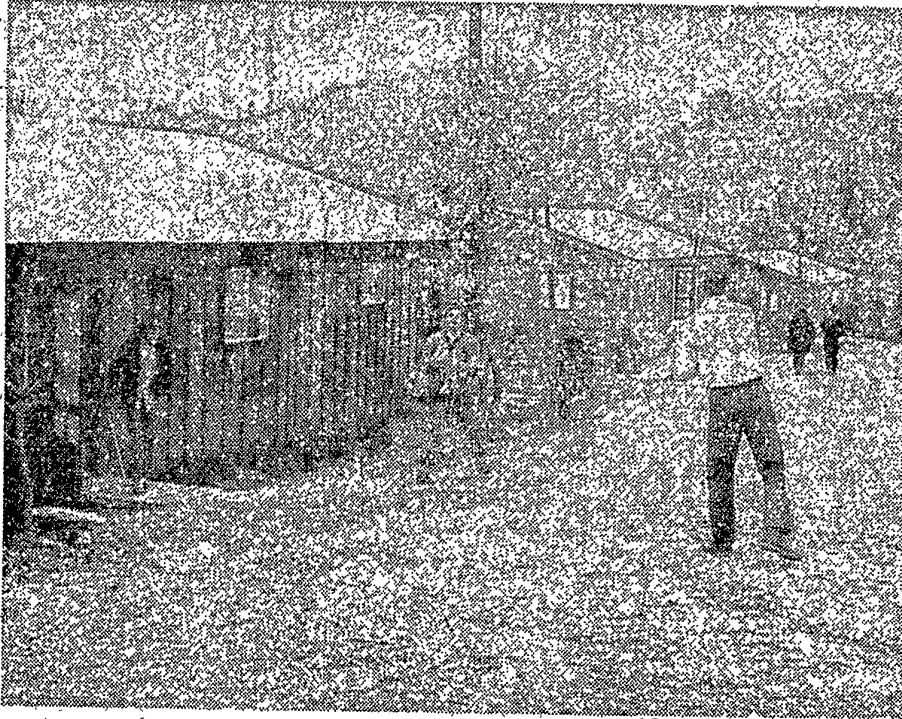
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Paul Hickey

DONALD L. ...
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4 The Charleston Gazette Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1968



OUTDOOR ROMPING is part of life at the Appalachian South Folklife Center. These youths toss a football out-

side some of the buildings at the Summers County mountain retreat. (Staff Photo)

Page #4

The Charleston
Gazette

Charleston, W. Va.

(2 attachments)

11/12/68

Opal Ripley

DONALD LEE WEST
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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Appalachian Culture Revived To Elevate Economic Status

By Opal Ripley
Staff Writer

PIPESTEM — A revival of Appalachian culture and human concern are the basic ingredients for a movement which has been launched in this rural community of Summers County to elevate the economic and social status.

At the helm of the restoration project is Don West, a

Georgia native, who is an ardent believer and promoter of traditional mountain culture as a means of renewing self-respect and self-confidence of Appalachia territory residents.

West selected a 350 - acre tract of rolling farm land near Athens on which to establish his "Appalachian South Folk-Life Center." During the past 18 months, the gray-haired

teacher-historian has constructed two dormitories and a dining-assembly room at the location.

Also, West said, that he has deeded to the Pipestem Community Group Inc., land on which to build a community center, library, health facility and a general meeting place, and that he plans to construct a recreation complex on part of the tract.

His basic interests, the community benefactor claims, are in helping orphans and school dropouts "to get back in the swing of education" and to directing their interests to values

worthy of their time and energy."

WEST SAID HE is financing the center with a \$75,000 savings account accumulated by himself and Mrs. West during their careers in the teaching field. He told of teaching in secondary schools and universities in the Appalachian region, and Mrs. West is teaching this year in Maryland. He added that the center has been given grants totalling \$11,000.

Supporting West's apparent interest in young people, is his current project of sponsoring a training school for 56 Volunteers in Service to America (VISTA). The college-age youths whose homes are located in various parts of the country from Maine to California, are being told of the "rich heritage that belongs to the region," and that "the poverty of the southern mountains is rooted in the basically colonial relationship the area has had with industrialized sections of the country."

Also, it is being pointed out to

the trainees that the mountain people have become increasingly impoverished, and drained of wealth, talent and hope, by absentee land owners who capitalized on Appalachia's natural resources.

The VISTAs' three-week training course includes specialized sessions as was conducted prior to a dinner meeting Friday when Pat R. Hamilton, Oak Hill lawyer, was speaker.

Hamilton explored for the group functions of the different governmental levels in this state from municipalities to the state legislature and the governor's responsibilities. Following his address, a lengthy question and answer period was provided for the young people.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #4

The Charleston
Gazette

Charleston, W. Va.

(2 attachments)

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Edition:
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Editor:
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(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

* * *

Bristol, Va. 24201

TO THE NEWS:

In a recent issue of the Princeton Times are a number of pictures of the buildings at Don West's school. One wonders whether the editor crawled through the bushes and took these pictures surreptitiously or whether he came posing as a friend expecting the pictures to be targets for the drunks who appeared a few days after the pictures and the scurrilous attack in a front page editorial.

Mr. West, some students from Yale University and the good people of Pipestem spent a good part of last year constructing those buildings out of material salvaged from various sources because there was little money. A few drunken rowdies, goaded to action by an irresponsible editor, can destroy in minutes what has taken many responsible, dedicated people many months to build.

Don West, whom I have known most of his adult life, is by profession, a teacher. But he is more. He is a humane, civilized man, a scholar and a poet who is known and respected in the most literate circles of America. He has studied and taught in many colleges and universities. No other man of my acquaintance would exchange a lucrative job in a college and a life of security and comfort for the financially hazardous undertaking that now faces him. The only compensation he gets is the satisfaction that comes to a compassionate, civilized man who attempts to conserve and salvage the nation's most valuable asset.

His undertaking is made doubly difficult by the malevolent and malicious attacks coming from the Princeton Times and the Kanawha Valley News Leader. The freedom of the Press should mean the freedom to build rather than the freedom to destroy.

E. S. Fraley

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #4

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 11/13/68

Edition:

Author: E.S. Fraley

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Title:

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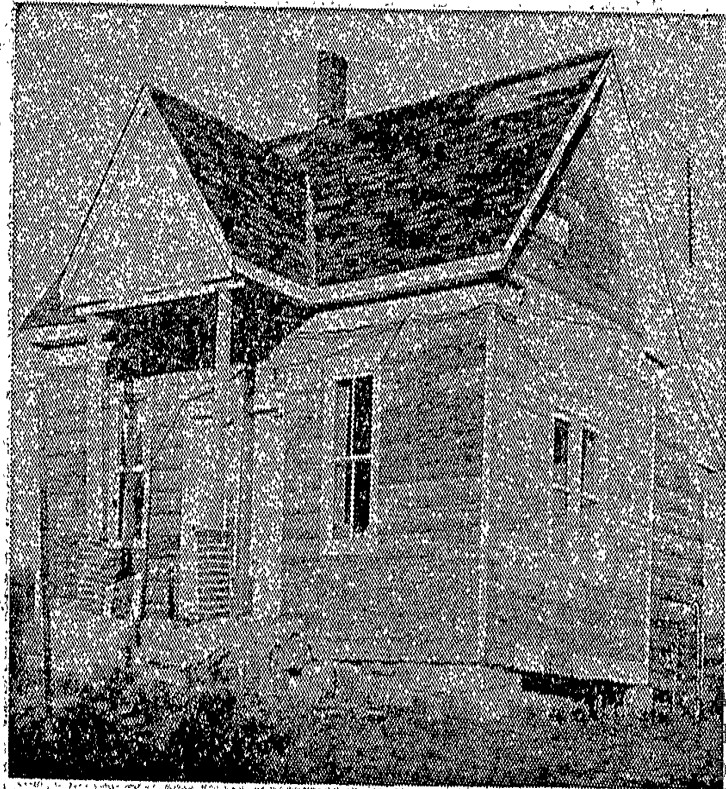
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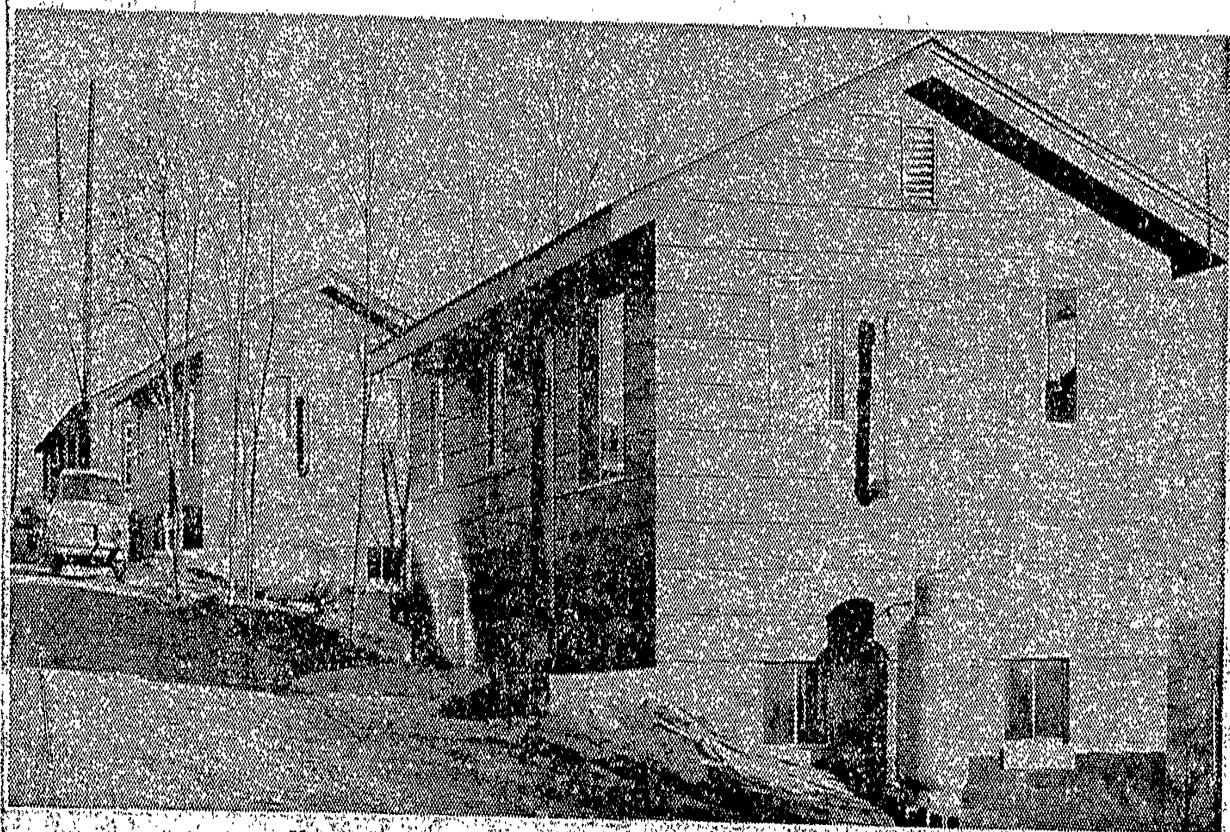
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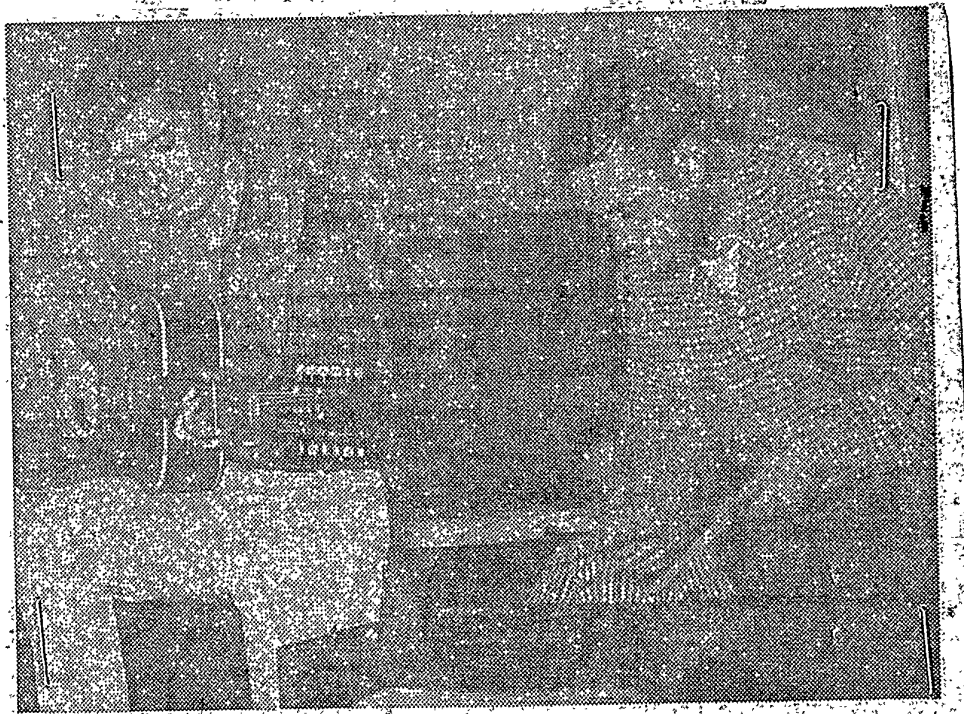
There Was Only This Old House



Now There Are Three New Buildings--More To Come



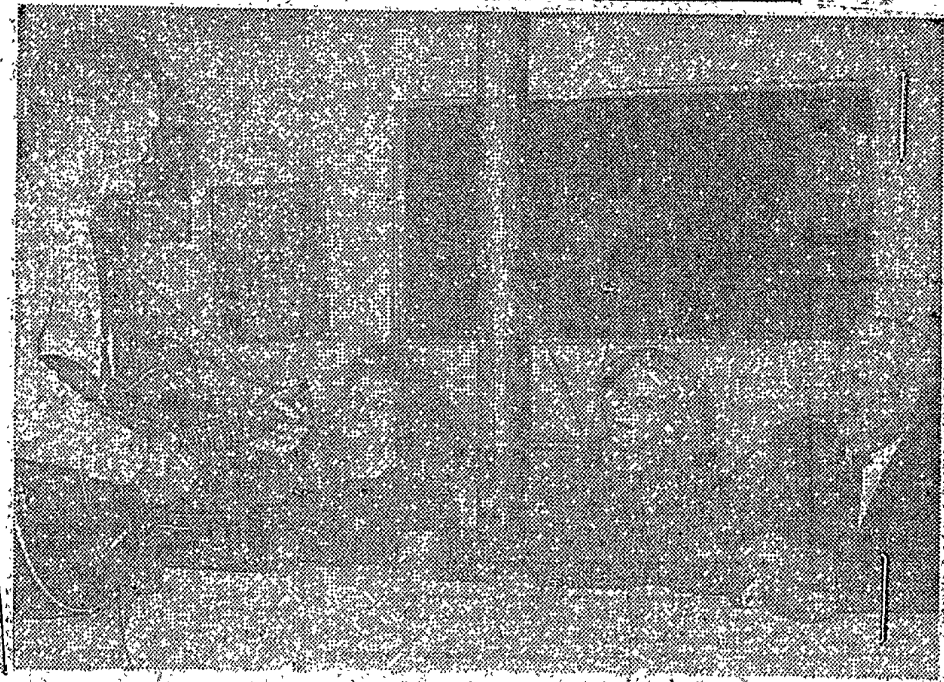
Dr. Karl Fezer, head of biology department at Concord College, left, and Mrs. Louise Gerrard, director of research for the West Virginia Department of Mental Health, center left, were among guests at a small folk festival staged for 56 Vistas. People of the community attend events.



Franklin George of Bluefield, right, shown here playing the hammered dulcimer with a New York Vista guitarist, was the star performer on the evening's program devoted to Appalachian folk music. George, whose people came here from Scotland seven generations ago, also played bagpipes, fiddled, and plucked a handmade banjo. He will demonstrate instruments Dec. 4 on WOAY-TV.



Mrs. Terry Bott of Beckley, right, auditing study sessions of Vistas at Pipestem this week, lends a helping hand at dinner hour to Mrs. Clifton Trail, left, and Mrs. Alfred Ramsey, center, members of the Pipestem Community Group, which will clear about \$2,500 from serving meals to current batch of Vistas, all of whom are assigned to work in West Virginia. Group's earnings will finance community projects.



Among local participants in the informal program, was Montie Vest, standing, who sang and played guitar. Pipestem, Mrs. Art Bush of Hinton, who also sang, and Mrs. Ola Vest or Mr. Bush.

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Don West, founder of Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem, looks at portrait his wife, Constance Adams West, painted of Vivian West, late teacher, pipemaker and dulcimer player of Pipestem, who

influenced West to locate in Summers County. About 100 of Mrs. West's portraits of native mountaineers "important in their time and place" will hang in a museum now under construction at Pipestem.
(Post-Herald Photos)



West, left, accepted invitation of the Rev. Maurice Miller, right, to speak at the Athens United Methodist Church Sunday night. He spoke in Princeton last Sunday.

PIPESTEM RESIDENTS and academic people from the region show confidence in him, but he is understandably concerned about the charges that have been leveled at him by a few extreme rightists.

He realizes that this shadow cast over the embryonic Appalachian South Folklife Center could jeopardize its future if he makes the slightest move to arouse suspicion of John Birch types.

So it isn't likely that he will be teaching young people about Communism. This is unfortunate. West knows about Communism. He has probed it in depth, as he has studied all forms of government, and he has found other systems inferior to our American way.

He has come to the conclusion that education is the solution to the problems of Appalachia, and this is what he wants to help provide for young highlanders.

He wants to teach them to have pride in their heritage, to strive for knowledge, to develop confidence in themselves, and to work hard and unceasingly toward high goals.

THE VISION is clearing again now as people begin to see what West is trying to achieve—what, indeed, he already is achieving at Pipestem.

Three rustic-modern, two-level buildings have been completed and another is under construction. Grants totalling \$11,000 have been given to the center, and support in other forms has come from friends and former academic associates of West and his family.

For example, hundreds of books have been shipped to him so he can establish a library. It will be the first public library in Summers County.

The library will be in a building to be known as the Pipestem Community Center, and which also will house a museum and health facility. There will be outdoor recreational facilities, too.

West already has deeded to the Pipestem Community Group, Inc., the land on which the community center is to be constructed on two levels.

IN THE MUSEUM will be Mrs. West's portraits of native mountain people "who meant something in their time and place." Several of these are hanging now on the walls of the dining-assembly building.

One is a painting of Vivian Vest, the Pipestem pipemaker and dulcimer player who en-

couraged West to locate at Pipestem. His portrait was exhibited by Mrs. West at the Philadelphia Folk Festival last summer, shortly before Vest died.

His son and daughter-in-law, Montie and Violet Vest, like and respect West. They report he is a "good neighbor" and that he was extremely kind and helpful to them during a period of illness in the Vest family. They consider West "a fine person" and believe that his project is "worthwhile."

"West Virginia will really profit," declared Mrs. Vest, "if Mr. West can do what he is trying to accomplish."

She made this statement publicly in the dining-assembly hall recently when guests were being introduced during a small-scale folk festival.

THE FESTIVAL featured Franklin George of Bluefield, who is a resource person for West Virginia University and other schools as a dulcimer, bagpipes, banjo, and violin player of authentic Appalachian folk music. He'll perform in a folklore event of the University of Chicago in February.

But others participated in the musical evening at Pipestem.

Montie Vest strummed his guitar and sang. He was joined in one number by his wife, and in another by Mrs. Art Bush, Methodist Church vocalist there as a guest with her husband, Hinton Rotary Club president.

George Blankenship fiddled and sang. Another Pipestem man, Richard Glass, played his guitar alone and also in duet with Franklin George, who also teamed up later with a young New York Vista guitarist.

The Bluefield man teasingly called the Vista a "flat land furriner" and set about to teach him authentic versions of songs the city lad had sung.

LATER IN THE evening, coffee cups and pop bottles were set aside occasionally while everyone joined in singing familiar folk songs. The evening was typical of many now providing an outlet for area talent untapped for many years.

The festival was arranged primarily for 56 Vista trainees, who were learning construction during 10 days at Pipestem, and were being given bonus exposures to mountain heritage in the evenings.

On the evening before, West had spoken for a couple of hours on mountain history, his field of special interest. Occasionally, West does poetry reading, too. A book of his own poems, published in 1946, sold more than 100,000 copies.

This was "Clods or Southern Earth," one of five books of West's published poetry. His sixth, tentatively entitled "Freedom of the Mountains" will come out in late 1969.

The people of Pipestem and beyond always are welcomed by West at programs arranged for VISTA and other youth groups at the center. University people frequently are guests, often contributing to the programs.

ON THE NIGHT that Franklin George was the star performer, the audience included Mrs. Louise Gerrard, director of research for the West Virginia Department of Mental Health and wife of

Nathan Gerrard, sociology professor at Morris, Harvey College.

She had participated in one of the instructional programs on the previous day and had remained overnight in the girls' dormitory.

Dr. Karl Fezer, head of the biology department at Concord College, was among visitors who had been to the center on prior occasions, as were Dr. Don Rasmussen, chief of the pulmonary laboratory at Appalachian Regional Hospital, Beckley, and his wife, Jeanne, freelance writer whose articles on the Pipestem project have appeared in the West Virginia Hillbilly.

The Rev. Maurice Miller, pastor of the United Methodist Church at Athens, was there for the entire evening and, before leaving, invited West to speak at his church. West is an ordained minister of the Universal Christian Church as well as a former professor at Oglethorpe University in Georgia, the University of Georgia, and the University of Maryland.

WEST ACCEPTED the invitation, as he has accepted all gestures of friendship since coming to Southern West Virginia.

As the two men shook hands at the door of the dining-assembly hall, the 60-year-old retired clergyman-professor stood tall with grey-haired head held high.

He was the personification of the resilient mountain man described in his daughter's editorial as being able to "stand much bending and still snap back into shape with opportunity."

West made his own opportunity and then, at an age when most men would rest on their laurels, he set himself to the task of helping to increase opportunity for young mountaineers such as he, himself, had been half a century ago. The Appalachian South Folklife Center now rising at Pipestem is an appropriate living memorial to this resilient mountain man. Don West's portrait should be included in the Pipestem museum collection of native mountain people important in their time and place.

Historic Commission, and the West Virginia Historical Society.

On the cover of the first issue was a conte study of Hedy West by Leonard Bahr of Baltimore, one of America's leading artists. He met Hedy in 1964, when she donated 500 of her folk albums and gave a number of concerts to benefit Appalachian miners. One of the concerts was at the Maryland Art Institute, where Bahr was on the faculty.

ANN'S EDITORIAL in the first issue (Summer 1965) stated the policy of the Appalachian South. The magazine was to help Appalachians to know and appreciate their heritage "because we believe a people's self-image is vital to its progress and future welfare."

It was to present a positive image of the mountaineer to the nation so all would "know of the fortitude, strength and gentleness, and of the deep and warm concern in Appalachia."

After brief references to the economic exploitation of both the natural resources and the people of Appalachia, the editorial reminded, in closing, "But the mountain man is unusually resilient. He can stand much bending and still snap back into shape with opportunity."

The editorial, entitled "A Shoestring and a Grain of Mustard Seed," opened with reference to Jesus. Christ's teaching of "faith, hope and love" as primary values, asserting "the greatest of these is love."

It then stated that "We have no interest in, nor time for, preaching hate. This is heard on too many radio stations already. Fear and hate, and violence and death, go together. So do hope and faith, and love and life. We choose the latter."

IT IS IRONIC that the opposite choice was made by a few persons in Southern West Virginia after Ann's parents launched their Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem in 1967.

The Summers County project to benefit mountain youth was financed by Mr. and Mrs. West's life savings from teaching salaries.

The savings accumulated rapidly after their two daughters were grown, and West, earning \$11,000 a year, and his wife, earning \$10,000 a year, were able to live comfortably on one income and

save the other one.

They had \$75,000 set aside for their mountain project by the time he retired, so they began to seek a location although Mrs. West had not yet retired. She'll continue teaching art in a large eastern city for another year before coming to Pipestem full time, although she does spend vacation and holiday periods here.

West's wife, the former Constance Adams, is a descendant of John Quincy Adams, early American president.

It is West's hope to have construction advanced to a point of comfort before being joined permanently by his wife, whose health is not as robust as his. She has undergone cancer surgery more than once.

By contrast, West is a tall, lean, erect, vigorous appearing man with no physical sign of advancing age except greying hair.

CHOICE OF Summers County as location for the folklife center was influenced by scenic beauty of the area and also on basis of economic need indicated by U. S. Census Bureau statistics.

The 1960 census showed that more than half the incomes — 54.2 per cent — in Summers County were under \$3,000 in the 1950-60 decade, and that the median income was only \$2,696 as compared with a state median of \$4,572 and a national median of \$5,660.

Summers County population fell from 19,183 to 15,640 between 1950 and 1960, a decline of 18.5 per cent while state population decreased by 7.2 per cent. Pipestem district population had been 1,400 in 1930 but was only 880 in the 1960 census.

But the scenery was beautiful; the water and air unpolluted, and the mountains unscarred by strip-mining. From the rolling field, bounded by old chestnut fence-rails, West got the feeling that time had stood still in Pipestem.

THE PERSON who initially interested West in Pipestem was Vivian Vest, a retired teacher who happened to be in a cafe at Pipestem when West stopped there during a scouting mission.

The two men engaged in conversation. Vest told West about the countryside, the people, and even about the Pipestem bush with its long, slender, hollow shoots used by Indians for their clay pipes. Vest told West that

land in the "John Henry country" could be bought from his son and daughter-in-law, Montie and Violet Vest.

West bought 350 acres, for which he envisioned a center of learning to restore the spirit and self-confidence of mountain people, particularly school dropouts and orphans.

He donned overalls and began to scale the mountain of physical work necessary before his vision could become a reality.

A minister-teacher in overalls, hauling rock with his hands, was not a believable sight to a few onlookers, who became even more disturbed later, when Vista trainees, some of whom were bearded or long-haired, were seen working on the acreage.

THESE FEELINGS were vented by a nearby weekly newspaper's 21-year-old editor, who saw the center as "a haven for Commies and hippies."

Subsequently, the paper reported that West had been exposed as a Communist organizer during the McCarthy era — early 1950's — and had taken the Fifth Amendment when questioned.

West has ignored the weekly's accusations, but to other inquiring newspapers, and to church groups he has talked freely concerning the attacks against him. He readily admits having taken the Fifth Amendment "on principle" but denies membership in the Communist party.

"I know what a Communist is," he told the Post-Herald, "and I know that I am not a Communist."

As his daughter wrote in that editorial more than three years ago, "The mountain man is unusually resilient. He can stand much bending and still snap back into shape with opportunity."

West is a mountain man and his resiliency has been evident throughout his life, from the years when he worked his way through Lincoln Memorial University at Harrogate, Tenn., and subsequently got his bachelor of divinity degree from Vanderbilt University at Nashville, to the more recent obstacles he is having to overcome.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Folklife Center Is Emerging As A Living Memorial

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 11

Beckley Post-Herald

Beckley, W. Va.

By CHARLOTTE FLESHMAN
Post-Herald Associate Editor

PIPESTEM — The Appalachian South Folklife Center, established here a year and a half ago, is beginning to emerge as a living memorial to the culture-conscious and creatively-talented founder, Don West, and his family.

Mr. and Mrs. West are educators. He also is a minister, an historian, and a poet. She also is an artist of unusual talent and skill with oil portraits.

One of their two daughters, Hedy West, is a musician recognized on three continents as a concert pianist. She performs on radio and television, and at festivals and clubs throughout U.S.A., Britain, Europe, and the Middle East. She also is a folksinger of note.

The other daughter, Ann, wife of Dr. Patrick C. Williams Jr. of Charleston, is a writer. She also sings folk music but not professionally.

Hedy, now in London on concert tour, recently was married to an Englishman, but she is continuing to use her maiden

name professionally.

IN THIS AREA, Hedy is best known for her recorded Appalachian folk singing, for which she accompanies herself on the banjo and five-string guitar. As folk music has been gaining favor in the British Isles, she has been singing Appalachian songs there, too.

This is reflected in her press books, which are filled with clippings from leading newspapers of several countries and from trade journals in the United States and England.

The London Daily Telegraph reported two years ago that "Hedy West sings in a 'country' voice, at once free, rough-edged yet beautifully controlled. From Cartersville, Ga., where she was born 26 years ago, and Florida, where she studied the piano, violin and flute; from Western Carolina, where she took her bachelor of arts degree, and Columbia University, New York, where she studied drama; from her family background, and from the Appalachians and the Deep South, she has drawn her understanding and her profound

humanity."

The dozen story songs of her long-playing record, "Ballads," were described by Gramophone last year as "authentic" but with the kind of popular appeal "to get through even to those who care for pop, not folk."

HEDY'S MUSICAL education was classical. She learned folksinging from her sister, who is known as Ann Williams to readers of The Appalachian South, a seasonal periodical on cultural heritage expressed through articles by and about mountain people.

Ann was the first editor of The Appalachian South, for which Harry M. Caudill, Whitesburg, Ky., lawyer and author of "Night Comes to the Cumberlands," was one of the initial dozen contributing editors.

Among other contributing editors is Dr. James L. Hupp, who taught for 19 years at West Virginia Wesleyan College and now is director of the West Virginia Department of Archives and History, and an officer of the Antiquities Commission, the West Virginia

Date: 11/28/68

Edition:

Author: CHARLOTTE FLESHMAN

Editor: E. J. HODEL

Title: APPALACHIAN SOUTH
FOLKLIFE CENTER, PIPESTEM,
W. VA.; DON WEST

Character: SM-C

or

Classification:

Submitting Office: PITTSBURGH

Being Investigated

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
DEC - 5 1968	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

100-15680-62

FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

REPORTING OFFICE BALTIMORE	OFFICE OF ORIGIN BALTIMORE	DATE 2/26/65	INVESTIGATIVE PERIOD 12/29/64 - 2/23/65
TITLE OF CASE DONALD LEE WEST, aka		REPORT MADE BY SA 	TYPED BY kss
ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN		CHARACTER OF CASE SM - C	

b6
b7C

REFERENCE: Report of Special Agent
dated February 28, 1964, at Baltimore.

- C -

INFORMANTS

Identity of Source

Location

BA IT-1

BA IT-2

BA IT-3

b2
b7D

b2
b7D

- A -
COVER PAGE

APPROVED	SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE	DO NOT WRITE IN SPACES BELOW			
COPIES MADE:					
4 - Bureau (100-20396) (REGISTERED MAIL) 3 - Baltimore (100-22392)					
DISSEMINATION RECORD OF ATTACHED REPORT		NOTATIONS			
AGENCY					
REQUEST RECD.					
DATE FWD.					
HOW FWD.					
BY					

100-15680-63

SEARCHED _____ INDEXED _____ b6
 SERIALIZED _____ FILED _____ b7C
 DEC 11 1969

By RM

BA 100-22392

Identity of Source

Location

BA T-4

[Redacted]

BA T-5

[Redacted]

BA T-6

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

b2
b7D

BA T-7
Postal Inspector's Office
Baltimore, Maryland

100-22392-130

b2
b7D

The following informants were contacted during December, 1964, and January, 1965; however, no additional pertinent information relative to subject was obtained and no information was developed indicating that subject is a current member of the Communist Party:

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<u>Informant</u>	<u>Date Contacted</u>	<u>Contacting Agent</u>
[Redacted]	1/4/65	[Redacted]
[Redacted]	1/15/65	" " "
[Redacted]	1/15/65	" " "
[Redacted]	1/19/65	" " "
[Redacted]	1/19/65	THEODORE M. MALINOWSKI
[Redacted]	1/19/65	" " "
[Redacted]	1/21/65	" " "
[Redacted]	1/20/65	" " "
[Redacted]	12/29/64	ROBERT C. NORTON
[Redacted]	12/29/64	" " "
[Redacted]	12/29/64	" " "
[Redacted]	12/29/64	" " "

BA 100-22392

1. Subject's name is included in the Security Index.
2. The data appearing on the Security Index card are current.
3. Changes on the Security Index card are necessary and Form FD-122 has been submitted to the Bureau.
4. A suitable photograph is is not available.
5. Subject is employed in a key facility and _____ is charged with security responsibility. Interested agencies are _____
6. This report is classified ~~CONFIDENTIAL~~ because (state reason)

data reported by Confidential Informants T-1 through T-6 could reasonably result in identification of Confidential Informants of continuing value and and compromise their future effectiveness.

7. Subject previously interviewed (dates) 3/2/54
 Subject was not reinterviewed because (state reason) during the interview in 1954 with subject was uncooperative. In 1957 he refused to testify, claiming the Fifth Amendment before a Senate Investigating Committee on communism in the area of Memphis, Tennessee. Subject was subpoenaed before an HCUA hearing in July, 1958, and expressed his wrath at this, although he was not called to testify.
8. This case no longer meets the Security Index criteria and a letter has been directed to the Bureau recommending cancellation of the Security Index card.
9. This case has been re-evaluated in the light of the Security Index criteria and it continues to fall within such criteria because (state reason)

information set forth in instant report reflects attendance at meetings of CP front organizations.

10. Subject's SI card is is not tabbed Detcom.
 Subject's activities do do not warrant Detcom tabbing.

- C* -
COVER PAGE

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

DECLASSIFICATION AUTHORITY DERIVED FROM:
FBI AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION GUIDE
DATE 08-20-2010

Copy to:

b6
b7c

Report of:
Date:

SA [REDACTED]
February 26, 1965

Office: Baltimore, Maryland

Field Office File No.:

100-22392

Bureau File No.:

100-20396

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST

Character:

SECURITY MATTER - C

Synopsis:

Subject resides at 900 Elton Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland and is presently doing graduate work at the University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland. During 1964, he attended meetings of the Open Forum of Maryland, identified as a CP front and on occasions frequented the New Era Book Shop, which is identified herein as a communist book store in Baltimore. Confidential Informants, familiar with various phases of CP activity in the Baltimore area, advised that there is no information indicating that subject is presently a member of the CP.

- C -

DETAILS:

AT BALTIMORE, MARYLANDI. BACKGROUNDA. RESIDENCE

DONALD LEE WEST continues to reside at 900 Elton Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

(BA T-7 on 2/15/65)

~~GROUP 1
Excluded from automatic
downgrading and
declassification~~

B. EMPLOYMENT

On January 18, 1965, the records of the University of Maryland, College Park, Maryland, were checked by Special Agent FRANCIS X. O'NEILL, JR. and reflected that subject continued to be employed at the University of Maryland as a graduate student in the College of Education and that he resided at 900 Elton Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland.

II. CONNECTIONS WITH THE COMMUNIST PARTY (CP)

A. MEMBERSHIP

Confidential Informants who are familiar with various phases of CP activity in the Baltimore, Maryland area, were contacted during December, 1964, and January, 1965, and advised that there was no information indicating that subject had been a member of the CP during the past year and no indication that he was currently a member of the CP.

B. ACTIVITIES IN BEHALF OF THE CP

1. OPEN FORUM OF MARYLAND (OFOM)

A characterization of the OFOM is set forth in the appendix hereto.

Subject was in attendance at an OFOM meeting held December 12, 1964, at 601 W. 40th Street, Baltimore, Maryland. The speaker at this meeting was THOMAS G. BUCHANAN, who discussed the book he had written, "Who Killed KENNEDY." BUCHANAN questioned the findings of the Warren Commission concerning the assassination of President KENNEDY and stated that OSWALD, the alleged assassin of President KENNEDY, was probably an agent of the United States, rather than Russia.

(BA T-1 on 12/7/64)

In 1948 THOMAS G. BUCHANAN publicly admitted CP membership in a radio broadcast in Detroit, Michigan. In 1957 BUCHANAN told Agents of the

BA 100-22392

FBI that he had resigned from the CP sometime prior to August, 1956, because of loss of interest in an organization which consumed much time and effort. However, BUCHANAN refused to furnish any details on his declared CP defection.

2. NEW ERA BOOK SHOP

A characterization of the New Era Book Shop is set forth in the appendix hereto.

On [redacted] subject was at the New Era Book Shop to purchase some literature. Subject frequents this book shop from time to time to buy literature such as "The Worker" and various books and pamphlets expressing similar interest.

(BA T-2 on [redacted])

"The Worker" is an East Coast communist newspaper.

3. MISCELLANEOUS

On [redacted] DONALD WEST was at the New Era Book Shop, Baltimore, where he picked up some unidentified literature. On that same date, DONALD WEST gave [redacted] and [redacted] both members of the CP at Baltimore, an automobile ride to the Patterson Park area of Baltimore, Maryland, where [redacted] and [redacted] were to distribute some literature concerning the forthcoming national election, which had been printed by the CIO-AFL.

(BA T-2 - [redacted])

Subject was in attendance at a public meeting held [redacted] at All Souls Church, located at Howard and 16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. This meeting was sponsored by a group of miners from Kentucky, who were in

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BA 100-22392

Washington, D. C. protesting to Congress and the President about the poor economic conditions in Kentucky. Informant advised that at this meeting he observed [redacted] of the CP, [redacted] of the CP in Baltimore, as well as [redacted] and [redacted] members of the CP at Baltimore.

(BA T-3 on [redacted])
(BA T-4 on [redacted])

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On [redacted] (supra) stated that HEDY WEST, daughter of DONALD WEST, was conducting a concert, singing folk song music at the Maryland Institute at Baltimore, Maryland on [redacted] for the benefit of the unemployed Kentucky miners and that DONALD WEST was promoting this affair.

(BA T-5 - [redacted])

On [redacted] subject was present at the Maryland Institute located at Mount Royal Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland, where a folk song concert featuring HEDY WEST was given for the benefit of Kentucky miners.

(BA T-6 - [redacted])

OPEN FORUM OF MARYLAND

On [redacted], a source advised that on April 3, 1962, the Open Forum of Maryland was organized at Baltimore for the purpose of increasing the circulation of the National Guardian newspaper. The organization is completely [redacted] and [redacted] by the Communist Party, Maryland - D. C. District.

The "National Guardian", "established by the American Labor Party in 1947 as a 'progressive' weekly. * * * Although it denies having any affiliation with the Communist Party, it has manifested itself from the beginning as a virtual official propaganda arm of Soviet Russia".

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(Committee on Un-American Activities Report, "Trial by Treason: The National Committee to Secure Justice for the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell", August 25, 1956, p. 12.)

On [redacted] a second source advised that the Open Forum of Maryland continues to be completely [redacted] and [redacted] by the local Communist Party. It has continued to sponsor speakers periodically and the reading of the "National Guardian" is urged at each meeting of the Open Forum of Maryland.

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

BA 100-22882

APPENDIX

NEW ERA BOOK SHOP, INC.

On [redacted] a source advised that the New Era Book Shop, Inc., 101 West 22nd Street, Baltimore, Maryland, was [redacted] by the Communist Party, Maryland - D. C. District, on [redacted] with the [redacted] and [redacted] of the Communist Party, USA. Its purpose is to sell communist literature and serve as a place where new Communist Party members might be recruited. The Book Shop is [redacted] and [redacted] by the Communist Party, USA.

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On [redacted] a second source advised that since June, 1963, the New Era Book Shop, Inc. has been located at 408 Park Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland. It continues to be [redacted] under the [redacted] and [redacted] of the Communist Party, USA. [redacted] Communist Party member, is [redacted] the Book Shop.

APPENDIX

* * *

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

408 Post Office Building
Baltimore, Maryland 21202

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No. BA 100-22392

February 26, 1965

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Title DONALD LEE WEST

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Character SECURITY MATTER - C

Reference Report of Special Agent [redacted]
[redacted] dated and captioned as above.

All sources (except any listed below) whose identities are concealed in referenced communication have furnished reliable information in the past.

TO: SAC,

- Albany
- Albuquerque
- Anchorage
- Atlanta
- Baltimore
- Birmingham
- Boston
- Buffalo
- Butte
- Charlotte
- Chicago
- Cincinnati
- Cleveland
- Columbia
- Dallas
- Denver
- Detroit
- El Paso
- Honolulu

- Houston
- Indianapolis
- Jackson
- Jacksonville
- Kansas City
- Knoxville
- Las Vegas
- Little Rock
- Los Angeles
- Louisville
- Memphis
- Miami
- Milwaukee
- Minneapolis
- Mobile
- Newark
- New Haven
- New Orleans
- New York City

- Norfolk
- Oklahoma City
- Omaha
- Philadelphia
- Phoenix
- Pittsburgh
- Portland
- Richmond
- Sacramento
- St. Louis
- Salt Lake City
- San Antonio
- San Diego
- San Francisco
- San Juan
- Savannah
- Seattle
- Springfield

- Tampa
- Washington Field
- Quantico

TO LEGAT:

- Bern
- Bonn
- Buenos Aires
- Hong Kong
- London
- Manila
- Mexico, D.F.
- Ottawa
- Paris
- Rome
- Santo Domingo
- Tokyo

Date DEC 13 1968

RE: Donald Lee West
SW-C
Bufile: 100-20396

For information Retention optional For appropriate action Surep, by _____

The enclosed is for your information. If used in a future report, conceal all sources, paraphrase contents.

Enclosed are corrected pages from report of SA _____ dated _____

Remarks:

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

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b7C

100-15610-64A

SEARCHED _____	INDEXED <u>1</u>

Enc.
Bufile
Urfile

By RM

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DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

*Copy on 100-15574
100-15574*



(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

HALFWAY HOUSE to help mental patients returning from institutions to adjust to everyday life is taking shape at Dry Branch, where it is sponsored by the Cabin Creek Area Citizens Union. The Rev. Don West (right), director of a folklife camp in Summers County, addressed a meeting of the citizens union Sunday at the halfway house. He is shown chatting with (from left) VISTA worker Ronald Swan, Wayne Bryant of Dry Branch, and his father, C. E. Bryant. *100-15574**
(Staff Photo by Ferrell Friend) *100-15571**

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 11

The Charleston Gazette
Charleston, West Va.

Date: 1-13-69
Edition: Valley

Author: HARRY HOFFMANN
Editor:
Title:

100-DON WEST

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office: Pitts bur gh
 Being Investigated

*Read on 100-15574-65
SEARCHED
SERIALIZED
INDEXED
FILED
JAN 14 1969
FBI - PITTSBURGH*

[Handwritten signature]

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680) b6
b7C

DATE: 2/14/69

FROM : SA [REDACTED]

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C
(OO: BA)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Rememo, 10/11/68.

On 2/4/69, [REDACTED] Pipestem, W. Va., WHOSE IDENTITY SHOULD NOT BE DISCLOSED, advised that subject's wife returned to Baltimore, Md., in September to resume her teaching position, but subject remained at Pipestem until November, when he had a conference or seminar for VISTA workers. She said that he has been away most of the time since, but returns every two or three weeks to pick up mail. She said that on 2/3/69, WEST informed her that he was on a speaking tour and that he spoke last week at a college in Athens, Ohio, and that he was enroute to other speaking engagements. She said that he picked up his mail and among the letters was a letter from Mr. JOHN D. ROCKEFELLOW, IV, W.Va., Secretary of State, Charleston, W. Va., and WEST informed her that he had received a sizeable contribution from Mr. ROCKEFELLOW. She said that WEST expected to be on tour until late spring and then he would return to reopen Appalachian South Folk Center and prepare for a summer camp.

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Pittsburgh letter to Bureau, 9/20/68, contained information regarding the Center.

Since there is no indication subject involved in CP or activists activities, it is suggested that no further investigation be conducted at this time.

GAP/jsk
(1) *[Signature]*

100-15680-66

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
SERIALIZED.....	FILED.....
FBI - PITTSBURGH	



SAC, BALTIMORE (100-22392)

2/18/69

SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680) (RUC)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

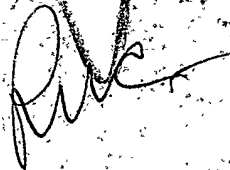
DONALD LEE WEST
SM-C
(OO: BALTIMORE)

Re Pittsburgh letters to Baltimore dated 2/27/68
and 5/2/68, and Pittsburgh letter to Bureau dated 9/20/68,
captioned, "WORLD FELLOWSHIP, INC , IS-C; ISA of 1950."

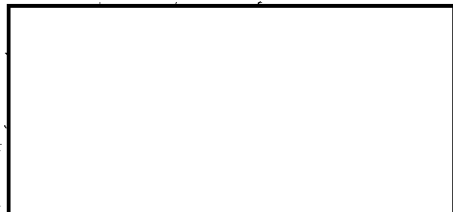
For the information of Baltimore,
Pipestem, W. Va. (protect - reliable), advised that DONALD
WEST's wife returned to their home in Baltimore, Md., during
September, 1968, to continue her employment as a teacher,
but that WEST remained at Pipestem until November, 1968.
Since November, 1968, WEST has been away most of the time,
but returns on occasion to pick up mail. She said on 2/3/69,
WEST informed her that he was on a speaking tour; that he
spoke the previous week at a college in Athens, Ohio; and
that he was, at that time, enroute to other speaking
engagements, not identified. She said WEST indicated that
he would be on a speaking tour until late Spring, after which
he would probably return to the Pipestem area to reopen the
Appalachian South Folk Center and prepare for a summer camp.

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b7D

2 - Baltimore (RM)
1 - Pittsburgh
GAP/jsk
(3)



b6
b7C



By RM
100-15680-67

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Cooperatives institute set at Pipestem

An "Institute in Cooperatives in Appalachia" will get underway at 7 a. m. Friday at Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem.

Its purposes are to share information on cooperatives in low-income areas; how to organize them, where to get additional information; various types of cooperatives; to learn how the self-help approach is meeting the needs of low-income people; reports from successful cooperatives; sharing the experiences of low-income people and to enable various groups and organizations working in Appalachia to share their experiences in developing the self-help approach.

The program will continue until 4 p. m. Sunday and will be a workshop type institute with each participant encouraged to share in small discussion groups. Panel presentations will feature persons who have actually developed and managed various types of cooperatives.

According to Don West, who operates the folklife center, participants include persons in Appalachia who have limited incomes; those who have organized and worked with cooperatives, persons interested in organizing cooperatives in Appalachia and representatives in Appalachia and representatives of organizations interested in self-help.

A similar institute will be held March 21-23 at Natural Bridge State Park, Slade, Ky.

The programs are sponsored by the Commission on Religion in Appalachia and the Cooperative League of the U. S. A.

Meals and lodging are available for those interested.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1
Hinton Daily News
Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 2/27/69
Edition:
Author:
Editor: J. E. Faulconer
Title:
DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C
Character: PG 100-15680
or
Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED FILED
FBI - HINTON
100-15680-68

SAC, NEWARK (25-33149)

4/22/69

SAC, PITTSBURGH (25-15313) (P)

[redacted] aka.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

SSA
(OO: NEWARK)
(BUFILE 25-582830)

Re Philadelphia letter to Newark dated 2/5/69, and
report of SA [redacted] dated 3/12/69, at Newark.

For the information of Newark, Appalachian Folk Center,
Pipestem, West Virginia, is operated by DONALD LEE WEST, a
security index subject of Baltimore Office, Baltimore File
#100-22392, Pittsburgh File #100-15680.

On 2/4/69, during investigation regarding WEST it
was ascertained that WEST was on a lecturing tour but would
return to Pipestem, during the Spring. Thereafter an opportune
moment was awaited to contact WEST.

On 4/17/69, DONALD LEE WEST, operator of Appalachian
Folk Center, Pipestem, W. Va., advised that a seminar for Vista
workers was held at the center during the Summer of 1968, but
he does not have any records of persons who attended and he
has no personal recollection of [redacted]. He also advised
that he is not acquainted with [redacted].

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On 4/17/69, Mr. [redacted] Hinton,
W. Va., advised that he is not acquainted with [redacted]
and therefore he has never worked in the area. He said the
Appalachian Folk Center was used as a regional training center
for Vista workers during the Summer of 1968, and that [redacted]
could have attended Vista Center without the two of them ever
becoming acquainted. He said if [redacted] is employed by Vistas
in West Virginia, information regarding his location can be
obtained from [redacted] Vista, Charleston, W. Va., and
if he is not assigned in West Virginia, [redacted] could be
located through the Regional Vista Headquarters, Washington, D. C.

2 - Newark
3 - Pittsburgh
(1 - 100-15680)

GAP:jj
(5)

[Handwritten signature]
100-15680-69

PG 25-15313

LEADS

NEWARK

AT NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Will report to Baltimore and Pittsburgh any information that may be received regarding Appalachian Folk Center and/or DONALD LEE WEST, in the event such information is obtained during investigation regarding subject.

PITTSBURGH

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AT CHARLESTON, W. VA. (KANAWHA COUNTY)

Will contact [redacted] and attempt to ascertain the whereabouts of [redacted]. When [redacted] is located he should be interviewed regarding the activities at Appalachian Folk Center as well as for information regarding subject. If [redacted] is cooperative will ascertain from him the type of courses taught, the identity of the instructors, the content of the course, a list of individuals attending and any other information he may be able to furnish regarding DONALD LEE WEST and this information should be reported for Pittsburgh File #100-15680.

To SAC [redacted]
FROM SA [redacted]

4/18/69

DONALD LEE WEST, aka
PG 100-15680 SM-C

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

The following investigation was conducted by
SA [redacted]

On 4/17/69, subject DONALD LEE WEST was contacted in an attempt to ascertain the whereabouts of one [redacted] an associate of [redacted], who was declared delinquency by Selective Service [redacted] Burlington, New Jersey, for failure to report for induction on 9/24/68. and [redacted] father, [redacted] Davisville, Pa., advised his son had attended a 6-weeks training school at Appalachian Folk Center, Pipestem, W. Va., which he believed to be the VISTA Headquarters. Mr. WEST advised that during the summer of 1968, he did operate a seminar for VISTA employees but that he had no recollection or record of [redacted] and is not acquainted with [redacted]. Mr. WEST said that he and his wife began the Appalachian South Folk Center with the idea of establishing an orphanage and they were also attempting to preserve and encourage folk songs, lore and literature. He conducted SA [redacted] on a tour of the grounds and it was observed that there was a dining room containing a few paintings and momentos of folk lore. An adjacent building was of a dormitory type with beds and bathroom typical of any summer camp. There was one house and one house trailer on the lot which WEST did not exhibit but stated the house was his home and there was another building in the process of being built.

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The one young white male, approximately 25 years of age, height - 6', weight - 175 pounds, with black curly hair on the premises with Mr. WEST was not introduced. A 1965 two-door Chevrolet, bearing 1968 Ohio License X-334-L was observed parked near the home.

Mr. WEST stated that he would be having camps and seminars during the summer and on the following week VISTA workers with headquarters at Beckley, W. Va., were having a regional seminar at the camp. He did not further explain his activities.

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PG 100-15680

On 4/17/69, [redacted] Pipestem, W. Va., (protect - reliable), advised that meetings began at the Appalachian South Folk Center on or about 4/14/69, and on 4/16/69, 8 automobiles with from 1-4 passengers bearing out-of-state license plates stopped at the post office and asked directions to Mr. WEST's camp. She said that she had no idea who these persons were nor the purpose of their meeting at the Folk Center. She further advised that on 4/14/69, Mr. WEST received a copy of "The Spectator," a newspaper-type magazine and she wrote for a copy of this paper because she noted therein an article telling draft-dodgers and military deserters about escaping to Canada. She said Mr. WEST also receives numerous pamphlets and other literature which she believes is Communist inspired, although she does not know enough about Communism or Communistic writings to positively identify them as such.

[redacted] added that following one of the encampments during the summer of 1968, a man who said he was a minister brought her a list of names and addresses of persons who had attended a meeting at WEST's Folk Center and advised her it could be used to forward any mail these persons might receive after their departure. She said she set the list aside as no mail was received at the post office for these individuals which required forwarding and she may still have possession of this list but does not know its location at the present time. She said that she would attempt to locate this list and would furnish it to the FBI on a confidential basis if she were able to find it.

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On 4/17/69, Mr. [redacted] Hinton, W. Va., advised that the Appalachian Folk Center, Pipestem, W. Va., is a subsidiary of the VISTA program and is used as a regional training center. He said there will be a regional seminar for VISTA workers held at Appalachian Folk Center on the week of April 21-26, 1969. He said Mr. WEST is paid through Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) for use of his facilities. [redacted] declined to discuss the purpose of

PG 100-15680

the seminars other than to state that they were training periods for VISTA workers and that the regional [redacted] is [redacted], Beckley, W. Va.

On 4/22/69, it was ascertained by West Virginia State Police radio that 1968 Ohio License [redacted] is issued to [redacted] Athens, Ohio, for a 1965 Chevrolet sedan, VIN [redacted]

On 5/20/69, Mr. [redacted] Hinton, W. Va., [redacted] and is [redacted] of [redacted] Governors of Community Action Association, advised that he is [redacted] for OEO Programs in the area and has been attempting to obtain complete control of the Community Action program and all other OEO programs in the area. He said WEST does this by having various associates tutor persons who are recipients of welfare funds and having them attend meetings, make demands and sending out procedures for the various programs. He said that WEST has very little to say at the meetings but he scatters the recipients of benefits from the various OEO programs throughout the audience of any meeting and it is obvious that they have been well tutored in what they should say, the manner in which it should be presented and how they should support one another with their demands. He said that he informed the Governor of West Virginia regarding this matter and attempted to have the OEO programs in the County placed under the County Court to prevent WEST and his group from obtaining complete control of this program. He said he does not know what WEST is planning and WEST does not make any speeches nor discuss his plans but he has many groups meeting at the Appalachian Folk Center which he operates at Pipestem, W. Va., and persons who attend these meetings are not residents of the area. He said many of them are young boys and girls and these young people contact various welfare recipients and enlist their aid. He said it is his opinion that if WEST succeeds in having his way the County will soon be operated by persons who are welfare recipients and the tax payers will have no control of conduct of the business of the County and they have already lost control of the programs supported by OEO.

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PG 100-15680

On 6/4/69, Chief of Police KENNETH HARVEY, Hinton, W. Va., advised that recently he has attended meetings of the Community Action Association as a representative of the Mayor and it has been his observation that all activity at these meetings and in programs of Community Action Association are controlled by subject WEST through stooges he has planned in the audience and who are recipients of welfare benefits.

HARVEY said WEST has very little to say at any of these meetings but his associates have obviously well tutored local welfare recipients so that they have taken over the OEO Programs in the County. Chief HARVEY said there is a continuing influx of people from outside of the area into the County obtaining jobs with Community Action and local residents are completely excluded. He further advised that Mr. WEST is also influencing associates to move into the county and buy property. He said these persons are best described as "hippies," as their standard of living is even lower than persons supposedly living under poverty standards. He said one such person is [redacted] who [redacted] on Tug Creek Mountain, near Hinton, and it is his understanding that [redacted] is a [redacted] from Philadelphia; that he has an adequate retirement income; and that there is no reason he should live under extreme poverty conditions other than he desired to do so. He further advised that a Jewish girl who reportedly was an instructor at West Virginia University, and a boy from New York, are [redacted] and they sleep on pads on the floor, have very little furniture in the house and although Mr. [redacted] former home was a decent house, these persons have torn off the outside clap boards and the additions [redacted] has built on to the house so that they are living in what was originally a log cabin.

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On 6/10/69, Chief HARVEY advised that apparently Mr. WEST now has complete control of the OEO Programs in the area and recently Community Action Association advertised in the newspaper for employees and the advertisement was requesting attorneys, teachers and other professional social workers. He said WEST has succeeded in having Community Action

PG 100-15680

take over the Head Start Program which has been operated through the County Board of Education and they presently have an advertisement in the paper requesting teachers, social workers, bus drivers, etc., to apply to the Community Action Association for employment in the Head Start Program. He said it is highly unlikely that any local persons would obtain any of these positions unless they are in sympathy with WEST and a woman who came into the area from outside of the state and had been living at WEST's Folk Center at Pipestem for the past 3 weeks was appointed director of the Head Start Program. Chief HARVEY said he did not recall this woman's name but that her name and many details regarding the manner in which WEST has conducted his takeover of the OEO Programs in the County could be obtained from Mr. [REDACTED]

[REDACTED] who recently resigned because of constant dissention in the County regarding the educational programs and this dissention primarily resulted from the work of individuals associated with subject WEST and their tutoring of welfare recipients.

On 6/10/69, [REDACTED] Pipestem, W. Va., (protect - reliable), advised she had located the list containing the names and addresses of persons who attended an encampment at Appalachian Folk Center during the summer of 1968. and this list was furnished to her by

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[REDACTED] Street, Northeast, Washington, D.C., who said that he was a minister and he also gave an address as [REDACTED] Street, Dorchester, Mass. She said neither WEST nor any of the persons visiting his folk center have ever furnished her with any other list of names with forwarding addresses but mail arrived at Pipestem for many persons who are unknown to her and do not live in the area and are addressed in care of Mr. WEST or in care of Appalachian Folk Center.

[REDACTED] said there is one young man at the center at the present time assisting Mr. WEST and she understood that his name is [REDACTED] [REDACTED] furnished the list that was

PG 100-15680

given to her by Mr. [redacted] copies of it were made and the original returned to her.

[redacted] further advised she recently noted that subject WEST regularly receives a magazine entitled, "New Left Notes," which has an address of Room 206, 1608 West Madison Street, Chicago, Illinois.

[redacted] also furnished a copy of "The Spectator," dated 4/8/69, and it was noted that this paper is published at Bloomington, Indiana, by the Southern Indiana Media Corporation, Editorial Office, 423 S. Fess, telephone #339-4995, business office 923 East Atwater #1, telephone #336-6930 and circulation office 1206 North Woodlawn, telephone number 339-4552. It was founded 2/5/66; it was the founding member of Liberation News Service and the Underground Press Syndicate. It contained quotations from the Black Panther Pinpoint Program and Platform for black student unions, encouragement for rascal student demands and revolutionary activities, contains an article, "How To Split To Canada," by Liberation News Service, an article from MIKE KING, ROGER PRIEST, SHELIA RYAN, DAVID CAHILL, DAVID JAKUSH, and others. This copy of "The Spectator" being retained in the files of the Pittsburgh Division.

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[Redacted]

Philadelphia 32, Pennsylvania 8

[Redacted]

Pico Rivera, California 90660,
69-25948

[Redacted]

✓ Doctoral Program
Graduate School of Social Work
University of Pittsburgh
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

[Redacted]

Atlanta, Georgia 30307

[Redacted] 5-5841-20
00-15689

[Redacted] & family

✓ Athens, West Virginia 24712

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Rochester, New York 14610

[Redacted]

Hartsdale, New York 10530

[Redacted]

Bronx, New York 10454

[Redacted]

Westfield, New Jersey 07090

[Redacted]

New York, N.Y. 10024

[Redacted]

✓ Genoa, W. Virginia 25517

[Redacted] 29-4970

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, New York
493-0274

[Redacted]

Northampton, Mass. 10160

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Bethesda, Maryland 20034

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, New York 11225

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Weston, Massachusetts 02193

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Scarsdale, New York 10583

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Birmingham, Michigan 48009

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, New York 11201

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

New York, New York 11205

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Great Neck, New York 11020

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

New York, New York 10016

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Mayfield Heights, Ohio

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

New Rochelle, N.Y. 10801

Ontario, Calif. 91762

Merriman Road
Sewickley, Pennsylvania 15143

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11209

New York, N.Y.

New York, N.Y. 10014

Great Neck, N.Y. 11021

Brooklyn 5, N.Y. 11205

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11204

St Pauls School
Concord, New Hampshire 03301

Lower Shad Road
Pound Ridge, N.Y. 10566

Department of Social Psychology
Stanford University
Stanford, California 94305

Norwalk, Conn. 06854

Atikokan, Ontario

Westport, Conn. 06880

Columbia, South Carolina 29201

Conrad, Montana

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11206

Hinton, W. Va

Azara, Guam 96910

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2

Map this addresses

*Minister
w/ no*

[Redacted]
Bronx, N.Y.

[Redacted]
Washington D.C. 20017

*Dorchester, Ma
021*

[Redacted]
Beckley, W. Va.

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11206

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11225

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[Redacted]

New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040

[Redacted]

Cambridge, Mass. 02138

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11205

[Redacted]

New York, N.Y. 10024

[Redacted]

Kensington, Md. 20795

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11201

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Lame Deer, Montana 59043

[Redacted]

Rockford, Illinois 61107

[Redacted]

Bronx, N.Y. 10453

[Redacted]

New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040

[Redacted]

New York, N.Y. 10028

[Redacted]

Pinestem, W. Va. 25979

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Fairfield, Montana 59436

[Redacted]

Grinnell College
Grinnell, Iowa 50112

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Larchmont, N.Y. 10538

[Redacted]

Huntington, W. Va. 25701

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Litchfield, Conn.

Millbury, Mass. 01520

[Redacted]

[Redacted]

Brooklyn, N.Y. 11226

Rome, Georgia 30161

St. Clair Branch
184-50 Edgewood Ave
Springfield Gardens, N.Y. 11413

[Redacted]

JANUARY

MAY

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[Redacted] 2
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JUNE

FEBRUARY

[Redacted] 7
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[Redacted] 2
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..... 6

MARCH

JULY

[Redacted] 10
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[Redacted] 3
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..... 18
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..... 23
..... 25

APRIL

[Redacted] 1
..... 2

[Redacted]

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JM

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Folklife Center in Summers Provides Look at Appalachia

By Michael Gerrard

Staff Writer

Sparked by the uninformed comments of some local newspapers and clergymen, rumors have circulated in Summers County that hidden somewhere in the mountains of that area is a "hippie haven", "free love colony," a "center for Communist activity."

But a visit to the controversial Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem shows nothing of the kind.

The center is not easy to find—it is located on a one-lane dirt road, off another dirt road, off a narrow paved road, off W. Va. 20 between Hinton and Princeton. Once there, however, one finds about 30 young men and women, between 16 and 18 years old, talking, laughing, chopping wood, mixing concrete, and making repairs on the camp.

Two newly built dormitories, a dining hall, a small house, and a couple of trailers mark the center of the Folklife Center, which is run by Mr. and Mrs. Don West. West, an extraordinarily energetic man in his early 60s, was a leading union organizer in the 1930s and has published several books of poetry. He and Mrs. West, a professional artist, bought 350 acres of land a few years ago to open the Folklife Center.

This summer, about 30 high school students from all over the country—plus one girl from France—are spending seven weeks at the center under a program of the American Friends Service Committee, a Quaker group. They will spend about five hours every day

working on improving the center, building a chapel, a barn, and a stable, and repairing the existing structures. They will also listen to many guest speakers on aspects of Appalachian culture, hold discussions on the problems of the Appalachian South, and learn about and from West Virginia—and each other.

* * *

THOUGH SOME scholarship help is available to defray the \$200 fee for the program, only two students—including the one boy from West Virginia—needed assistance. Most come from well-to-do homes, and many had visited Europe before coming to Pipestem.

"I had traveled in other countries, but I wanted to see more of my own country," said blonde Sarah Harvey, whose home is in a suburb of San Francisco.

"I grew up in an upper-middle class family, and people were always telling me about the other half," Sarah explained. "I could see the black ghetto from my home, but I wanted to see lower class whites."

The students all applied to the Friends Service Committee, which operates work camps throughout the country and decides where to place the applicants. One girl said, "I wanted a poor rural area—and I got it."

Some of the students are disappointed that they aren't getting to see much of the countryside and its inhabitants. But, according to boy's counselor John Price: "I don't like to be called counselor. It makes me feel old."; a native of North Carolina and a recent graduate of

Pennsylvania's Lafayette College, "We're not here to relate to the community. It's okay if we do—but that's not our purpose."

John said that the project is self-fulfilling; it's not intended to help the community directly. He cites cases where out-of-state poverty workers have come into the state, with the primary effect of stirring up local resentment against them. The projects conducted there are ends in themselves.

* * *

THE CENTER has severe financial problems. The high school students have their own budget, from which they buy their food and other necessities; but this doesn't contribute much to the year-round operation of the camp.

Other groups—mostly from schools and churches in West Virginia and Pennsylvania—occasionally come down to spend a week or less at the camp, hoping to soak up some mountain culture.

West expressed the hope that eventually the center could become a year-round school for West Virginia high school dropouts, who would study mountain culture, human relations, and anthropology. They could, if they wished, prepare for the high School Equivalency Exam.

He said he hoped this would encourage some of the students to stay in Appalachia. "The drain of human resources is worse than the drain of natural resources," West said.

This weekend the center will host a folk festival, with performers from all over Appalachia participating. West expects about 1,500 people for a larger festival, to be held August 1-3.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 20

The Charleston Gazette

Charleston, W. Va.

Date: 7-5-69
Edition: Valley
Author:
Editor: Harry Hoffmann
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

102-15680-11

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JUL 8 1969	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

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DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN



HARD AT WORK are four young campers at the Appalachian South Folklife Center in Pipestem. Working

under the direction of poet Don West, they are building a house porch at the Summers County cultural center.

(Staff Photo)

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HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Bishop, Doctor

**Pipestem Leader
Getting 2 Titles**

HINTON—The Rev. Donald Lee West has been called a lot of things—and after Saturday he can be called both “bishop” and “doctor.”

The controversial poet-professor-preacher, operator of the Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem, Summers County, is scheduled to be honored Saturday evening in Baltimore.

His small denomination, the Universal Christian Church, and an affiliated organization, the Evangelical Catholic Communion, are to consecrate Mr. West as “Bishop of Pipestem

and Southern Appalachia.” He also is to be given an honorary doctorate.

The honoree said Monday he’d prefer that no public mention of the consecration be made. He dislikes formal titles and prefers to be known simply as “Don West.” Although a former university professor, he often wears overalls and a farmer’s hat as he goes about his anti-poverty work in Summers County.

Mr. West, 61, was a best-selling poet in his younger years, then a social activist clergyman and union organizer, then a professor at the University of Maryland. He bought a farm at Pipestem three years ago and began building a camp where poor youths and high school dropouts are taught working skills and also taught about mountain culture.

This year’s class of about 40 teen-agers is to arrive at the camp next week for a seven-week stay. A Quaker organization, the American Friends Service Committee, is assisting with the session. Also, the camp’s second annual folk festival is scheduled for Aug. 1-3.

LAST YEAR, leaders of the John Birch Society in Charleston led a widespread attack on Mr. West and his camp. Charleston stockbroker Herbert W. Stone issued statements saying a paid informer once testified



The Rev. D. L. West
Bishop of Pipestem

before a congressional committee that Mr. West had been a Communist.

The Princeton Times printed some of the accusations, and a committee called “Citizens for the Prevention of Anti-American Infiltration Into Summers County” was formed.

The West Virginia Hillbilly quoted Stone as calling the professor-minister “a high-ranking, hard-core Communist”—but Stone later claimed he hadn’t made the statement.

At a Charleston meeting last fall, Mr. West declared that he isn’t, and never was, a Communist. He said he had refused to answer when quizzed by congressional committees because he felt contempt for “witch-hunting” politicians, and wasn’t going to permit such men “to question my loyalty to America.”

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 18

The Charleston Gazette

Charleston, W. Va.

Date: 6-17-69
Edition: Valley
Author:
Editor: Harry Hoffmann
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

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SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JUN 20 1969	
FBI — PITTSBURGH	

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
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DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Bishop, doctor titles planned for Don West

Controversial Don West will become Bishop Donald Lee West Saturday in a program in Baltimore.

The Universal Christian Church and an affiliated organization, the Evangelical Catholic Communion, are to consecrate West as "Bishop of Pipestem and Southern Appalachia," and he will be given an honorary doctorate degree.

West operates Appalachian South Folklife Center at Pipestem, where he works with poor youths and high school dropouts. Besides working skills, those at the camp learn about mountain culture.

West said he would prefer no public mention of the consecration be made. He said he dislikes formal titles.

About 40 teenagers are to arrive at his camp next week for a seven-week stay. A Quaker organization, the American Friends Service Committee, is assisting with the sessions.

The camp's second annual folk festival is scheduled for Aug. 1-3.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 6-17-69
Edition:
Author:
Editor: J. E. Faulconer
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office:
 Being Investigated

100-15680-73
SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED FILED
JUN 23 1969
FBI - PITTSBURGH
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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

Annual folk festival slated at Pipestem

Appalachian South Folklore Center's second annual folk festival will get underway Friday at the Pipestem center.

Performers from West Virginia, Virginia and Kentucky are scheduled to appear for the three-day event, which drew large crowds a year ago.

Don West explains the festival is designed to emphasize the positive aspects of mountain culture-song, music, dance and crafts.

"There is much to be proud of in Southern Mountain history, including music and folk song," says West.

This year's program will begin at 8 p. m. Friday and will continue from 1 p. m. to midnight next Saturday and will conclude at 4 p. m. Sunday, August 3.

Sunday's program will feature religious songs and music - Negro or white mountain spirituals.

Mountain folk musicians, singers, dancers are welcome to perform, West said. Craftsmen also are invited to display and sell their products, such as quilts, bonnets, rugs, the Pipestem pipe and so forth.

Because the festival wants to feature and encourage traditional folk music, song, style and instruments, electrical instruments will not be used, with the possible exception of accompaniment for gospel groups.

Instruments expected to be played include fiddles, banjos, guitars and dulcimers.

Anyone interested in folk music is invited to attend and those who sing or play are invited to perform.

Among those scheduled to appear are:

Frank George of Bluefield, who plays the dulcimer, fiddle, banjo and bagpipes; Dave and John Morris of Ivydale, folk singers and instrumentalists; John Hilt, fiddle and banjo player of folksinger of Tannersville, Va.; Ivory Howard of Hueysville, Ky., singer and instrumentalist; Eugene Wright of Princeton, fiddle and banjo player; Brooks Gore and his daughters of Princeton, gospel music; the Pipestem Road Runners; Hedy West, Appalachian folk musician and singer; Jesse Perdue and family, of Meadow Creek, gospel singers, and Ann Williams of Charleston, a folk singer.

No admission will be charged. Food, parking and camping are offered.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 7-26-69
Edition:
Author:
Editor: J. E. Faulconer
Title:

Character:
or
Classification:
Submitting Office:
 Being Investigated

100-15680-74

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED
JUL 29 1969	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

SECOND ANNUAL EVENT

***Hundreds enjoy toe-tappin'
mountain music at festival***

By **LARRY E. WICKLINE**
Toe-tappin' mountain-style music is far from dead if the second annual Appalachian South Folk Festival over the weekend at the Don West farm at Pipestem is any indication.

Hundreds of persons trekked to West's Folklife Center Friday, Saturday and Sunday to enjoy the sound of fiddles, banjos, guitars, dulcimers and autoharps, played by men and women in turn-of-the-century style.

West said he was provided crowd estimates ranging as high as 1,200 during the Saturday night performance, with about 50 musicians participating in the program.

To add to the flavor of the event, hand-made quilts, candles and boxes were an display and for sale, two children and their grandmother made lampstands and rolling pins with a foot-operated lathe and a young woman turned out pottery on a wooden device.

A check of auto tags revealed persons attended from many of the nation's 50 states, with cars spotted from as far away as Iowa, Idaho and Florida.

Musicians came from several area states.

West was obviously pleased by the turnout of musicians and fans. This year's festival was much larger in every way than the one a year ago. West's hope of making the event an annual one seems assured after this year's edition.

Scheduled programs occupied most of the time during the three days, but even when there were no scheduled performances the microphone and stage were left open and individuals and groups took turns keeping the crowd entertained.

At all times various groups could be spotted in the parking

area, behind the makeshift stage and around and about entertaining themselves and small groups of listeners.

While some modern folk music and a few protest songs were weaved into the program, most of the music was of an old mountain flavor, featuring the fiddle and banjo in particular.

Fans responded warmly however, to dulcimer and autoharp, with Frank George's highly unusual hammer dulcimer always drawing extended applause and cries of "more, more."

Says West, "Through their music and ballads the mountain people told of their hurt and sorrow, their struggle, faith and hope. And through it all runs a true thread of human dignity.

"The purpose of the Appalachian South Folk Festival," he said, "is to encourage an awareness of that thread and dedication to pick up and extend it into the future."

After the second annual festival, West's dream apparently is well on its way to becoming a reality.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 8-4-69

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. E. Faulconer

Title:

Character:

or

Classification:

Submitting Office:

Being Investigated

100-15680-75

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AUG - 8 1969	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

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ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2011 BY 60322 JLP/PLJ/JN

FOLK FESTIVAL—This was the scene Saturday as hundreds of persons visited the second annual Appalachian South Folk Festival at the Don West farm at Pipestem. About 50 musicians participated in the program, delighting the hundreds of mountain music fans from many of the

nation's 50 states. This is a small portion of the afternoon gathering Saturday. The largest crowd of the event was on hand Saturday night. West was pleased with the success of the second annual festival.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page 1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 8-4-69

Author:
Editor: J. E. Faulconer
Title:

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or
Classification:
Submitting Office:
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102-15680-96
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AUG - 8 1969
FBI - PITTSBURGH

[Redacted]

Public Accountant

[Redacted]

Hinton, W. Va.
August 19, 1969

b6
b7c

Mr. [Redacted]

Summers County E.O.A.,
Drawer J.,
Hinton, W. Va.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Dear Mr. [Redacted]

In regard to your request for Audit!

I have started an examination of the records and activities of your association and find a number of irregularities within your Youth Program, "Life." There may be irregularities in other programs also.

It is my humble opinion that you should request a general audit by representatives of the United States General Accounting Office and a full and complete investigation by the United States Department of Justice.

Your attention is called to General Conditions Governing Grants Under Titles II Except Sec. 222-A-4 and III-B of the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964.

Program funds expended under authority of the grant are subject to the provisions of the Economic Opportunity Act as amended.

The General Conditions Listed Below-----

3. Limitations of Expenditure of program funds-----

(2) All Expenses incurred for the approved program must be supported by approved contracts, purchase orders, requisitions, bills, or other evidence of liability consistent with the grantee or delegate agency's established purchasing procedures. Expenses charged against program funds must also be incurred in accordance with OEO Directives.

9. Suspension and Termination-----

- (1) Failure or unwillingness of the grantee or its delegate agencies to comply with the approved program including attached conditions.
- (2) Submission by the grantee or its delegate agencies of OEO or reports which are incorrect or incomplete in any material respect.
- (3) Ineffective or improper use of Federal Funds by grantee or its delegate agencies.

Also

8. Covenant against contingent fees.

The grantee warrants that no person or selling agency or other organization has pre employed or retained to solicit or secure this grant action upon an agreement or understanding for a commission, percentage, brokerage, or contingent fee.

100-15680-77

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SEPS	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

copy in 46-2945

[Redacted]
Public Accountant

[Redacted]
Hinton, W. Va.

-2-

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b7c

Funds for your youth program are provided for under statement of Community Action Program Grant No. 0748 Program Year c/3 effective date of grant action June 15th, 1969.

End of Program Year August 31, 1969 Sections of EOA 221.	
Total Approved This Grant Action For this Program Year	\$25,000.00
Total Previously Approved For This Program Year	93,407.00
Total Approved To Date For This Program Year	\$118,407.00

This grant also provides that within 90 days from the effective date of this grant action, the grantee will submit to OEO a final audit report for the prior program year. No funds shall be expended after such 90 day period unless such audit report has been submitted.

The expenses of this association incurred must be supported by vouchers.

Without vouchers you cannot determine whether your funds have been properly applied in accordance with O.E.O. Directives and you cannot make a proper and correct report to OEO.

There are missing vouchers, missing checks, government owned automobiles not accounted for, a government vehicle stolen, personnel and directors, some of whom are of questionable background, your records have been tampered with, and some stolen by a breaking and entering. You are being sold the services of an attorney who doesn't seem to be a member of the Summers County Bar Association, it is not known whether she has passed the W. Va. State Bar Examination and she has charged better than \$1,000.00 worth of law books to the association. It appears that a Mr. Don West, one of your directors may be furnishing living accommodations to persons employed by the association who are drawing salaries and expense accounts which are without vouchers. It is impossible to know whether they are actually using this money to render the proposed services required of them, or to pay for Mr. West's farm. Mr. West, a director has withdrawn funds to his own name, has not to date furnished vouchers. The checks are merely charged to food. Mr. West seems to have been instrumental in getting these persons on the payroll. It has been called to my attention by several local persons that Mr. West has been, in the past, under investigation by the Congressional Committee for alleged Communist affiliation.

Without supporting vouchers, Mr. West for all I know could have gotten himself elected to the board of directors, brought these persons to Summers County, gotten them employed by the association and could be using them, their salaries and expense accounts to pay for a farm. These other drafts to him charged to food, could be used to feed them with and to entertain them. Without vouchers, I cannot tell, and without a full and complete investigation, could not determine. In any event, I personally do not see how an audit of these books and records, and activities can be done with any degree of accuracy in a short length of time.

[REDACTED]
Public Accountant

[REDACTED]
Hinton, W. Va.

-3-

Whether this case is related to or associated toward the formation of a Communist Cell within our County, I cannot say. This can only be determined by a complete investigation.

For the information and guidance of your board of directors, and the citizens of Summers County who may not know, the following information may be of interest as to the workings of the Communist Party.

There are three nationally organized segments of the Communist Party. The three enemies of ours, and our Federal, State and Local Government work both separately and jointly hand in hand.

The Groups Consist of:

- Group No. 1. Actual Card Carrying Communist Members.
- Group No. 2. Mafia and Organized Crime Syndicates.
- Group No. 3. Local, State and National Politicians and their associates who have gained entrance thru deceptive means into both of our major political parties.

Group No. 1 is motivated by ideals designed to obtain some of the Goals outlined in another part of this report.

Groups 2 and 3 are non card carrying members and are associated either knowingly or unknowingly by participation. They are motivated in general by money and what money will buy.

All three organizations work toward the involvement of basically good local persons, who are unsuspecting, who may have or had moral or financial difficulties. The weaknesses of these individuals are used to mislead them thru deceit, fraud, psychological or other devious means into law violations or immoral acts causing them to become entrapped to the point where they must either serve or become ruined, mentally, physically, morally or financially.

These groups work hand in hand to accomplish these and other goals:

- "Capture one or both of the political parties in the United States.
- Use technical decisions of the courts to weaken basic American institutions by claiming their activities violate civil rights.
- Get control of the schools. Use them as transmission belts for socialism and current Communist propaganda. Soften the curriculum.
- Get control of teachers' associations. Put the party line in textbooks.
- Gain control of all student newspapers.
- Use student riots to foment public protests against programs or organizations which are under Communist attack.
- Infiltrate the press.

[REDACTED]
Public Accountant

[REDACTED]
Hinton, W. Va.

-4-

Get control of book-review assignments, editorial writing, policy-making positions.
Gain control of key positions in radio, TV and motion pictures.
Eliminate all laws governing obscenity by calling them "censorship" and a violation of free speech and free press.
Breakdown cultural standards of morality by promoting pornography and obscenity in books, magazines, motion pictures, radio and TV.
Present home-sexuality, degeneracy and promiscuity as "normal, natural, and healthy."
Infiltrate the churches and replace revealed religion with a so religion.
Discredit the Bible and emphasize the need for intellectual maturity which does not need a "religious crutch."
Eliminate prayer or any phase of religious expression in schools on the ground that it violates the principle of "separation of church and state."
Discredit the American Constitution by calling it inadequate, old fashioned, out of step with modern needs, a hindrance to cooperation between nations on a world-wide basis.
Discredit the American founding fathers. Present them as selfish aristocrats who had no concern for the "common man."
Support any socialist movement to give centralized control over any part of the culture-education, social agencies, welfare programs, mental health clinics, etc.
Eliminate all laws of procedure which interfere with the operation of the Communist apparatus.
Eliminate the House Committee on Un-American Activities.
Discredit and eventually dismantel the FBI.
Infiltrate and gain control of more unions.
Infiltrate and gain control of big business.
Transfer some of powers of arrest from the police to social agencies.
Treat all behavioral problems as psychiatric disorders which no one but psychiatrists can understand or treat.
Dominate the psychiatric profession and use mental health laws as a means of gaining coercive control over those who oppose Communist goals.
Discredit the family as an institution. Encourage promiscuity and easy divorce.
Emphasize the need to raise children away from the negative influence fo parents. Attribute prejudices, mental blocks and retarding of children to suppressive influence of parents. Create the impression that violence and insurrection are legitimate aspects of the American Tradition; that students and special-interest groups should rise up and use "united force" to solve economic, political, or social problems.
and others-----

[redacted]
Public Accountant

[redacted]
Hinton, W. Va.

-5-

This report is respectfully submitted for review by all of your Board of Directors, Your General Accounting Office, The United States Department of Justice, The Mayor of the City of Hinton, W. Va., and Mr. Harold E. Neely, Assistant to Governor Moore and Chairman of the Committee Investigating Crime in the State of West Virginia.

b6
b7c

Yours very truly,

[redacted]
[redacted] Public Accountant

SAC, WASHINGTON FIELD

9/25/69

SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-16425) (P)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JW

CHANGED

THE APPALACHIAN YOUTH FOLKLIFE CENTER

Pipestem, West Virginia

IS - MISCELLANEOUS

(OO: PITTSBURGH)

Re wfo ltr 9/3/69

The title of this communication is marked "Changed" to reflect the correct name and address of instant organization as developed through investigation relating to case captioned "DONALD LEE WEST, aka; SM - C," Bufile 100-20396, Pittsburgh file 100-15680, Baltimore file 100-22392, in which case Baltimore is office of origin. The title of this case was formerly carried as "THE APPALACHIAN FOLK LIFE CENTER, Athens, West Virginia; IS - INFO CONCERNING," as set forth in WFO letter to Pittsburgh dated 9/3/69.

While it has not been ascertained conclusively, it would appear that the [redacted] referred to in referenced letter, is identical with [redacted] the subject of the case entitled, [redacted] aka SSN [redacted]

b6
b7c

[redacted] SSA 1948 - CO," Bufile 25-542174, Baltimore file 25-25994. Baltimore being office of origin, inasmuch as [redacted] formerly resided in Sutton County, W. Va., while employed by the West Virginia Department of Welfare, and while captioned organization is also located in that immediate vicinity.

Pittsburgh file 46-2945, captioned "DONALD WEST; FAG, OEO FUNDS," reflects that WEST is presently under investigation regarding his alleged handling of funds allotted to the Economic Development Program, Youth Division, Summers County, W. Va.

- 3 - Washington Field (RM)
(1 - 100-46784) (IPS)
- 3 - Pittsburgh
(1 - 46-2945)
(1 - 100-15680)

HLW/sr
(6)

Searched _____
Serialized _____
Indexed _____
Filed _____

100-15680-78

PG 100-16425

PG 100-15680, referred to above, reflected the following information:

In 1966, and 1967, WEST purchased considerable acreage in the Pipestem district in Summers County, in an attempt of establishing a summer camp for underprivileged children, the purpose of which would be to develop a school for dropouts and to encourage and preserve the heritage of the mountains which is supported by the Office of Economic Opportunity. It was reported in the Summer of 1967, the Concord College students of Athens, W. Va., assisted WEST to a degree in building one or more initial structures.

An article captioned "Pipestem Camp Raises Questions of Internal Security," appearing in the September 26, 1968, edition of the "Princeton Times," a weekly newspaper published at Princeton, W. Va., set forth:

"That the Highlander Folk School, Monteagle, Tennessee was founded in 1932, by one MILES HORTON, and DON WEST was subsequently abolished by an act of the Tennessee Legislature which charged the school with being a subversive organization, and he invoked the Fifth Amendment over 15 times when questioned concerning membership and activities of the Communist Party in the United States."

WEST is alleged to be a University of Maryland Professor, a Universal Christian Church Minister, and a best-selling poet, as a reserve index subject of the Baltimore Office.

(Mount Clipping in Space Below)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

**Chief of staff's
wife here today**

Mrs. Katherine Westmoreland, wife of General William Westmoreland who is Chief of Staff of the U. S. Armed Forces, is a guest this week-end at the Don West Appalachian Center at Pipestem.

Mrs. Westmoreland is expected to arrive from Washington this afternoon, and will be a guest at dinner tonight followed by folk music entertainment featuring Frank George of Bluefield and the Morris Brothers of Ivydale and others.

General and Mrs. Westmoreland's daughter, Miss Stevie Westmoreland is a student for the winter semester at the Center with 11 other students from two girl's schools near Berkeley, California—Pitzer and Permona. Miss Westmoreland is a senior at Pitzer.

A West Virginia Fall Conference sponsored by United Methodist Student Movement ended at the Center last week-end with 75 students and ministers from 13 state colleges in attendance.

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page #1

Hinton Daily News

Hinton, W. Va.

Date: 10/25/69

Edition:

Author:

Editor: J. E. FAULCONER

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C

Character:

or 100-15680

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DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

(Indicate page, name of newspaper, city and state.)

Page LB

Sunday Gazette Mail

Charleston, W. Va.

Date: 11/2/69

Edition:

Author:

Editor:

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST
SMG C

Character: 100-15680

or

Classification:

Submitting Office:

100-15680-80
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SERIALIZED.....FILED.....
NOV 6 1969
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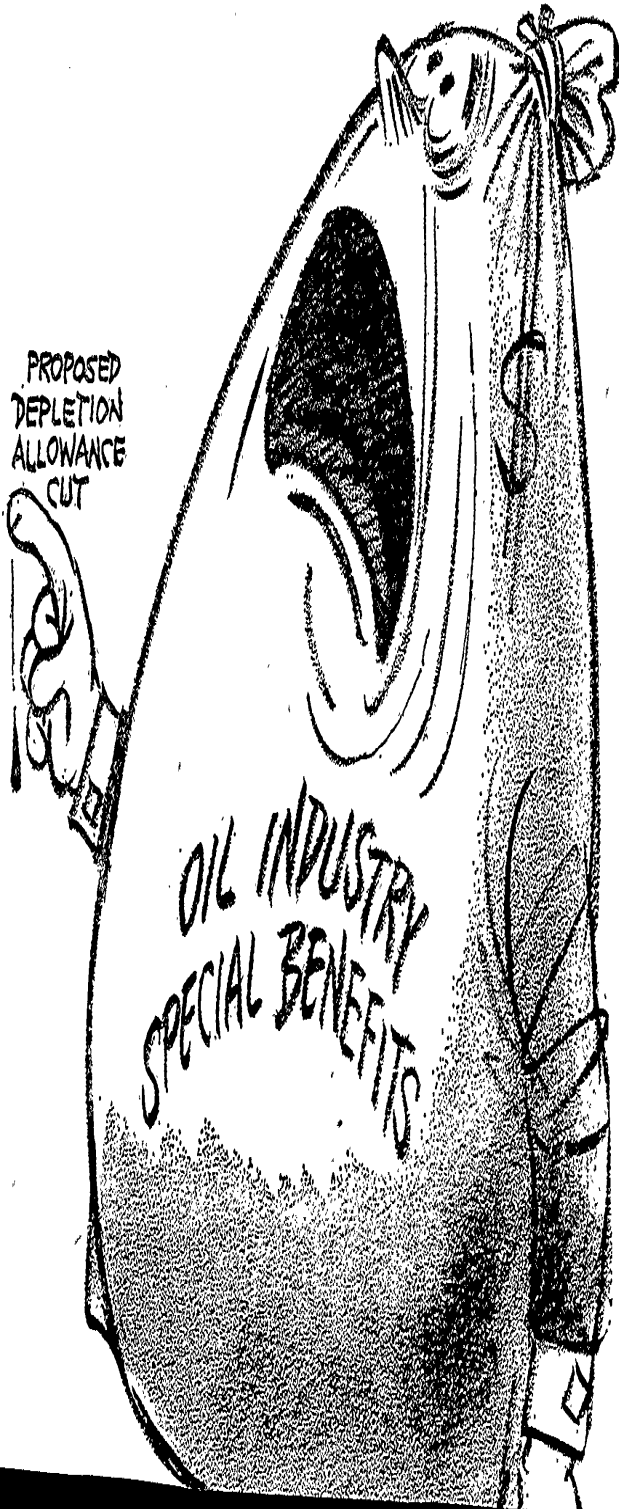
PENSIVE LISTENERS HEAR DON WEST READ FROM HIS POETRY
"I Saw A Hungry Child in Texas and Its Eyes Held More Tales..."

... on Daily News Photos

"Help! I'm Bleeding To Death"

EDWARD P. MORGAN: Shape of the News

Don't Unleash the Mistak



WASHINGTON — The republic is in no danger of being subjected to such subversiveness, but if I were a White House speech writer I would try to push several points into President Nixon's address Monday on Vietnam.

These points are not original. Most were cadged from one of the most thoughtful discourses on the war I have ever read — a long speech by Congressman Morris K. Udall, Democrat of Arizona, to his constituents in Tucson on Oct. 22, 1967.

That was before Tet, before pressures against his policies overwhelmed Lyndon Johnson, before the North Vietnam bombing halt, before the Paris peace talks had begun.

UDALL HAD BEEN something of a hawk, supporting President Johnson's war policies. But now he was of heavy heart and different mind. He begged the president to perform statesmanship's most painful task, to declare that "my advice was wrong and the decisions I made were wrong . . . (and) I now refuse to compound these mistakes."

government to shoulder its responsibilities — everything but an "instant pullout."

But what President Nixon has not done is to discuss candidly with the public the consequences of the wind-down of the war and here Udall's vintage wisdom fits.

Lurking around the corner is, technically, a kind of defeat for this hideously extravagant and tragically mistaken venture. There is a real prospect that within very few years and despite the treasure of American lives and money invested to "halt communism," the National Liberation Front will dominate the government in Saigon.

But Udall approached that prospect thusly:

"I have always wondered why it is that every other country can lose wars, admit mistakes and retreat once in a while, all without permanent injury, but the United States can do none of these things without loss of honor.

"I say let's continue to supply South Vietnam. Let's

make clear that we will withdraw our forces gradually. But in the end let's put the destiny of Vietnam in the hands of the Vietnamese and let's go back to our own serious problems in this country."

UDALL PROPOSED to tell Saigon: "Our commitment to you was to assist you in repelling external aggression, not in defending your central government from your own people."

And he scorned as utter fallacy the assumption that stopping "wars of national liberation" will prevent any and all future wars of this type. Such wars were beaten back in Malaysia and Korea, yet this did not stop Vietnam, or Cuba or the Congo. . .

"The Lord has not assigned us the job of defending South Vietnam in perpetuity."

As for the "domino theory," Udall's best judgment (still sound today) was that "our military operations in Laos and Thailand have made those countries far more like-

ly to topple, like dominoes than if we had never been in Vietnam."

I would urge President Nixon to put his own Udall's reasoning that tries aren't dominoes aren't games, What's in Vietnam can't be easily simply in terms of ideological struggle. The real issues involved in Vietnam and the other of Southeast Asia (corruption, delay in form and other try against the masses).

try that ignores the problems is her trouble. . .

"If we could but history of the country," Udall concluded we would see that the gle in Vietnam was hundreds of struggles in derdeveloped, former areas of Asia and Latin America. The great forces of the world, not talking about ism. I'm talking about

Don West—Paradox in a Paradise?

Walked all the way to Charleston
 My feet got sore
 I walked the road to Charleston
 My feet got sore
 And then I went
 To Baltimore

But twenty years a miner
 It's all I know
 Said twenty years a miner
 That's all I know
 No job, no home,
 No place to go...

(From "Automated Miner," by Don West)

Sunday GAZETTE-MAIL
 Charleston, W. Va., Nov. 2, 1969

CURRENT AFFAIRS

1B

By Mary Walton

PIPESTEM — Furious fiddling, banjo plucking, guitar picking — the music fills and consumes the space in the large, country room.

One of Don West's neighbors, an older man, begins "clogging." Two college girls join him, all three laughing, in the energetic foot stomping dance. The 25 or so people sitting around the room urge them on with cheers and clapping.

A smile softens West's naturally stern features. When the dancers collapse, exhausted, he says still smiling, "We never do know what we're going to get, do we?"

This is last Saturday at the Appalachian Folklife Center at Pipestem, a Summers County area named for a slender reed which grows, as one man observed wryly, "in the swamp in front of my yard."

MANY PEOPLE CALL it simply "Don West's place" for it is his creation — the beginning of a school where mountain culture can be studied, preserved, recreated.

Sessions where mountain musicians sing and play, as much for themselves as for others, are an important part of what goes on here. Although a special guest was present last weekend — Mrs. William Westmoreland, wife of the Army chief of staff, whose daughter Stevie is one of a group of students at the center — the evening was "not any special program," West said.

"This is just an opportunity to invite some of our friends and neighbors in for good music," he said. "We're lucky

grandfather.

A ROBUST, JOLLY woman protested, "I can't sing with all this good music going on 'round here," then sang nonetheless in a high-pure voice.

The son of a man who helped persuade West to come to Pipestem played his father's dulcimer and apologized for its having only three strings.

The evening was not all light-hearted music. David Morris, 25, of Ivydale, spoke of Timothy Clover, a close friend killed in Vietnam in May, 1968. "Timothy can no longer write and he can no longer read his poems," Morris said.

The room was very still as the young man read for his friend, who could not, lyrical reflections on life and love and war.

Mrs. Westmoreland, trim and silver haired, bowed her head over sewing as he read. During her visit she declined to talk, protesting, "I am a mother here to see my daughter."

STEVIE WAS equally reticent but friends say she is opposed to the Vietnam War. During Morris' poetry reading she left the room.

"Stevie is a very sensitive, concerned girl," West commented privately.

Before turning to his own work, West told the group, "The poet's responsibility is to help sensitize his people to their time, the hurt that's in their time." Among the poems he read was one about a lynching, "There's Anger in the Land," which his folksinger daughter, Hedy, has set to music. It was recently recorded by Peter, Paul and Mary.

If the night was any indication, the people who come to the 350-acre rolling hillside center are a diverse lot — students from California and Georgia, two lawyers, a minister, a community action worker from Connecticut, families from a nearby black rural community, musicians from the Charleston area and



THIS COUNTRY MILKMAID IS A CALIFORNIA COLLEGE STUDENT
 Louise Graf, Studing Appalachian Culture, at Folklife Center

mented with educational ideas that would be considered radical even today. In his 61 years, West has been a deckhand on the riverboat Duncan Bruce which today travels the Kanawha, a

to support their work. Mrs. West's portraits of mountain people hang on the wall in the main lodge, along with banjos, dulcimers, quilts and rough, homemade tools — relics for the future museum.

75 people, and a barn built last summer by students.

West rents it to outside groups who sometimes ask that he direct their program, but what he would really like he said, is a year-round program for mountain young people who've dropped

"This is just an opportunity to invite some of our friends and neighbors in for food and music," he said. "We're lucky in this area having people who know how to cook and how to make music."

The program continued. Four small black girls rose shyly to sing spirituals, accompanied by their



A HERO'S DAUGHTER
Stevie, Daughter of
Gen. Westmoreland

worker from Connecticut, families from a nearby black rural community, musicians from the Charleston area and West's own friends and neighbors.

A SWEDISH ambassador has been there. So have Sen. Jennings Randolph, Mrs. Wilbur Cohen and Harry Caudill. They come not only to hear music but to learn and experience. "I'm attracted by his attempt to find out and provide the music of this area," said John Troelstrup, a Princeton lawyer and president of the Mercer County Economic Opportunity Corp. "I like the totally unassuming nature of his philosophy. It's oriented toward people and I think a lot of people."

"The genius of this center is the fact that people of different backgrounds and cultures are brought together," observed the Rev. Maurice Miller, pastor of the Athens Methodist Church. "We see the barriers fall one by one."

They come, too, to meet Don West, one of the more controversial figures in the Appalachian Mountains.

West's autobiography, were he to write one, as writer and former college classmate Jesse Stuart continuously urges him to do, would tell the story of a man long active in social causes and constantly under attack for his activities.

THE SON OF a Georgia sharecropper who "always wanted to own a piece of dirt," West's knowledge of poverty comes from experience. He began his college education with resources of \$1.65 and worked his way through Lincoln Memorial University in Tennessee and Vanderbilt School of Religion.

During the Depression the young ordained minister believed that living the Christian ethic called for helping unemployed and struggling workers. For several years he earned \$5 a week as the Kentucky organizer for the Workers Alliance, an association of unemployed and WPA workers. "We were fighting for direct relief," he recalls. "There wasn't any so-called welfare then."

Also involved in union organizing, West saw the inside of many Kentucky jails. But when he decided to return to his native Georgia, it was not for a more peaceful climate. He became active in racial causes, fought capital punishment and as a school superintendent experi-

enced in his 61 years, West has been a deck hand on the riverboat Duncan Bruce which today travels the Kanawha, a farmer, a newspaper editor and a Congregationalist minister.

HE HAS TAUGHT in several colleges and at a Hebrew orthodox rabbinical training school and is the author of numerous articles, poetry and a 500-page history of Appalachia.

West has also been called a Communist, fired from a university and summoned on several occasions by congressional investigating committees. His property has been raided and burned and attempts have been made on his life.

It didn't end when he moved to Pipestem three years ago. Attacks have come from a young newspaper editor in Princeton, two Hinton ministers and a Charleston-based group, Truth About Civil Turmoil (TACT).

West doesn't defend himself except to say, "I've said many times I wasn't a Communist and haven't been a Communist. None of them has found anything to convict me on. My reasoning would be to say that the guy's okay."

Showing visitors around autumn-splashed grounds last weekend, the tall, erect Georgian talked about his plans for an Appalachian art gallery, a museum, library and classrooms. He believes such a center would provide values and roots to young Appalachians in the same way that Negroes have recreated a black culture.

"I THINK IT'S important for the mountain people to realize they have a rich cultural heritage," he said. "Understanding of history determines self-image and self-image determines what you do."

Scarcely anyone knows for example that the abolition movement "was cradled in its infancy in the mountains of the South," he said. "The first newspaper published in America dedicated wholly to outlawing slavery was in the Southern mountains in the town of Jonesboro, Tenn., published by a man named Emory—Elihu Emory. That was 1820."

West said he and his wife Constance purchased the Pipestem site with their savings and today, though not well, she teaches art in Baltimore public schools.

ple hang on the wall in the main lodge, along with banjos, dulcimers, quills and rough-homemade tools—relics for the future museum.

The Pipestem center is a rough place, a collection of trailers and small houses which can accommodate between 60 and



REACHING FOR COUNTRY-FARE
Mrs. William Westmoreland

West rents it to "outside groups who sometimes ask that he direct their program, but what he would really like he said, is a year-round program for mountain young people who've dropped out of high school or who are homeless."

MONEY IS A constant problem, West said. He has received several small grants from private foundations, but has never applied for federal funds. A grant from the Newport Folk Foundation enabled him to purchase sound equipment used at last summer's free folk festival, attended by well over 2,000 people.

Often young people come to help and work, but equally often, West said, "freebaders" appear—self-styled radicals who talk of revolution and refuse to cut their hair. West describes them as "so adolescent" and said they give the center a bad name. "The true radical is so revolutionary that you can't tell him from people," West said.

Many people say they don't understand this quiet reserved man; others call him an "authoritarian" and "humorless." "He's a paradox," one young woman said. "He's so good, so generous. But sometimes he's so... (she struggles for words and clenches her fists to demonstrate) ...angry."

Another who counts himself close to West observed, "Sometimes he's his own worst enemy."

"I happen to believe very strongly in the ethics of Jesus," West said, "and that's what I preach. But that's a very dangerous thing."

He finds today's left "fragmented" and "middle class." Yet, "the young people are the hope of the future," he concluded sadly, "if there is any hope."

The radical right worries him, he said, as do the doubts and anxieties of so many Americans. "There's so much confusion in the country. People get disillusioned and they turn to a strong leader," he said.

At the end of a long evening of lively music and somber thoughts, West is asked if he's lonely. He answers:

"Life is always lonely in this kind of work. It's pretty tough here. I've had so little help."

Pipestem offers "good fellowship," he says. "But so few people really understand."



not mistakenly widened the war. He is entitled to stress Monday that he has begun to do almost everything the doves were demanding a year ago — withdrawal of U. S. troops; an easing of combat pressure on the enemy; an increase of pressure on the Sai-

Lebanon: Results of Reprisal

Sunday GAZETTE - MAIL

Charleston, West Virginia, Nov. 2, 1969

Page 2B
Vol. 12 No. 44

A-Free Pacific Desirable

The Institute for Strategic Studies in London, England, has published the latest annual survey of the international military balance, and the revelations respecting mainland China, says I. F. Stone, publisher of I. F. Stone's Weekly, are particularly instructive.

China's Gross National Product, when translated from yuan to dollars, comes to approximately \$78 billion—a total below the enormous sum (\$80 billion) available annually to the Pentagon.

China's strength, of course, lies in her size and limitless manpower. Militarily it would not be difficult to devastate China, but to seize control of and occupy her in the traditional sense is another proposition altogether.

Both the United States (3.4 million) and the Soviet Union (3.3 million) have far more men under arms than does China (2.8 mil-

could Chinese-produced nuclear arms be a substitute for them? China may—and the Institute is dubious about this—have the ability to build 100 atomic bombs of Hiroshima potency and a very, very few larger bombs. Her delivery capacity, however, is decades behind the capacities developed by the United States and the Soviet Union.

The relevance of the Institute's information should be obvious to all. As a military threat today, China simply isn't one, and those viewers of alarm eternally foreseeing armadas of Chinese junks disgorging troops off Waikiki Beach, let alone San Francisco

Bay, are conjuring up visions usually enjoyed during bouts with China's most famous inducer of pleasant dreams. The information also suggests the United States still has time to work out mutually satisfactory arrangements with China.

I. F. Stone, for example, says that several times in the past 10 years China has offered the United States an "atom free Pacific" pact. No doubt certain strings were attached to these proposals, but as an ideal—a legitimate goal toward which all men ought to be working, not just to include the Pacific but the whole world—such an accord is as sensible as it is desirable.

If They Won't, We Can't

A demonstration and preparations for a counter demonstration have amused, angered and excited

all who wanted to display a symbol of their confidence in government.

UNITED NATIONS — Events in Lebanon have illustrated vividly how utterly futile—indeed, how counterproductive—the Israeli policy of military reprisal can be as a device to increase Israeli's security.

Ten months ago, on Dec. 28, 1968, Israeli helicopters and commandos raided the Beirut airport, destroying 13 Lebanese civil aircraft, in retaliation for a terrorist attack on an Israeli airliner in Athens. The Arab terrorists were said to have passed through Beirut.

It was the first move in a campaign of pressure and selective reprisal. The objective was to toughen the Beirut government against Palestinian commandos who were seeking to use Lebanese soil as a base for attacks on Israel.

Initial reactions in Lebanon suggested that the Israeli tactics might be having the desired result. Beirut did attempt to limit and control Arab commando operations from and across its territory.

BUT THE EFFORT did not succeed. The Arab guerrillas simply mounted greater strength—by some estimates at least 10 times as much—and when ready, disregarded the restraints.

On Oct. 19-20, the Lebanese army made a major effort to reimpose them. In response, the guerrillas and their numerous sympathizers precipitated something approach-

ing civil war in Lebanon. This past week the Lebanese government agreed to negotiate an easier regime of controls. It seemed entirely possible that the controls would be scrapped entirely.

Ten months of Israeli pressures and reprisals, therefore, had produced this net result:

Lebanon, a country half Christian and half Moslem, which had been neutral (or at least a nonparticipant) in the Arab-Israeli conflict, was becoming a base of anti-Israeli operations. Lebanon was no longer neutral.

The Arab terrorists, not the Lebanese government, had been strengthened. The government was bowing to pressure to adopt their strategy. Israel had touched off a showdown struggle between the two, and the wrong party (from Israel's point of view) was winning.

Israel, which previously had been obliged to deploy and fight on its eastern and southern borders, now had to do so on the North as well. And from Lebanon, the guerrillas could strike directly into Israel proper, whereas from Syria, Jordan and Egypt they had to cross occupied territory.

American influence, which had been paramount in Lebanon, was being increasingly contested by Soviet and Egyptian influence. It probably had been displaced.

This was not a very good tally sheet. Add that Israel had antagonized France, an earlier ally, and driven Great

Britain, also a 1956 co-ent into what amounted to neutralism, and the reprisal scarcely earned a shining success.

TO BE SURE, not a was directly or solely attributable to Israeli action. If it might have had Israel had abstained Beirut and other raids.

Nor was it clear what military course Israel have taken to deal with the comman's challenge.

But when every re had been entered, it a fact that at the v Israel's reprisals served their intended. They had not rendered Lebanese border safe, contributed to the opy sult.

Moreover, if the ot last Tuesday's elects rael is being correcte popular opinion they more, not less, of the

A modest but grow ment of the electora tougher, more unyield cles, toward the o.c. areas, and by intere flexibility in the d realm. Extremists, are increasing their on government policy sides of the line.

THIS IS exactly the of what the U.N. ha would emerge in th election period. I hoped the failure of malled fist, and the drift of the Arab w

HARRY S. ASHMORE: What Kind of World

tion) and the Soviet Union (3.3 million) have far more men under arms than does China (2.8 million). Whereas the U.S. has approximately 9 per cent of its manpower in uniform, China has less than 2 per cent. About 150 million Chinese are of military age, but the Institute contends China's munitions makers "could not supply more than a small part of this manpower with modern weapons, even small arms."

At present, again to quote the Institute, China is utterly incapable of producing "weapons on a scale needed for war" and "neither

an demonstration and preparations for a counter demonstration have amused, angered and excited many residents of this area.

Many of them may have forgotten, as we did, that more than two years ago the American Legion launched what turned out to be a singularly unspectacular campaign to show support for the president's policy in Vietnam. At that time the president was Lyndon B. Johnson.

The Legion distributed many thousands of little metal American flags, to be worn in the lapels of

an who wanted to display a symbol of their confidence in government policy.

As it turned out, the flags were worn by practically nobody.

This isn't to suggest that practically nobody supports government policy. The fact is that the American people simply aren't given to demonstrating, even when it involves only the wearing of lapel pins.

That's why, we suspect, that the Oct. 15 peace demonstration and the forthcoming Nov. 10 "Confidence March" will be of little value in determining the actual temper of the people regarding U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

Between the two groups of zealots is a vast number of Americans who read, think, and reach conclusions. Various polls suggest that they are sick and tired of the war, but aren't of a mind on just how to disengage from the conflict.

We suspect the majority would agree to a program of withdrawal which substitutes for American troops the weapons and equipment with which the South Vietnamese can continue the fight — if they are willing to do so.

The South Vietnamese greatly outnumber both the Viet Cong rebels and the forces which came down from North Vietnam to assist the Viet Cong. If, equipped with the best American arms, they don't wish to continue the fight they can hardly expect the United States to protect them forever.

The Absurd Is Widespread

Angela Davis has become the most conspicuous member of the Communist Party, U.S.A., and she is surely the most handsome of those visible aboveground. Tall, poised, eloquent, she usually appears in ladylike prints that contrast dramatically with her towering Afro-style coiffure. On television she comes over as a fitting symbolic descendant of Dred Scott.

The eminence of martyrdom was conferred upon Miss Davis by the University of California Regents, who have assumed the role played by Chief Justice Roger Taney and his colleagues a century ago. The regents insist that the fact that Miss Davis is black has nothing to do with their determination that she shall not teach philosophy on the campus at Los Angeles. But, then, the 1857 Supreme Court contended that its decision to send Dred Scott back down the river was a matter of property rights.

Miss Davis disdains arguing the point, except by implication; her skin color is relevant, she says, only in that it conditioned the long journey upward from her Birmingham, Ala., childhood and persuaded her that nothing less than Marxist revolution can free her people of the vestiges of slavery.

THE DAVIS case neatly cuts through the usual obfuscations of conspiracy and guilt by association and resists forthrightly on the proposition that she is a dues-paying

member of the Communist party who also has the necessary credentials to teach at UCLA. Court precedents are with Miss Davis and so are the administration, the faculty and the students of the university—a remarkable union that has not been seen in California in some years.

In a fascinating counterpoint to the obtuseness of the regents in the Davis case, a similar butt-headedness in the ruling establishment of the Communist Party, U.S.A., has cast its most durable lady member into outer darkness, after more than 20 years as California party chairman.

Last year Dorothy Healey went to Czechoslovakia and found that Soviet tanks had crushed her hope that the party was moving toward what she calls democratic centralism and her Marxist superiors call bourgeois revisionism. Mrs. Healey, who combines the goodness of heart and singleness of mind that characterized the missionary ladies of my youth, subsequently made public her perturbation over the "August winter" of Soviet occupation.

So it was that, while Angela Davis was making her bow on the front pages of the Los Angeles newspapers, a small item on the inside recorded the fact that Dorothy Healey has applied for unemployment compensation. In recognition of her heresy the party sent in a new California chairman from Chicago and terminated Mrs. Healey's \$64 week sala-

ry. Unlike Miss Davis Healey has no one to

SHE HAS INFORMED employment service stands ready to accept in line with her except but since her only employment was as a local party chairman, not seem likely that cancy will turn up. A still-loyal party member opportunities hard broadened by a subject job classification that her in public relations. There is a temptation to record all this as fur-

WH

- 1—What was unique jetliner hijacking this culminated in Rome?
- 2—Which side in the County school bus dispute refused a proposition legislators that issued to further mediation?
- 3—What action was the Supreme Court regarding racially segregated schools?
- 4—What controversial measure has been a the House of Representatives?
- 5—What group has new use for the FMO Plant in South Charlie?

Regent Acts Like King

Amos Bolen, Huntington lawyer and member of the State Board of Regents, supports the idea of the appointment of a student as a voting member to the board.

In answer to questions during an appearance before the Marshall University Chapter of the American Association of University Professors, Bolen referred to the increasing incidence of student dissent and added that "my feeling is, well, give them a piece of the action and let them discuss things."

On the subject of public representation at Regents' meetings to learn what goes on, Bolen has a different view. The news media, he said in response to a question, shouldn't be present. "After each meeting, we make available the minutes of the meeting to the press. I think that's fair enough."

Basically, what Bolen is saying is that taxpayers, who underwrite cost of the state operated colleges

and universities, have no right to "a piece of the action," until it has been sanitized, censored and paraphrased by the board.

True, he doesn't quite say the taxpayers shouldn't be on hand. He says only the press shouldn't be allowed. But for practical purposes the press represents the public when public bodies convene and conduct the public's business, and any right newsmen have to attend such affairs isn't applicable solely to journalists but is rather an extension of the public right to find out what the action is all about.

It's a wayward opinion that upholds the principle of participation for dissenting students and at the same time rejects the principle of impartial disclosure for those having to pay the costs of institutions of higher learning — including costs of educating those dissenting students Bolen is willing to enfranchise.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 03-23-2011 BY 60322 UCBAW/STL/AV

Dear Sir,

JAN 17 1970-14-70

TV

I understand that the Don West who
now trains insularist teachers for OEO
in West Virginia was Director of the
Communist Party in North Carolina while
running a school for subversion in Tennessee.
Please send me excerpts from the Congressional
record and/or other documentary evidence from
N.C. or Tenn. public records that affirm this.
Thank you



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100-15680-82

SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED



ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 12-21-2018 BY 60322 JEL/PLJ/JN

Memorandum

RICHARDSON PREYER
MEMBER OF CONGRESS
6th Dist. North Carolina

January 21, 1970

Congressional Relations Office
Federal Bureau of Investigation

I am sending this to you for
your attention

Richardson Preyer
Richardson Preyer

100-15680-83

SEARCHED INDEXED
SERIALIZED FILED



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January 27, 1970

Honorable Richardson Preyer
House of Representatives
Washington, D. C. 20515

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

My dear Congressman:

I have received your communication of January 21st and appreciate your interest in bringing this information to my attention.

While I would like to be of assistance to your constituent, Mr. [redacted] particularly in view of your interest, data in our files must be maintained as confidential pursuant to regulations of the Department of Justice. I regret I am unable to be of help in this instance.

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Sincerely yours,

J. Edgar Hoover

1 - Baltimore (100-22392) Enclosures (2)
1 - Pittsburgh (100-15680) Enclosures (2)
(46-2945) *By*

100-15680-84

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED <i>W</i>	FILED <i>W</i>
JAN 28 1970	
PITTSBURGH	

By RM

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-15680)

DATE: 2/2/70

FROM : SA GEORGE A. PATTERSON

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST, aka
SM-C
(OO: BALTIMORE)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 OCLP/PLJ/JM

Rerep of SA [redacted] dated 10/29/69
at Pittsburgh, entitled, "DONALD LEE WEST, aka; ET AL,
FAG-CONSPIRACY." (PG 46-2945)

A copy of rerep should be designated for
PG 100-15680 as it contains information regarding
activities of subject.

Also Pittsburgh files regarding [redacted]
[redacted] and [redacted] should be
cross-referenced to captioned subject.

*25-14247
157-41-44
157-994-450
100-15680-2*

*46-2945
Div. Plans 105-3110
NFB*

GAP:djr
(1)

- djr*
1- 46-2945
- 1- 25-14247
- 1- 100-15864

[redacted]

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100-15680-86

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	FILED

[redacted]



FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

REPORTING OFFICE PITTSBURGH	OFFICE OF ORIGIN PITTSBURGH	DATE 2/2/70	INVESTIGATIVE PERIOD 1/9-23/70
TITLE OF CASE DONALD LEE WEST, aka; ET AL		REPORT MADE BY <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 100px; height: 15px;"></div>	TYPED BY djr
		CHARACTER OF CASE FAG - CONSPIRACY	

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REFERENCES

Report of SA dated 12/5/69 at Pittsburgh.

-C-

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322-UCLP/PLJ/JW

02

ACCOMPLISHMENTS CLAIMED						ACQUIT-TALS	CASE HAS BEEN:
CONVIC.	AUTO.	FUG.	FINES	SAVINGS	RECOVERIES		
				NONE			PENDING OVER ONE YEAR <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO PENDING PROSECUTION OVER SIX MONTHS <input type="checkbox"/> YES <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> NO

APPROVED *[Signature]* SPECIAL AGENT IN CHARGE

COPIES MADE:

 4-Bureau (46-59315)
 1-USA, Charleston, W. Va.
 ①-Pittsburgh (46-2945)

Plod for 100-15680

DO NOT WRITE IN SPACES BELOW

100-1580 100-15680-86 <div style="border: 1px solid black; width: 100px; height: 30px; margin: 5px auto;"></div>			

Dissemination Record of Attached Report			
Agency			
Request Recd.			
Date Fwd.			
How Fwd.			
By			

Notations

-A*-
COVER PAGE

[Signature]

UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

1-USA; Charleston, W. Va.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Copy to:

[Redacted]

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Report of:

2/2/70

Office:

Date:

46-2945

46-59315

Field Office File #:

Bureau File #:

Title:

DONALD LEE WEST;
ET AL

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Character:

FRAUD AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT - CONSPIRACY

Synopsis:

USA declined prosecution.

-C-

DETAILS:

On January 9, 1970, [redacted] Summers County Community Action Program (SCCAP), Hinton, W. Va., advised that the office of Economic Opportunity, Washington, D.C., froze the funds of SCCAP until such time as the Board of Directors of SCCAP reinstated the individuals who were discharged and paid their salaries from the date of discharge to the date of reinstatement, but the Directors of SCCAP refused to accept this directive from the office of Economic Opportunity and since they would not be allowed by the office of Economic Opportunity, to reorganize the program, they believed it would be more beneficial to the community to close the program than to operate it as it had been operated in the past, and with the type of individuals who had been employed. She said that the teachings of DON WEST, [redacted], and [redacted] were more harmful to the community and to the United States than the program was beneficial to the community. Therefore, the Board of Directors decided to cease the operation of the program. She said she was in the process of closing out all activities of the association at the present time.

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[redacted] further advised that she has never been able to make any order out of the chaotic condition in which the records were kept.

On January 15, 1970, this case was discussed with the U. S. Attorney, WADE H. BALLARD, III, at Bluefield, W. Va. Mr. BALLARD stated that he would render a decision regarding prosecution in the near future.

On January 21, 1970, Mr. BALLARD telephonically advised that he declined prosecution of this case because, in his opinion, the available evidence would not support conviction of the principal subjects who are involved.

UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

Memorandum

TO : SAC, PITTSBURGH (100-

DATE: 4/17/70

FROM : SA GEORGE A. PATTERSON

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

SUBJECT: DONALD LEE WEST
SM - C

Attached hereto is a leaflet entitled "Take Warning" which makes reference to communist take over of welfare programs and mentions subject and his camp named "Appalabhan South Fork# Center."

This leaflet was received in the mail 4/17/70 addressed to Mr.

[redacted] FBI Agent, Ronceverte, W. Va., no return address and SA [redacted] is not aware of the identity of the sender.

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[redacted]

[redacted]

26-25430*

100-15680-87
SEARCHED [initials] INDEXED [initials]
APR 16 1970
FBI - PITTSBURGH
[initials]



~~CONFIDENTIAL~~



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

Baltimore, Maryland

October 27, 1970

DECLASSIFICATION AUTHORITY DERIVED FROM:
FBI AUTOMATIC DECLASSIFICATION GUIDE
DATE 08-20-2010

DONALD LEE WEST

On April 14, 1948, Paul Crouch, since deceased, advised Donald Lee West had joined the Communist Party (CP) in 1934 and was assigned to the state of North Carolina as a trade union organizer for the CP under the alias Jim Weaver. In 1935, West was made CP District Organizer for the state of Kentucky and served in that capacity for approximately a year and a half.

The "Daily Worker", an east coast publication of the CP USA, of March 13, 1934, page 5, carried a poem written by Don West entitled "Listen, I Am A Communist."

On April 28, 1947, a confidential source advised the records of Homer Bates Chase, former organizer for District 31, CP USA, identified West as a CP member with 15 years experience in the Party.

The "Atlanta Journal", a daily newspaper of Atlanta, Georgia, on August 14, 1952, carried an article reporting an interview of Donald Lee West. This article quotes West as stating, "Twenty years ago I wrote a poem that appeared in the 'Daily Worker'. I was a Communist then." According to the article, West denied that he is now a member of the CP.

On February 15, 1956, a confidential source advised that Don West, accompanied by Edward Eugene Strong, had visited a CP Headquarters in New York City on February 10, 1956.

"THIS DOCUMENT CONTAINS NEITHER RECOMMENDATIONS NOR CONCLUSIONS OF THE FBI. IT IS THE PROPERTY OF THE FBI AND IS LOANED TO YOUR AGENCY; IT AND ITS CONTENTS ARE NOT TO BE DISTRIBUTED OUTSIDE YOUR AGENCY."

100-15680-88

SEARCHED.....	INDEXED.....
SERIALIZED.....	FILED.....
OCT 29 1970	
FBI - PITTSBURGH	

109

<p>GROUP 1 Excluded from automatic downgrading and declassification</p>
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~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

~~CONFIDENTIAL~~

DONALD LEE WEST

A confidential source, on December 8, 1955, advised Edward Eugene Strong was then a member of the National Administrative Committee of the CP.

On October 28, 1957, West appeared before the United States Senate Sub-Committee to investigate the administration of the Internal Security Act and other Internal Security laws. West repeatedly declined to answer questions relative to his past political associations, based on his rights guaranteed to him under the Fifth Amendment of the United States Constitution.

West became a resident of Baltimore, Maryland in September, 1961. During 1963, he attended meetings of the Open Forum of Maryland, and the New Era Book Shop in Baltimore, Maryland.

A confidential source on [redacted] advised that West was in attendance at an Open Forum of Maryland lecture, held [redacted] at Baltimore, Maryland, where Thomas G. Buchman, self-admitted Marxist and former CP member, spoke concerning his book, "Who Killed Kennedy?"

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On September 8, 1969, Mr. [redacted] Summers County Community Action Program (SCCAP), Economic Opportunity Association, advised Donald Lee West, who operates the Appalachian Folk Center, Pipestem, West Virginia, has been one of the directors of the SCCAP since at least 1967.

2
~~CONFIDENTIAL~~



UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

Baltimore, Maryland

October 27, 1970

In Reply, Please Refer to
File No.

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Title DONALD LEE WEST

Character SECURITY MATTER - COMMUNIST

Reference Baltimore communication dated and
captioned as above.

All sources (except any listed below) whose identities
are concealed in referenced communication have furnished reliable
information in the past.

DIRECTOR, FBI (77-114493)

10/27/70

SAC, BALTIMORE (77-28407) RUC

[Redacted]

aka

DAPLI
CORRECTIONAL OFFICER
BUREAU OF PRISONS,
FEDERAL REFORMATORY,
ALDERSON, WEST VIRGINIA
BUDED 10/22/70

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

Re Pittsburgh airtel to Bureau, 10/20/70.

Enclosed herewith for the Bureau are 2 copies
and for Pittsburgh 1 copy of a characterization of DONALD
LEE WEST.

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Characterization is classified "~~Confidential~~,
Group 1", in order to protect identities of sources of
continuing value to the Bureau.

The first confidential source is an anonymous
source of the Atlanta Division, ATfile 100-559-152. The
second confidential source is NY 559-S*. Third confidential
source is CH 5824-S. Fourth confidential source is [Redacted]

*Copy made for
100-15680*

- 2 - Bureau (Encl. 2) (REGISTERED MAIL)
 - ① - Pittsburgh (77-7827) (Info)
(Encl. 1) (REGISTERED MAIL)
 - 1 - Baltimore
- KF:msg
(4)

C/100-15680-89

SEARCHED	INDEXED
SERIALIZED	<i>cl</i>
OCT 29 1970	
FBI - PIT	
<i>DAW</i>	

SAC, PITTSBURGH (88-6809) (P)

11/25/70

SA [redacted]

[redacted] aka -
FUGITIVE;
ET AL

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-26-2010 BY 60322 UCLP/PLJ/JN

[redacted]
ARI-CONSPIRACY; UFAP-MOB ACTION
SDS-WEATHERMAN
(OO: Chicago)

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[redacted]
SM-ANA
(OO: Los Angeles)

Re Cleveland airtel to Bureau dated 11/10/70.

Attached with this memo is one copy of Chicago PD Daily Bulletin dated 4/9/70, and four photographs.

On 11/3/70, a representative of the U. S. Customs Service in Cleveland, Ohio, advised that [redacted] arrived at Cleveland International Airport, Cleveland, Ohio, around 12:01 a.m., [redacted] on a flight from Canada. [redacted] baggage was checked by U. S. Customs personnel at the customs area of the airport as a stop had been placed on her by [redacted] for possible smuggling of narcotics as she is an admitted user of marijuana and experimental drugs. [redacted] was described as being disheveled and dirty upon her arrival at the Cleveland International Airport. In the search of [redacted] luggage, etc., U. S. Customs found approximately 2000 pills which Customs personnel advised might be narcotics or barbiturates. [redacted] was subsequently arrested in the customs area of the airport by a U. S. Customs agent for being in possession of these pills and capsules. At the time of the search, [redacted] reportedly used profane language when talking to the U. S. Customs arresting agent and also while at the airport, [redacted] attempted to strike a blow at the U. S. Customs agent who had arrested her; she was then charged with assault of

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① - 100-15680
1 - 25-16027
PVM:tg
(4)

[Handwritten signature]

C100-15680-89A

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SERIALIZED FILED
NOV 27 1970
PITTSBURGH

[redacted]

PG 88-6809

a U. S. Customs agent. A Cleveland police officer, who was also present during this time, was also assaulted by [redacted] during her altercation with the U. S. Customs agent. Also found in [redacted] possession during the search by U. S. Customs were large quantities of revolutionary literature including Black Panther Party (BPP) and White Panther Party (WPP) newspapers, underground type newspapers, anti-Vietnam literature, and approximately 25 tapes of unknown contents. In addition, a handwritten notebook which contained names, addresses, and telephone numbers of many revolutionary and leftist groups was also found. The customs representative made available the notebook that had been in [redacted] possession when she was arrested and a Xerox copy of this notebook was forwarded to numerous offices, including Pittsburgh.

A review of the Xerox notebook which was included in an LHM furnished by Cleveland reflected the name of DON WEST, Pipestem, W. Va., who is identical to DONALD LEE WEST, SM-C, PG 100-15680, who is the operator of the Appalachian Youth Folk Life Center at Pipestem, W. Va. The Bureau has requested that those individuals reflected in the notebook of [redacted] were undoubtedly contacts of [redacted] and might possess information relative to the Weatherman fugitives.

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Several memos have been distributed to agents of the Pittsburgh Office concerning subject [redacted] and other Weatherman fugitives and these memos have reflected a detailed description of each fugitive being sought and available photographs have been distributed also. It should be noted that identification orders on most of the Weatherman fugitives have been issued also.

The enclosed represents a Daily Bulletin issued by the Chicago PD and on the bulletin are photographs of 17 of the Weatherman fugitives. Enclosed also are two photographs of [redacted] aka, inasmuch as an IO has not been issued on this individual to date. One of the photographs of [redacted] was taken 10/11/69, by the Chicago PD upon his arrest and the second photograph of him is the most recent and probably the best and was obtained from a California driver's license obtained by [redacted] in the name of [redacted] It is

PG 88-6809

believed that [redacted] and the other Weatherman fugitives are not aware of the fact that the Bureau knows of the current alias of [redacted]

Enclosed also is one photograph of [redacted] PG 25-16027, who is currently being sought for destruction of Selective Service records in the Chicago, Ill., area. This photograph is being furnished inasmuch as [redacted] is presently expecting a baby and the investigation to locate her is being vigorously pursued by the Bureau. [redacted] is described as a white female, 5'5", 130-140 lbs., brown hair, brown eyes, heavy build, round face with gruff voice, and usually is attired in blue jeans and almost constantly wears a beret-type cap. Her age is approximately 22. The case on [redacted] is assigned to SA [redacted]

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Because of the investigation requested below, a list of the current Weatherman fugitives assigned to SA [redacted] will be forwarded separately to SA [redacted] [redacted] with additional copies of identification orders attached thereto for use in the investigation.

LEADS

PITTSBURGH

AT PIPESTEM, W. VA. (SUMMERS COUNTY)

1. Will conduct necessary investigation to determine if any of the Weatherman fugitives currently being sought have been or are presently staying at the above described center operated by DONALD LEE WEST and insure that appropriate sources are developed so that if any of the fugitives attempt to obtain refuge at the above described center, the FBI will be immediately notified so that they may be apprehended.

ALL EXTREMIST PERSONNEL SHOULD BE CONSIDERED DANGEROUS BECAUSE OF THEIR KNOWN ADVOCACY AND USE OF EXPLOSIVES, REPORTED ACQUISITION OF FIREARMS, AND KNOWN PROPENSITY FOR VIOLENCE.

SAC, PITTSBURGH (88-6809)

1/21/71

SA [redacted]

[redacted] aka -

FUGITIVE;
ET AL

[redacted]
ARL - CONSPIRACY;
UFAP - MOB ACTION;
SDS - WEATHERMAN
(OO: CHICAGO)

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED
HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED
DATE 08-20-2010 BY 60322 UCIP/PLJ/JN

[redacted]
SM-ANA
(OO: LOS ANGELES)

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Rememo SA [redacted], dated 11/25/70.

On 1/5/71, Mr. and Mrs. [redacted] and their [redacted] a student at Concord College, Athens, W. Va., who reside adjacent to the Appalachian Folk Center, operated by DONALD LEE WEST, and where Mr. WEST primarily resides, advised that during the Spring, Summer, and Fall months, the center operated by Mr. WEST is visited by numerous individuals, but only the house in which Mr. WEST resides is suitable for habitation during the Winter months and the only person presently at the center is Mr. WEST. They said there has been no one at the center other than Mr. WEST and local residents during the past six or seven weeks and part of the time Mr. WEST was absent. They all stated they would gladly assist the FBI and in the event any individuals who may be identical with persons wanted by the FBI appear at the folk center or Mr. WEST's home, they would immediately contact SA [redacted]. Copies of photographs of SDS - WEATHERMAN fugitives were left with Mr. and Mrs. [redacted] and they promised to make periodic checks to determine when anyone is at WEST's home or camp other than Mr. WEST.

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[redacted] said in the past he has had periodic contact with Mr. WEST and that he would continue to periodically

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contact Mr. WEST in an attempt to obtain any information which might be of value to the FBI.

ALL EXTREMIST PERSONNEL SHOULD BE CONSIDERED DANGEROUS BECAUSE OF THEIR KNOWN ADVOCACY AND USE OF EXPLOSIVES, REPORTED ACQUISITION OF FIREARMS, AND KNOWN PROPENSITY FOR VIOLENCE.

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